

Face to Face



Class BF1999

Book L3

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.







FACE TO FACE

A Practicable Novelette

BY
LILLIAN LOTUS LANG

TIMES-MIRROR PRINTING & BINDING HOUSE
LOS ANGELES

1922

BF1999
.L3

Copyrighted 1922
by
Lillian Lotus Lang



©CLA686408

OCT 20 1922

no. 1.

recd. Oct. 24, 1922

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.
2. WAVES THAT COME TO SHORE.
3. THE DEEP STILL WATERS.
4. HAPPINESS: WHAT IS IT?
5. NATURE AND THE SOUL.

INTRODUCTION

I feel His presence, I know it is here;
I feel His love, so wondrous—dear.
My soul expands like some wonderful flower,
Blooming in some fragrant ethereal bower.

From the desert of ignorance I spring,
To the greater truth, that will ever bring
Happiness to the great and to the small—
To all, who hearken to His loving call.

* * * * *

When we attempt to convince others of the truths we have been enabled to gather by the wayside, we sometimes feel very much as did Abion when he sought the hand of Penelope. Placing a mallet and chisel in the hands of Abion, Penelope bade him hew out the image of her favorite sister, whom Abion had never seen. Throwing down the mallet and chisel Abion flew to Brene, where he established a kingdom, from whence he sent a message to Penelope:

“My dear Penelope:

“I cannot hew out the image of one whom I have never seen, but if you will come to my kingdom, I will show you the WORKS of one whom I have never seen.

Devotedly,

ABION.”

I may be challenged for attempting to refute the **WORKS** of the so-called dead. However, I find the works of Ingersoll and the queries they present, well suited (by refutation) to bring out the high lights upon my theme: That is, the **VALUE OF LITTLE**, homely, commonplace things; the Divine origin of, and existence in, animate and inanimate things which take their place in our lives in no small way. Each little thing that springs up by the wayside holds a parable expressed in truth, in which we may find a great theme through which to ennoble our environments will we but take the time and thought to do so. We have not all taken the time and thought to apply the **FULLNESS OF THEIR WORTH** in our daily lives. It would not only be more practical to do so, but we would also reap so much that would add to the pleasurable side of life—the side that God meant us to find and apply to our better judgment.

It was largely through **LITTLE THINGS** that Jesus taught the “deep things of God.” Sometimes in parables and sometimes by demonstration. In short, we have **NOT** attuned ourselves to meet these things that teach us not alone in fables, but also the beauty and refinement of **ADAPTABILITY**. Attunement sends us into vibrations greater, more perfect, than we are able to understand fully at the present time. When we **DO** become attuned we see more clearly God’s purpose in placing these things around us, even though they sometimes are so very repulsive we shrink from them as we would from a leper.

When we learn to overcome hatred of things, and infuse the love that comes with seeing naturally, through the spiritual eye, we can live among them and enjoy them thoroughly; whereas in the past we could not have done so at any cost.

This is a great part DIVINE SCIENCE takes in our lives, infusing pleasure (when properly applied) in the everyday routine of life. We do not want to be a house divided against itself; we do not want the other half loaf to waste in the cinders of ignorance. We want to round out our lives in the FULLNESS OF OUR INHERITANCE. "MADE IN HIS LIKENESS AND IMAGE."

Ingersoll was a man of dual personality; on the one hand a lover of love and justice; on the other, a living denial of the SOURCE of love and justice. He has left to us an inheritance, the HALF LOAF, as it were. This I refute, bringing into evidence the OTHER HALF, the SUBSTANCE, that has made the image possible. "God is Love."

Spirit is INDESTRUCTIBLE. Spirit has VITAL force, hence spirit and matter are inseparable. Spirit has substance, hence the spiritual body; the substance of DIVINE WILL etherealized into one—perfect—whole. This completes the cause and effect of Divine Principle. It also emphasizes the BODY and the BLOOD in the sacrament.

"I IN YOU AND YOU IN ME"

What this means to man is beyond the power of words. It emphasizes the PERSONAL pres-

ence of God in time of prayer, in time of need, and all the time. God is ever present. What possibilities await man when he becomes in tune with this great power; enabled to comprehend and blend his being into one perfect UNITY WITH GOD AND THE HIGHER FORCES. In attunement there are no LIMITATIONS, but progression, here and hereafter.

“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put off childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then FACE TO FACE. Now I know in part; then shall I know as I am known.”

The little flower Immortelles have been the inspiration of many a hearty laugh; many a jest has blended tears with blushes because Dan Cupid has caught some belated love in his meshes; and yet these little Immortelles teach us the EVERLASTING POWER OF GOD VIVIDLY. These artful little blossoms are only ONE of the LITTLE THINGS growing among other little things that cry out unto us with all the beauty and passion of Eden: BEHOLD THE POWER OF GOD! O SPEAK to us, LOVE us, UNDERSTAND us, and SEE what we will do for you!

Jesus taught through NATURE AND THE SOUL, and e’en the washing of feet. “If I, then, YOUR Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another’s feet: For I have given you an example that ye may do as I have done. Verily, verily, I say unto you,

the servant is no greater than his lord; neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them."

It is the purpose of this book to show the way through LITTLE THINGS, bringing humanity closer to God, and the things of God. We have not as yet tasted the sweetness of the honey-suckle. We have pruned the vine, we have admired its beauty, we have gloried in its fragrance; and yet, we have not tasted the sweetness of HIS DIVINE PURPOSE as we should have done.

There is a little thing left undone, unthought of, in almost every moment of our day. We do not take the time, or are lacking in the KNOWLEDGE of God, our Creator, to enact His will towards mankind and the things surrounding him. It is the THINKING in right channels, the DOING of things, that makes life worth while. It is the WILLING enacting of His will that stamps the seal "Made in His Likeness and Image" upon our brow with His own dear hand. "Be still and KNOW that I am God." The word has been spoken, the reflection appears again and again, as the years go rolling by.

As time brings all things to greater perfection, when the TRUTH abideth in it, so the WORD grows brighter; grows in potent power, magnetic, thrilling in its intensity DEEP within the IMAGE IT HAS CREATED, infusing a fine sense of spiritual loveliness, fitness, creating a STILL finer element of beauty as time goes on;

infusing within man an exquisite delight, not too delicate to apply to practical life, but rather a dynamic flood of energy and life; a form of matter that cannot be decomposed by any known science. Only God and HIS WORD IS LIFE: Hence we know that matter and spirit are inseparable.

As electricity is directly connected with divinity and is a stream of particles having generating properties, it is a clear, distinct phenomenal truth that atom to atom is capable of individualism, hence the formation of each individual atom WOULD create, according to the WILL or POWER of the spoken word, which is electric energy, a force that sends into active principles the creating powers.

As ether is the MEDIUM filling all space, the spoken word passing through ether enables vibrating subtle light, LIFE, to spring forth into active expressions. The beauty and wonder of it cannot help but bring to the hearts and minds of man the great desire to find, and when found, imbibe deeply the MIGHTY POWER, LOVE AND TRUTHS of the God who created him. Thus are we made free in truth.

When seekers of perpetual motion will look to the constructive principles of spirit as a DIRECT FORCE COMPELLING EXPRESSION, they may find the rudiments of perpetual motion. As "all things are FIRST worked out in spirit," then it stands to reason that WILL holds a greater force in the ideals man tries to

materialize than any other operating energy brought to bear.

It is a well known fact that in the ether there is some quality that might compel perpetual motion that man has not yet fathomed. When he understands fully the co-operation of gravity and usage of ethereal products, he will have it. Can it be that perpetual motion lieth close at hand? YEA—when we take into our thought-world the fact that the eternal spirit of man is perpetual, everlasting, eternal, breath of God, we know it. The question is answered; it is for man to perfect the ideal. Seek not great inventions apart from God, for **THEY ARE OF GOD**. When we recognize that fact inventions will grow in greater and greater magnificence.

Inventions are largely due to electrical force, thrilling, spirited. As electricity is directly connected with divinity, we cannot get away from God, no matter how we try; but to recognize His power in all things is to intensify that power, giving it an outlet for full expression, hence we reach perfection in that we undertake. It is just one of the little things that **COUNT FOR SO MUCH IN LIFE** and in the time of death where we shall “know as we are known.”

The Divine inflow is filled with the potent power to **DO**: “For if ye **DO THINGS** ye shall **NEVER** fail.” **THINK** of it—a thought, a promise, we should never lose sight of!

There is a little nest constructed in the Garden of God in which nestles happiness and pros-

perity. Little things, you murmur; YEA—little MIGHTIES; a military band that plays its own compositions. As we listen to the harmony our eyes wander to yonder field where stands a wind-mill with its great fan at the top singing a little song—all its own. “Round and round I go,” it is singing, “while you look indeed weird to me toppling (so it would seem) on your little head, spinning round like a bean spilling from the pod. I should like YOU to tell ME how I look to you—and then I almost catch my breath as I see you coming closer and closer to me, driving the cows to water; and a little sheep is among them, and a dog, too; and O, what is that? A little chicken hobbling along, and so determined. O, isn’t it just too funny. And YOU and THEY look natural again, and I must work harder to give to you that you are seeking.

“And O, Look, there is a little bird sitting right on my trough! O, how I love to work for these. So you see, I must go round and round, while you are resting NATURALLY near me gathering strength and new vigor to go your way again. For it is when we ARE natural, you know, that we meet each other as we ARE, FACE TO FACE.

“As you go on your way I listen to your merry whistle, and rejoice it is so;—and you?”

I—why, I listen to your drowsy hum-oo-youm-um, blending with the music of the spheres, and my soul meets you there where we are all kin in the great understanding of NATURE AND THE SOUL, FACE TO FACE, where His truths are

reflected in the DEEP STILL WATERS, IN THE GARDEN OF GOD. A light falls around me and I know HAPPINESS—What IS IT? It is the co-mingling of God's purpose ringing the vespers in the soul of LITTLE THINGS.

I say, kind friend, it is possible to speak to these and they will answer thee. And yet the infidel shouts in turbulent tides: "If there is a God, WHO made God?" What is that but sobbing in the dark? For has not God said: "Let there BE LIGHT and there WAS LIGHT"? In the reflection we are enabled to see God as a SUPREME FORCE, PERSONAL by nature, Divine in character; a Divine whole that embodies spirit. "God is a spirit" that took on the form of man to ENNOBLE and SAVE mankind.

He is the RISEN CHRIST; He came from a Divine principle of ethereal evolution—THE LILIES TELLETH THEE— — —

When we wander with the rain-drops, when we
wander with the dew;

It is then our hearts sing Halleluiah! aye, 'tis
true.

When we wander with the sunbeams, when we
wander with the rain;

It is then the echo of His victory comes floating
back again.

It is then the bells peal faster, as though to hurry
us to prayer,

While the glorious Halleluiah spellbinds all our
care.

O list, the glorious Anthem, the exultant Gloria
Patri strain,

Drooping like the willows, around our earthly
frame.

Methinks I hear Him calling, not so very far
away,

Come, through trials and temptations, come,
while ye may.

Come through the grave to triumph, for this is
God's own way;

Come, little soul with the lilies, for this is Easter
Day.

And as we, ascending in His loving arms, look
back on yesterdays,

Pause and fold our wings in wonder, at the lilies
and their ways.

And then go on rejoicing in their theme and song,
While God's little children scatter colored eggs
along.

Christ is risen! Christ is risen! the lilies telleth
thee,

Risen from the tomb to immortal VICTORY.

LILLIAN LOTUS LANG.

CHAPTER I

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD

“The cedars in the Garden of God could not hide Him; the fir trees were not like His branches; not any trees in the Garden of God were like unto Him in beauty.”

* * * * *

DIVINE UNDERSTANDING

Ingersoll says, “There never can be an argument tending to prove the inspiration of any book.”

What callest thou inspiration, Ingersoll?

The fact is, the Infidel has not as yet found the first great principle to Divine Understanding; that is, the science of being; Divine Mind in man.

When Divine Mind is permitted to express itself in the HIGHEST manifestation of truth, it emits the principle of being—the “I am, made in His Likeness and Image.” The fact that Made in His Likeness and Image INCLUDES MIND is not to be overlooked; on the contrary, the truth in it proclaims itself. We realize fully our possibilities when we come into that great at-one-ness human will meeting Divine.

“It is my pleasure to give you the Kingdom.” This is an inheritance that includes everything.

It is one of supply, love, redemption, truth and eternal life.

What purely material mind could have written the Twenty-Third Psalm unless Divine Inspiration was seeking expression through Divine Will?

Let us term inspiration Divine Mind wrought in the soul; mind exempt of error by beauty of, or in, Spirit, whether Divine or material.

The passing of His footsteps still leave their imprint upon the earth—an inspiration to all who follow in His wake. His LIFE was the greatest love-song ever sung in the heart of truth; the greatest inspiration ever conceived. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." No one who has ever read these words can truthfully say they have not had a heart-throb of belief in them; because they breathe love, and all the world understands—love.

Every living thing expresses love in some form. Domestic animals show it, not only among themselves, but to us. We are loved; it is in the atmosphere; it is one of the greatest principles in nature; it IS nature continually expressing HIS DIVINE GIFT. Every leaf and branch express the Divine spirit of inspiration. We learn to love the thoughts, the words, of the inspired. They are deathless; Spirit never dies.

My friend, could I but take thy hand and say with thee:

“If my feeble prayers can reach thee,
O My Saviour I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if by dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee.”

There is no place for argument in truth, it asserts itself.

Inspiration is a stimulant to DO things, whether it be the writing of books, songs, or takes an inventive turn. It matters but little what form it may take; the idea is “to put it through.” Ah, man, spirit hath no limitations, and spirit dwelleth within man richly. Too oft the infidel swims in a cesspool of infamy, while inspiration is found in the light above.

INGERSOLL: “The notion that faith in Christ is to be rewarded by an eternity of bliss, while dependentees upon reason, observation and experience merit everlasting pain, is to be relieved only by the unhappy state of insanity and ignorance.”

LOTUS: When we seek to evade answering a truth, we are seeking the meadow-lark’s song where only sea-gulls fly. “Faith without works is dead.” To work with faith quickens the Di-

vine within. Honest work brings its own reward. If we have faith ENOUGH IN CHRIST to LIVE His teachings, then we will receive an eternity of bliss. It IS bliss to know we have done our honest best even upon this mundane plane. Bliss now is bliss eternally assured.

Faith in Christ is the goal of integrity. It is the DIVINE that Christ calls attention to, demands obedience to, it is His way of calling us INTO OUR OWN. His way is the way of truth, of love; it is Divine. Our best interests are always at heart with Him.

Callest it insanity to be taught by the lilies whom God hath made immortal? The lily lets life live in natural simplicity; it asks not why, or wherefore; just blooming, content to send its fragrance and beauty throughout the world, without respect of persons. What a wonderful world this would be were we to follow in its wake, and PRACTICE brotherly love in the fullest sense of the word! And that is what the Bible has been teaching for ages; takes mankind a long time to grasp the truth and apply it to reason, does it not? It is the fault of man, not the Bible, if the world is not to his liking; he has been taught better. The lack of practical application to teachings of a higher nature in the world is appalling.

Faith is not ignorance, nor ever has been. It is the foundation of character; holding the mystery of faith in pure conscience. He who lives by faith in works is bound to live in truth, where progress abounds.

It is in the world of truth that we realize our own possibilities. To realize our own possibilities is to realize possibilities for others. This quickens the truth around us and in our own little world there shines a NEW light. Why then should we seek the ways of infidelism when the Christ way has been so long perfected? Proven, because ye cannot put it from you; it is life itself; it is truth; it is the hope of eternity; it IS eternity.

To continually seek something we have had in our possession from the day of our birth is an unhappy state of ignorance; and, I might add, negligence. The way of truth has been in our possession from birth. The trouble is mankind has tried to squeeze by one little un-truth, and another little un-truth, until the scales have tipped to the bottom of deception. Too long has man sought truth in things too weak to bear, when it lieth within his own being, waiting to be called forth as the "day star" that knows no night. When man realizes that truth does lie within his own being, he is accepting his Divine inheritance (made in His Likeness and Image) as the one great gift through which he gains and never loses, and that is none other than exemplified inspiration.

Truth is the greatest investment man can make; it draws a personal interest that compels the good to be made manifest in all things needful. To work with truth is to add to our storehouse of good things.

No more earnest devotee of truth exists than

the Bible. It ever has been a silent witness to man's indifference. Progression (that is, true progression) is found in the world of truth, the kind that is lasting and satisfying. Truth traces everything good for man; it never grows weary, it never grows old. Adhere to the truth and at the close of life (for which life was created) you will find roses, ROSES and lilies, too; for God hath spoken, and His word rings true. When we have trained ourselves to interpret the TRUE MEANING of God's reflected purpose in sending opportunities that seem at times phenomenal, coming as they do through varied and various channels, we also find the truth that gains and NEVER loses. For through that great at-oneness we have tasted the body and the blood, by ACCEPTING CHRIST who worketh IN ALL THINGS GOOD FOR MAN.

INGERSOLL: "Over the vast plain called life, we are all travelers; not one traveler is particularly certain that he is going in the right direction. No other plain is so well provided with guide-boards; at every turn and crossing you will find them. Upon each one is written the exact direction and distance. One great trouble is that most travelers are confused in proportion to the number they reach. Every pulpit is a pillory upon which stands a hired culprit defending the injustice of his own imprisonment. No religion seems able to comprehend the simple truth."

LOTUS: There can be no diversity of ways

in the simple statement "IS GOD IN IT?" If God is in it, then there is something there for you. If you fail to see God in the ways of man, then others may. Respect every man's vision; respect will meet some note of harmony in response unto thine own.

Some come closer to God through some theme in nature than they do in the ways of man. Are they to be condemned? Nay, methinks not so; they have found Him. Truth lieth within the conscience of man; it is limitless when put into expressive principles in PURE conscience. If the man in the pulpit seems full of error, we may free him to a certain extent, by first seeking truth within ourselves. The best way to find truth in another is to first search self, then another's faults may not seem so enormous.

The greatest indignity we can inflict upon self is to belittle self through another's wound. This nearly every one does to a certain extent, by refusing the pure laws of spirit, holding to something we know cannot be the truth though we should like it to be. When mankind will admit the truth, accepting it in pure conscience, wavering not, the millennium will not be afar off, for God will appear in truth destroying untruth.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The reward of faith is purification, illumination, by which we are enabled to see the coming of the Lord.

The bird by wandering, the swallow by flying; so the curse Causeless shall never come.

"And ye shall seek me, and ye SHALL FIND

ME when ye shall seek me with ALL YOUR HEART."

Getting RIGHT WITH GOD is all the EVIDENCE man needs. Getting right with God is getting right with the LAW OF IDEAL THINKING, which breeds ideal LIVING. The Bible contains this scientific truth. To accept the truth is to confess the Divine within. Acceptance is the ONE great stride UPWARD. The man in the pulpit is not imprisoned unless he abdicates his sacred trust.

The churches are our springs by the wayside, wherein man may quench his thirst. The man that stands waiting, holding the cup lovingly to our lips that we may drink, represents God. If we push the cup from his hand, we cannot be refreshed. "As ye drink of the waters of life, so shall it be unto you; as ye think when ye drink, so shall ye be refreshed."

Upon every guide board is written the HOPE of eternal life; where there is hope, there is the bark that carries us on to greater rivers, greater seas. Hope is the birth of achievement; it lends zest to pursuit. Each one of us paddles our canoe according to our ENLIGHTENMENT and best judgment. "A lift now and then" renews our strength and gives greater insight within and without; also gives greater confidence to go on. If we do not always use our best judgment, it is because we have not become strong enough, BIG enough to overcome LITTLE temptations, little errors.

There can be no confusion as to numbers, when

they are met in pure conscience; pure conscience is clear seeing, calm reasoning, brotherly love, doubt eliminated, the DIVINE expressed in the fullness of HIS WILL towards mankind.

If you go to church with the affirmation on your lips and in your heart, that there is nothing there for YOUR PROGRESSIVE MIND, you will be stranded by the wayside while greater souls move on.

“If any of you lack wisdom let him ask God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not. For he that wavereth is like the sea, driven and tossed. For let no such man think he shall receive anything of the Lord, for a double minded man is unstable in all his ways. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath prepared for those that love Him.” We receive the crown of contentment in this expression of life, when we obey the law of the Spiritual man.

Harmony and obedience are the first laws of nature, hence the first requisite to obtaining the kingdom. To live in harmony, charity and love need not be confusing. We are not expected to accept everything that is unpleasant and detrimental to our welfare; it becomes necessary sometimes to protect ourselves; we cannot meet chaos on common ground.

The best way to “get even with the other fellow” is to hold harmony within. It is indeed humiliating to “fuss one’s feathers” while “the other fellow” is looking on in meek and quiet spirit. To retain harmony within is the Christ

way, the way that leads to greater power over self, and conditions that may arise of a derogatory nature. We not only house our own energy by holding harmony within, but we are enabled to help the "other fellow" when he has exhausted his.

Would we but take our "hurts" to God, as the little shaver takes his hurts to mother, it would so weaken them they would no longer have the power to hurt. The same parental understanding is waiting for us at the throne of God as the mother and father has for their child or children. When we go to the fountain head, when we are enabled to help the "other fellow" by OUR OWN SOUL POWER, then are we leaving all and following Him; stopping not by the wayside to bury skeletons, for they are as naught.

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE
LIFE!"

God is life; in Him is no death at all. We are not wholesome when we cannot see the truth in the above statement. "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE." What a blessed assurance!

Keeping time and rhythm with the better self is the music that spins the thread of inspiration; the kind of inspiration that brings into our world the immortal works of art, literature and inventions, to say nothing of thousands of little

GREAT THINGS that continually spring up by the wayside to astonish man. That is when God makes Himself felt. It is ascending to the heights, where God meets us more than halfway. It is passing through the storms of material things, gathering up the sunbeams, taking them with us in the spirit of truth to the great open in God's Garden, wherein is found the inspiration that thrills—the expressive principles in man—until the thrill becomes an actual reality, a living presence, a force that compels appreciation and gratitude from the world at large. Inspiration is creative in its desire to reach mankind. It builds a home in fertile brains, and there it stays, if fed, until it has created a throne before which all men bow. AH, MAN! it is worth working for, worth waiting for.

“HEEDING NOT THOSE THAT KILL THE BODY, AND AFTER THAT HAVE NO MORE THAT THEY CAN DO.”

No harm can come to us on the heights; it is God's resting place. I oft-times wonder at the indifference of mankind in this respect; they deliberately run into danger to both soul and body and then say “GOD HAS DESERTED THEM,” when in fact they have been going against every law of God and nature. Sooner or later they must know that the bell taps of worldliness are going to resound within their own souls. We are striking a responding chord somewhere momentarily; the sweetest music will sound dis-

cordant to those whose ears ring with wantonness so—

Let thine heart sing, let it bring
The Divine within its walls.
No wintry blast can wear a mask, the
Lord thy God knoweth all.
Let Him linger—let Him linger close
Within thy call.
He knows the frost the billows tossed
Around thy soul, today;
He knows the sorrows of thine heart,
Behold the morning gay!
It turns, it burns the dead leaves of
Regret to a cinder, and yet,
Only God, knows why, regret and triumph
Met, no more—regret!

INGERSOLL: "People of the church are enslaved to God."

LOTUS: On the contrary, "God gives to every man liberty." The trouble lies in the fact that it is not generally understood that LIBERTY is not a material condition only. TRUE LIBERTY is born of spirit; in it only can the grand flight in truth be made. There must be liberty of spirit as well as liberty in a material sense, to co-operate with the Divine.

IN HIM I HAVE MY BEING; by Him are ALL THINGS MADE POSSIBLE, even love; and love is a truth that has answered all, from Calvary's blood-stained cross. He who permits DIVINE LOVE to guide him will have an illumined pathway.

Mankind is as free as the little brook in yonder field. Rain comes (and I am going to be old fashioned enough to say, God sends it) or the brook would soon run dry and be no more. Just so God sends His truths to replenish man. The brook in NATURAL SUBMISSIVENESS receives the rain. When mankind FULLY UNDERSTANDS that the greatest power for good comes to those who ARE SUBMISSIVE to the natural inflow of Spiritual truth, they will receive not alone material benefits, but will receive Spiritual UNDERSTANDING in how to use truth and not abuse it. Truth itself is as clear as a June sky, but it is sometimes frost-bitten beyond recognition by misuse and abuse.

Preparedness begins within the conscience of man; it enables us to look in the mirror of truth without flinching. When we look long enough, we see also that the little brook has its uses, its profitable side; it irrigates the land, refreshes fowl and beast, and they in turn give to us again. Just so must we turn to the GREAT INFINITE SOURCE, and we shall not return empty handed. The future depends upon how we take care of the truth NOW, knowing that the guiding hand leads ever beyond material power; on, on into the realms of miracle wherein we are made whole without the aid of material subjects. We then have nothing to fear by LIVING in truth.

Let us pause now and then and note the violets growing near our feet. We may find a serpent lurking beneath their leaves; if we do, we will walk around it—a long way around it, and forget

it ever was there, remembering only the violets beautiful. Learning WHAT and WHEN to forget is a science. To forget the serpent hiding among the violets and remember only the beauties of the violet, is a form of worship that is refreshing. And this is the way to FIND and HOLD the Divine in all things, though they may seem ever so commonplace. Nothing is commonplace when we know the substance of truth in it; it is just finding God after all, finding His bounteous supply, finding the beautiful side to things we had hoped to forget.

God does not mean for us to forget, however, until we have learned to master; nor is it slavery, but living in obedience to the natural law of the beautiful, God's law, that carries us beyond the things that might have been harmful if seen through material eyes only. The result of such science of thought is that of health and happiness. The more beauty we bring into our being the better health we will have. Everything is beautiful when we know how to find the beauty in it; and the way?—"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

We make others happy when we shed the truth around them, compelling love; that is, the natural love of man for his fellow man.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF."

And this also is in obedience to "THOU SHALT NOT KILL" and "THOU SHALT NOT STEAL." We steal the rights of others when we stoop to pilfer their freedom, and this

alludes to every living creature as well as mankind. We rob them of their natural birthright; the right to be loved, not hated, not feared.

“In all places where I record My name, I will come to thee and I will bless thee.” His name is recorded in the Garden of God.

Another great result of the science of expressed thought is that we grow in love, become more Christlike; hence we are not only giving happiness to every living thing that passes our way, but we heal, consciously or unconsciously. We lead the lame and see for the blind. Love—Divine! O INEXHAUSTIBLE fountain!

God does not demand slavery, nor is man enslaved; but God does demand that man follow in the footsteps of “HIS LIKENESS AND IMAGE” for the GOOD OF MAN. Man enslaves himself when he refuses the truth, in which he might have been a great factor for good. The church stands amidst strife and contention, growing ever nearer our hearts as we realize that it stands for GOD and ALL THE NAME IMPLIES.

“He loved, and did not hate;
He healed, and did no harm.”

We pick up an apple; it has a worm-eaten core; we do not despise the TREE because the apple was bad; no, we go straightway to the tree and search for a good apple. The church, like the tree, bears much fruit. The man that ascends the steps to the altar gives freely. Our souls with devotion illumined accept in humble submis-

sion; we hear no evil, we see no evil, we are enveloped in the gauze of SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING. The serpent of doubt and mistrust cannot enter the kingdom filled with DIVINE LOVE, whether that kingdom be within or without.

To remember to "love thy neighbor as thyself" when entering the church door is a supreme way of confessing God. No evil can withstand the beauty of a soul living in PURE CONSCIENCE. Love is the LAW OF LIFE, in the FULLEST SENSE OF PURE CONSCIENCE. "Are not two sparrows sold for two farthings, and NOT ONE is forgotten before God?"

Every victory we gain without injury to our fellow man, brings us nearer to God and the angels. This is fact, and not fancy. "Get thee behind me, Satan!" is putting all things of an unpleasant and doubtful nature behind us, as well as temptation. It is rising above the worm-eaten core, ascending to the heights where truth alone makes itself manifest: It is MATERIALIZED SPIRITUAL POWER.

"Beloved, let us love one another, for LOVE is of God, and everyone that loveth is born of GOD and KNOWETH GOD. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for GOD IS LOVE."

One of the greatest virtues that man can possess is to be loyal to a friend. It calls forth the virtues of integrity. That is, to do as you would be done by; not in part, but entire. Some are our friends just as long as some other person does not carry tales that bear fruit. It may be

for better, it may be for worse, but were the one to whom these friends come living in the TRUE SENSE of pure conscience, both friends could be held without clashing one with the other or upon the friend of both. To live in pure conscience is to attract friends and hold them—if they are worthy, deserving respect. Few, indeed, can keep more than one confidential friend at a time. Why? Because of LACK of truth. Where there is a lack of truth, jealousy, envy and falsehood creep in. This holds good in the church also. Every member living in truth will be a friend of the others in pure conscience when TRUTH is the keynote, when WISDOM is sought in place of censure. It is God's house, brother; to keep it in harmony with God's kingdom is to hold harmony within OUR OWN SOULS.

God can do so much MORE for us if we are in TUNE WITH HIM. Let us remember this always. To be in tune with Him is to be in tune with our fellow man. This is unity in the highest sense of expression. The problems so-called of the Bible would be much more readily understood if the WORD was transmitted through a righteous receiver. We have no greater aim in life than to reach the goal of perfection in ALL MANIFESTATIONS of spiritual welfare. There can be no more exalted life than the life lived in pure conscience.

I know it seems strange sometimes to those who do right (as near as they know right) that they do not receive the reward that follows right doing as soon as they think they should. The

power behind the throne is nevertheless working to bring to the surface all just reward, when it has materialized FULLY in the lives of those who seek reward. Troubles oft, too oft, spring from a wellspring of inharmony; somewhere those seeking reward have refused to live in the highest expression of truth.

Keeping awake to truth is a great virtue. We let our clocks run down now and then. We fail to care for them as the NATURE OF CLOCKS demand they should be cared for; by and by they refuse to give us service. So with truth. It must be tenderly cared for, eagerly watched, a lamp unto our feet. Truth is something that must be held to, and profited by. It will not give partial service when it is properly cared for.

Sorrows are one grade in our school of learning; they are the strings on the harpsichord of time and may be attuned to time as often as the performer (predestiny) wishes to play. "Who-soever doth not bear the cross and come after me cannot be my Disciple."

We test gold to see whether it is pure gold; we test the fruit of the tree to see whether it is perfect in flavor, weight and color. If we find an imperfection we set about cultivating the tree until it does bear perfect fruit. We, however, too oft end there—we do not look to the FIRST GREAT CAUSE, nor do we attempt to cultivate the truth within our own being; we succumb to the ravages of time and tide, wandering about like a lost chord. This is not true efficiency; it is not holding "to that which is good"; to the

golden chain in which there is no semblance of tinkling brass.

The church is a place we go to give thanks for the great PRINCIPLE for which the church stands; and to give thanks for the PERSONAL PRESENCE of God, our Father, our friend and our Creator; the beginning and end of all. And we also go to church to see how others are growing the fruit of the Spirit, that we may better the quality of our own. Knowledge will never do the tree any good, however, unless we apply PRACTICAL APPLICATION. Practical application is the best teacher. Adherent vim, the GREATEST PRODUCER in it, is not only self cultivation and preservation, but an example before the world. Hence we are following in His footsteps. He whose fate is that of NORMAL intellectuality accepts discrimination as a NATURAL INSTRUCTOR between good and evil; fate and predetermined inevitable and adequate efficiency, as his natural BIRTHRIGHT.

Truth is within; all it needs is to be called forth into expressive principles in works, by faith, looking ever beyond the trials of mortal man, keeping away from things that will not keep us looking up. "The actual fervent prayers of a righteous man availeth much."

"Seeing you have purified your souls by obeying the truth through the spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, with a pure heart fervently; BEING BORN AGAIN, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever. For all flesh is as

grass, the glory of man as the flower of grass. Grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away, but the WORD OF THE LORD ENDURETH FOREVER."

Holding fast the guiding hand omnipotent in its power, is the faith that leads to soul growth. Some day we will have so grown in soul truth we may go back and build our nests in safety where once the shadows fell too thick. As we grow in Spiritual truth our vision changes, things have a different meaning to us; things we were once afraid of make us laugh now; things we have striven to the breaking point to possess, we would not have at any price. For such is the gift of the Spirit. "Every good gift and every perfect gift comes from above, with Whom there are no variations, neither shadow of turning."

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; and to keep SELF unspotted before the world." "Not that we have dominion of your faith, but we are helpless of your joy, for BY FAITH YE STAND."

"What profiteth it, my brethren, if a man say he hath faith and not works; can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, destitute of food, and one say be ye warmed and filled, notwithstanding ye give them not those things needful to the body, what doth it profit in FAITH if it hath not works? Harken, brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, heirs to the kingdom which He hath prepared for those that love Him?"

This is the point upon which the infidel dwells so emphatically, saying: "GOD BRIBES YOU TO LOVE HIM." Again the infidel loses the thread of his argument, for does not God say also, "TO HIM THAT HATH, MORE SHALL BE GIVEN"? We have something, when we have faith.

Faith is not a theory, it is a LIVING PRESENCE, something to HOLD TO, something that CREATES DESTINIES, something given to us in nature (just letting life live); not a happy-go-lucky state, but the SINCERE DESIRE TO LIVE in the FULLNESS OF FAITH with works as a stimulant, as a cornerstone that is wrought in nature's perfection. He who lives by faith in works, inherits the kingdom through Divine love ever expressing in good works; hence the creating power of faith works miracles. Faith held before our eyes to profit withal is, simply speaking, God's way of calling US INTO OUR OWN; Love, Divine principle, in which all things worketh for good. And this is not bribery, but as the tender love of a father for his child, the love that wants to see the child do its honest best; "Keeping self unspotted before the world."

To obey the law of God is to advance in truth; to advance in truth is to inherit the kingdom; it is but God's call to perfection. Where true value IS, there is love, and THERE is God. God gives to all men LIBERTY, and is no respecter of persons.

"And besides all this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and

to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience Godliness, and to Godliness brotherly love, charity; for if these things be IN YOU and AROUND YOU, they make ye shall neither be barren or unfruitful IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. But he that lacketh these things is blind and cannot see afar off; therefore rather, brethren, GIVE DILIGENCE YOUR CALLING and elation sure, for IF YE DO THINGS YE SHALL NEVER FAIL. Have also more word of prophecy. You do well to take heed as unto the LIGHT THAT SHINETH IN DARK PLACES, until the DAY STAR ARISE IN YOUR HEARTS."

Faith is born of yearning; underlying all there exists a continued seeking for the things of God and for God. The striving for earthly gain may seem to divert it for a time; nevertheless it comes back again and again, pleading for recognition. The indefatigable cry of the Divine weighs heavily in the balance until human Spirit quickens to meet Divine. Love grows; and in truth we know; and FAITH IS AFFIRMED.

Divine LOVE, is the sweetest music vibrating throughout the world; those who keep in harmony with the strains will not be confused at the Number of guide boards, but will rather give thanks that the HOPE of ETERNAL LIFE is made manifest in so many hearts; even though it be not OUR WAY, or the way we BELIEVE TO BE THE WAY, Divine Love rises above the din of battle and unrest. It found its way to the

trenches where thousands called upon its protection. It was that love that lulled to sleep the troubled hearts and minds of those left behind. It was FAITH in that love that made Masters over Kaiserism. NAY, we are NOT enslaved to God, but at one with Him.

It is Divine Love that surges in the hearts of our brave that makes them stand at ATTENTION, garbed in a coat of olive green; watching, waiting, hoping, yearning, with their lamps trimmed and burning.

INGERSOLL: "Give to me the storms and tempest of thought rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith."

LOTUS: What then—faith expressed in works most assuredly requires great concentrated interest. There are plenty of material storms coming our way to try our faith, I assure you. Ignorance is not found in the REAL, the EARNEST. Think you it is ignorance to always seek the best? To call forth the forces of intelligence into ACTIVE PRINCIPLES AND HIGHER MOTIVES? Is it ignorance to concentrate upon the INNER meaning of faith and APPLY it to daily life? Faith brings a wholeness, a completeness. It does not give in part, when it is fully developed in the soul of man finding expression in works.

Thought, my friend, is the substance that breeds the greatest unrest of our present day. It is not properly LIBERATED; it needs the attuning of the Celestial. The dark brooding of uncertainty and unrest has almost "knocked the bot-

tom out of the bucket." There must be a leaning towards the backward flight; man must revert to the God who gave him life: "Thou shalt have no others gods before Me." This is the key that unlocks the door of ignorance. Oh, man! how futile are thy ways; thou art drifting a long way from nature. Look over yonder—see the trees—the birds—the mountains—and just beyond, the trickling stream? "What of it?" Man, it is the NATURAL PLAY OF NATURE wherein there are no morbid broodings, no unrest; JUST PEACE, just giving, and taking, in the true sense of Divine right. RIGHT breeds MIGHT; the mightiness of the hour, the day, the chance.

INGERSOLL: "Man has no ideas except those suggested by his surroundings. He cannot conceive of anything utterly unlike that he has felt."

LOTUS: There is an active desire to further the interest of some scheme (idea) that could hardly be called feeling, but rather sensitiveness. Our surroundings may not inspire ideas, and again they may. The truth is, that inspiration is born of spirit—it is Angel breath. Perchance it may only brush our cheek, yet we recognize it in our ideals: It is not feeling, it is KNOWING. When God has work for man, His Spirit descends upon him as the breath of Spring upon the daffodils; God's purpose is born within, taking the form of an idea, an inspiration, reaching towards the sunshine of materialization. Man's

part is sweet and savory; it is to develop the inspiration (idea) into the perfect star that shines alike on all mankind without respect of persons. Co-operation with God is the SUPREME QUALITY of Being.

The prompting Spirit is beyond the ordinary, yet it seeks expression in the ordinary, that man may become conscious of His Likeness and Image; that he may also live legitimately with his BETTER SELF, above the horizon of the LITTLE man. If the dawning spiritual nature is to be developed into the perfect DAY-STAR, man must first learn to master self, consenting to abide by the law of the spiritual man: It is in the Spiritual that the highest inspiration is found.

There is a time and a place where all mankind can be reached, and spiritual truth quickened within. "Wisdom is better than weapons of war, but one sinner destroyeth much good." Verily I say unto you, hold your heads above the waters of treason, knowing that while one sinner destroyeth much good, one God destroyeth sin in one sinner; therefore, God and good prevail. "To everything a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens; a time to keep silent and a time to speak."

In ye olden days much stress was laid upon time and place. In the present day and age it is termed a superstition that should be abolished to begin a journey in the new of the moon. It is well to remember, however, that in ye olden days they were obliged to conform somewhat to

the condition of the elements. They did not have the modern conveniences of travel that we have now.

Take, for example, "at the time of the new and full moon the tidal forces of the moon and sun act in the same direction, while at the first and last quarters they oppose each other. When they unite their forces we have spring tides, characterized by large ranges of the tide; when they are opposed, neap tides, having small ranges. The spring and neap tides usually occur soon after the corresponding phases of the moon. The interval is called the Retard, or Age of the Tide, or Age of the Phase Inequality, and is usually less than sixty hours. The limited intervals have their mean values at the time of the spring and neap tides, the tides occurring a fraction of an hour earlier between spring and neap tides, and later between neap tides and spring. Other things being equal, the range tide is greater than usual—about one-sixth part—when the moon is near Perigee, and about as much less than usual when near Apogee. An increase or a decrease of about one-tenth part of the range occurs when the moon is near the equator, near the point of extreme declination, respectively; while the inequalities among the four tides of a day are due to the presence of a diurnal wave, or partial tide, whose period is approximately twenty-four hours. The cause of this lies in the fact that if the Moon is north or south of the equator, its tidal forces are somewhat different when two half lunar days apart are compared.

“All particles of the earth (the sea included) will continue to occupy positions fixed relative to one another, if no other forces are impressed upon them, as following: the earth’s attraction, its centrifugal force or axial rotation, and a force acting upon all particles. For example, the centrifugal force, due to the revolution of the earth about the center of gravity, or earth and moon. If an extraneous force does not work upon all particles alike, the motions will set up the yielding parts. The attraction of the Moon upon a given particle (near the surface say) is along a line drawn (at any given instant) from the particle to the Moon’s center. Its intensity, which is inversely proportional to the square of the distance and its local direction (that is, direction with respect to the earth’s surface) continually changes as the earth rotates upon its axis. The attraction of the Moon upon particles at the earth’s center—or upon the earth as a whole—is along the line drawn from the earth’s center.

“A consideration of this tendency will enable us to answer the question why there should be two high waters each lunar day instead of only one high water. In a single instance, the reason is that the Moon attracts the water on the hemisphere facing the moon, more powerfully than it does the water on the further side of the earth; but attracts the earth in general, more powerfully than it does the water on the further side of the earth. The difference between the action of the moon at any point of the ocean is its tide producing force at a specified time.”

You no doubt know this to the letter; and yet, have you ever thought of it in this connection? "But," you say, "there is the desert." Yea, verily, there IS the desert, and the Moon has its effect upon the desert. O, the peace of the desert at moontime!

The people of old began a journey upon a given time. Therein lieth wisdom, the wisdom that cannot be destroyed by the one sinner. When Divine wisdom is turned in quickening Spiritual intelligence, it may be likened unto a silver stream through which Divine light and substance flow; soul truth, the day-star that knows no night. These people were in unity with the forces governing the universe. That is a large part of soul truth; it brings mankind so close to nature, to the laws governing nature, to the Divine in nature.

I want to take you to a little home in the far northwest. This home was named TRIUMPH, as it was in this home a great geological triumph was completed, in which the Wasp (self termed) was spending the happiest days of his life; the world at large having lost sight of him. It is his fondest wish to remain in his home of Triumph, among the great pines, while he lives upon this mundane plane, unmolested. As we sat talking of the beauty of the surrounding country and its value to man, the moon lifted its silvery sheen above the tops of the wonderful trees.

I had not intended to refer to my host's profession in any way; in fact, I had given my word not to, would he grant an interview. But the glory

of the Harvest Moon brought to my lips spontaneously: "O, tell me, how do YOU see the moon?" The quiet, dreamy man at my side looked up cheerfully; was he glad I had asked? I hoped so.

"How do I see the moon?" came half joyfully, half reverently, from his lips. "Why, it is a force that attracts the subjects upon the earth plane; it has a peculiar magnetic force that compels. It has magnitude that comprises vaporous ether and a solid mass of mineral. It is fathoms deep. The exterior is a phosphorous substance infusing itself, its strength and power upon the earth plane. It has no diameter, it has circumference. It has a magnetic force that compels certain expressions upon land and sea."

Long we sat silent, painting dream pictures. I was somewhat nonplussed that my host did not remind me of my promise. Finally he said: "I do not wonder at your spontaneous query; it is one that could hardly be avoided, seeing the moon from this point."

And then we drifted in days of old. We wandered with Mary and Joseph through the night, we looked at the star with the three wise men, and then changed our course. I asked my host what he thought of the so-called superstitions of those days.

"It was more of an attuned Godliness, and a knowledge of nature's forces than superstition, that caused the people of old to take a journey upon a given time. Have you ever wondered, my friend, when your eyes have fallen upon this

little passage in the Bible: "It is a good land which the Lord our God hath given us," have you? Yea verily, said I: "It IS a GOOD land, which the LORD OUR GOD hath given us."

A far away look came into the eyes of my friend, a look of wonderful love for the Omnipotent hand that had made it a good land. Silently I sat waiting, the silent devotion of my host was one in which I too could join. Finally he said: "It has been two hours spent with a kindred spirit, it almost makes me want to go back to city life that I may meet more kindred spirits; and yet, (with a sweep of his still beautiful hand) all nature is kin. I have found great inspiration here. I have found solace in the whisper of the leaves, I fall asleep when the crickets sing their lullaby; I find amusement in the croak of the frogs, they inspired the slumbering little sunken garden at your feet."

"But," I cried, "do you not find it very lonely and cold in the winter months?"

"Cold! truly, it is cold; but have you never thought of the frost on the window pane and what it brings with it?"

Truly I have. I was delighted to think he had fathomed the secret I had held so long;—the beautiful frost, snow and ice crystal would tend to strengthen the knowledge of spiritual things. I was well launched, my studies would interest him, and it would help my sailing, I thought. But my host was asking what I had found in my studies. I have found that things as small as frost, snow and ice crystals hold countless wells

of beauty; years of study; they are FULL of wonders. I can say without exaggeration that these crystals are formed in the ethereal fragments of the Divine; that is, they are formed by the co-mingling of the Divine and material. All things that are perfected according to the laws of nature spring from the Divine within their immediate surroundings, or passage through air, as the case may be; hence, we not only have the beautiful formations of frost, snow and ice crystals, but we have the formation of jewels rare and beautiful.

Were mankind for one moment to watch the formation of these wonderful and beautiful gems they would cry out in amaze. When a jewel is placed on the hand of a loved one, its beauty and value only are thought of. Little they know what wonderful formation they are in possession of—the formation of Divine Light, Divine Substance—that has first etherealized itself and then crystallized itself by underground chemical operations.

All the world, and all therein, was FIRST etherealized and then materialized. This is none other than the power of spirit, the Spirit that moved upon the face of the waters. Every true gem speaks of the Divine working of CREATIVE FORCES; this would lead us to thought, and its effect. If thoughts be of love, then are they not pure spirit? What then must be the crystals of thought (spirit) meeting spirit? Material thought becomes purified by its passage through air; and yet, there is a fragment of what

has been, that tells the story of life and its deeds upon this plane. These fragments are called THINGS. Deeds (things) crystallized in the ethereal, materialize power to do according to the value of the thought and deed.

A pigeon cooed to its mate; the scent of the pines almost intoxicated me, whilst we—with interests in common—clasped hands and bade adieu in silence; it could not have been otherwise. There are moments when words availeth not, when spirit meets spirit in the boundaries of the Divine.

As I walked through the moonlight to my car waiting in the distance, I thought how natural is Spirit; it could not be forced; it was NATURE, and nature does not respond to force, but to love. A time, thought I, to throw away some things that would retard the flow of the silver stream.

AH! it is the serene Spirit that rocks the cradles of the great; the serene mind that “holds fast that which is good.” And so, in the days of old, it was not considered superstition to plant potatoes in the dark of the moon. “The moon has not the power,” they said, “to draw the magnetic food that compels growth in its dark stages.” Some say to plant potatoes in the new of the moon is to give added life; that is, the compelling force of the new moon will cause almost instantaneous growth. It is a matter of magnetic force. The moon has greater power, in greater measure, in different stages of its expression. It is not really a superstition but the PARTLY DEVEL-

OPED understanding of magnetic growth in various parts of the earth, or a matter of opinion; in some cases, a matter of climate. It is a science that has never been fully or satisfactorily explained, but put aside as a superstition that should have been abolished. It is one of the LITTLE THINGS that may some day evolve into a great scientific principle.

We know the moon IS; we know the earth IS; and yet do we know the relative value of TIME and PLACE? We have good potatoes, "so why worry?" says the material man. Yes, we have good potatoes—sometimes; but, we have better potatoes in one part of the country than another, and we have finer potatoes on one farm than on another. WHY IS IT? Is it the care or carelessness of the farmer, better soil one place than another, or time and place? It can be ANY or ALL of these—farmer, soil, or time. The thing that stands out clear and distinct IS that we have NOT mastered the art of planting potatoes. As simple as this may seem to you, it is but the illustration of the whole. We have not become masters of time and place. We have thrown by an OPPORTUNITY at the value of a superstition.

In olden days mankind strived to OBTAIN the "understanding that cometh with the morning." They were to a great extent in tune with the FORCES GOVERNING the universe, hence THAT class of miracles. Today mankind is more in tune with COMMERCE than with the DIVINE IN NATURE, therefore that class of

miracles HAS MATERIALLY CHANGED. Ever since the world began there have been those who have sought truth when they were completely OUT OF TUNE WITH TRUTH; hence they are seeking something they NEVER WILL ATTAIN, because it has NO existence. Truth is attune-ment. A NEW THEORY is a butterfly without wings; an OLD TRUTH is a perfect bit of rejoicing.

“There is a time and a place for every purpose under the heavens.” Purpose includes the planting—of potatoes. Some day there will come from our schools of agriculture a great soul who will explain many of the miracles of time and place; not alone seasons but the magnetic qualities of earth, moon, sun and stars; and—the planting of potatoes. It will not be a peasant alone who through watching and working for years has observed, but the scholar who has co-mingled his experiences with his tuition, tactics and theories. At any rate the one who concentrates upon a GIVEN THING becomes more or less in TUNE WITH IT, and the forces governing it. We are rapidly passing through the dark stages of ignorance into the wonderful morning of a better understanding. Then will NATURAL results of THINGS be not so weird and unseemly but a part of the GREAT ETERNAL WHOLE. Things that seem to tinge of superstition now will be understood and valued accordingly. Too much thought has been directed towards abolishing, when the causes should have been investigated no matter how trifling they may seem

Somewhere within them there is SOMETHING for us; whether it be a lesson in which we learn the law of efficiency, or the dry fact of incompetence. True, there are many of these we may wish to lay aside, but how are we to know the value of the few if the WHOLE is not taken into consideration? The apple is not tested by its color alone; its flavor and weight are taken into consideration. We must learn to look at things FACE TO FACE without fearing contaminating influences, if we ever expect to glean enough truth to understand the NATURE OF THINGS.

What woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying: "Rejoice with me for I have found the piece which I had lost!" Likewise, I say unto you—there is joy in the presence of the Angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

What is REPENTANCE? It is HOLDING FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD, COMPLETELY SEVERING the tie that has made repentance necessary, keeping in harmony with God whom you have had so long a time with you. To become in tune (harmony) with God is to come into greater understanding of the things of God. This is another scientific truth contained in the Bible: "If you love me, you will keep my commandments."

We know, or ought to know, that to become in tune with the CREATOR of our BEING, is to

come into power of good in that being, and that leads ever upward. To SEEK the BEST faithfully, "with ALL OUR HEART," is to find the best; when we find the best, we usually apply it. This is a CREATIVE PRINCIPLE and IS a TRUTH. It is Godly, hence is not found in any other expression of life. This is why man must necessarily be IN TUNE with the CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES OF BEING to apply them to outward expressions. This shows plainly why those seeking truth through a channel that NEVER HAS HAD an existence cannot find what they are seeking. They have left the SUBSTANCE and are trying to CREATE A SUBSTANCE THAT HAS NO CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES. In other words, "the body and NOT the blood," hence he fails to create a LIVING truth.

God is the SUBSTANCE OF TRUTH. WITHOUT Him there is naught but the MATERIAL mind and its morbid wanderings; whereas, were that mind to soar to the heights it would be transfigured, claiming its own DIVINE RIGHT:—THAT OF DIVINE INTELLIGENCE. Then would the old truth "GOD IS LOVE" ILLUMINE man's intelligence into spiritual understanding. He has FOUND and is not seeking.

"No man having put his hand to the plow and looking backward is fit for the kingdom of God." No man having truth WITHIN need turn his head to see HOW MUCH TRUTH is in the "other fellow." To be in tune with God and the higher forces is power, not only in one's own

being, but attracts a like power in the world without. Being in tune embraces TERRIFIC POSSIBILITIES; it also emphasizes "SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM, AND ALL THINGS NEEDFUL SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU." Not only that: "WHEN A STRONG MAN, ARMED, KEEPETH HIS PALACE, HIS GODS ARE AT PEACE."

We may build in spirit until it multiplies the added power to produce THOUGHT SUBJECTS. What could not be produced by one FREED FROM LIMITATIONS? God created HIS IDEAL,—the spiritual man; if we do not meet that ideal we are then the less THE DIVINE IDEA. GOD endowed us with spirituality. If the carnal man is uppermost, it is the fault of self, or training, or both.

INGERSOLL: "Man in his ignorance supposed that all phenomena was produced by some intelligent power."

LOTUS: "God works in wondrous ways His miracles to perform." God is spirit, spirit is intelligence. That which HAS BEEN IS NOW. "My son, be glad, and make my heart glad, that I may answer him that reproacheth me."

"Every word of God is pure." Who does not love and reverence the pure? IN GOD'S WORD only will the crystal stream flow on unclouded by infidelism. It is not LIVING IN TRUTH to be happy today and tomorrow die in soul truth. The life of the DAY STAR is a constant PHENOMENON to those who CLOSE THEIR EYES TO THE TRUTH in it. There is a great Presence

with us all that seems phenomenal to those who do not understand the working PRINCIPLES of it. Ofttimes seemingly inanimate things are phenomenal in their nature.

IN THE WORLD OF THINGS

Let us drift for a time in the world of THINGS, and see what conclusions we can come to concerning them. First; everything has a spiritual worth, if we but recognized the true value of it. To RECOGNIZE the true value of any place or thing is to, in a measure spiritualize it. To give thanks THROUGH HIS WORD is to complete the spiritualization, for it is sanctified by the WORD OF GOD AND PRAISE. "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it is received with thanksgiving and praise." The heart singeth in accord, hence the HARMONY OF PURPOSE IS SANCTIFIED. The substance of the Lord is given in HIS WORD—

"I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE."

The value of the sacrament is intensified when man REALIZES the full significance of the POWER OF SPIRIT to PENETRATE substance, place or thing.

Mr. Morton's commission took him and his beautiful young wife to the wilds of South America. After sojourning there for a period of three and one-half years a little daughter was born to them. The wife soon succumbed to the ravages of fever. Mr. Morton put the babe in the hands

of a good old Christian soul whom they called Granny. Old Granny infused in the child a wonderful love and understanding of God, and the things of God.

When Bertha became of age Mr. Morton was suddenly called to New York. The child woman begged to accompany him. Mr. Morton hesitated; he would be compelled to return to the wilds as soon as he could hasten the business on hand. What would be the outcome? Would his beautiful daughter want to remain in the great city of which she knew nothing? Or, would she keep her sweet flower-like womanhood to grace his home? He wanted her to marry by and by; but were not those who were in the world working for him far more suitable than the city chaps of whom Bertha knew nothing?

Bertha did not take happily to the great city. It was wild, she said, far more so than the nature wilds she had just left. People did not seem to live, they hurried so; every one seemed to try to get ahead of the other.

One beautiful morning she stepped to the windows in the great dining room of the hotel in which they were stopping. It was with great pleasure she turned to her father standing by her side and said: "I want to go there, father, where the great tower bears the cross." The father begged to be excused, he had so much to do; but stepping aside he spoke to a lady who seemed to be much interested in Bertha.

"Will you kindly take Bertha to the church over there, Madam?"

“I will, and gladly.”

Never before had Bertha been inside a church. The altar she had known had been the soul of nature; the tapers the stars; the song of the birds the mass; the chanting of her own pure little soul the vespers; yet, she had said: “I WILL KNOW HIM WHEN I SEE HIM; did not Granny say I would?”

The sun that she had known in the wilds streamed through the windows of the church. A crimson stream flowed from the side of Him who was so wonderfully pictured there. Claspings her hands in ecstasy she cried aloud: “WHY, GOD IS NATURAL! it is NATURE TO SUFFER FOR THOSE WE LOVE.” The goblet was pressed gently to her lips; for the first time she drank. “I have seen HIS IMAGE; I have partaken of HIS SPIRIT; and now I want to go back to my nature’s home and take what I have found with me, that its memory may not be contaminated by material thought.”

No one told her it was not customary to speak aloud while in church. A chord in nature had been struck in which vibrated the real, the true, the pure. Those who saw seemed to know and feel something they did not want to change. As the little form found its way down the aisle, the Priest raised his hands in blessing upon the pure little soul who had drifted their way from the wilds.

A few days later the train steamed away bearing father and daughter. A strong young fellow stood watching longingly after. “I, too,” he

murmured, "will go to the wilds that she may find the God for me whom I have never found, not even here where HE is pictured everywhere. No, I have not been seeking Him naturally. I have not loved, because I did not know."

The little flower of the wilds was growing, and content TO GROW, as do the lilies of the field. So, quickly, do the sweet and pure find response in the INFINITE BEING who gave them birth.

A few years later there came to the great wilderness a Sister of Mercy who beheld the home of three. A little flower-like woman quivered between life and death, as her husband hovered over her waiting the coming of the fourth. Unquestioningly the Sister took charge.

The father with tear-stained eyes said: "Sister, why here? we are not Catholics."

"Ye are of God's little children," said the Sister sweetly. "HE HATH SENT ME."

The next morning a beautiful babe lay in the mother's arms. Heaven had blessed; love had sanctified; in that far-off wild there smiled a little child.

Birth is phenomenal in theory; in fact it is the natural play of nature asserting itself in the highest manifestation of truth. Death is no more wonderful than birth; it is the fullness thereof, the expression of the highest intelligence (spirit) coming into its own. As we call to mind these two great events in the life of each of us, we secretly give thanks for the great steeples of memory, from whose beams ring out the old and ring in the new.

It matters but little to the sincere what others are thinking; it is what WE ARE DOING that counts. Yea, the church, to some, is a thing apart, the sacrament forgotten.

“No greater gift hath any man than he lay down his life for a friend.” Hadst thought of this in connection with those who have left this world of material things and gone to work in the field of Holy labor? Ought we not bless the day they come our way?

Why do we look for error? Why not look at the great sacrifice? What if they do make a mistake now and then? Can we look in the face of all and say WE are free from error?

It IS a sacrifice to go into the field of labor; a sacrifice on the altar of worldly criticism; a sacrifice of nearly all that man holds dear upon this mundane plane; and for WHAT? To save you FROM yourself. The selfishness of worldly criticism is deplorable. The world expects the BEST from those whom they criticise without a hearing. They say, it is human nature to find fault. If it is, it is a part of human nature mankind could well do without.

“Then Jesus answering said unto them: “Go your way and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached.”

Out of fifty I have asked why they chose their vocation, the answer has been practically the same—“Because we owe it to God and man, to

ourselves and our families. We would not go from the field of labor in His vineyard for all the worldly pleasures you could offer us."

"Have you then no regrets?" I asked.

The answer of one I will give you; the one sounds the chord of all.

"I was sitting in the study not long ago. The secretary of the church came in saying: 'Pastor, we have not one penny to our credit.' He said: 'We have God, He is worth more than a penny. To him that hath, more shall be given. GOD SAID SO. Let us try an extra night of labor and see what that will do!'"

This great soul stood by the telephone for an hour, coming in contact with the talented ones of his congregation. At the end of that time he had the promise of much talent. On the following Wednesday evening there was an entertainment given that put hundreds of pennies to the credit of the church. This great soul did not stop there; he said: "We have received, PRAISE THE LORD," and he kept on giving entertainments that became so famous the people did not want to give them up. They did not give them up, they are going on, and with them a greater UNDERSTANDING OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH.

There is a peculiar trait in mankind; their interest and attention must be called forth and centered on a given thing, before they absorb the essence of the whole.

Man wants to be entertained. He is GOING to be entertained somehow, and it is a great science

to know how to infuse ENOUGH truth into the entertainment to QUICKEN spiritual growth; for

“IF YE DO THINGS, YE SHALL
NEVER FAIL.”

This is not to find fault, or half do. It means DO—a powerful little word in the world of things, that will cause phenomenal results, intelligent results.

Then there is the body, the vase that holds the flower of the soul. How about it? We buy imported vases to fit in some niche in our home that especially requires harmony and beauty of expression; and we buy just useful vases, plain in design, yet harmonizing with the purpose for which they were intended. And then, there are those ugly vases chance gave us which attract attention by the inharmonious blending of colors. Which vase holds the flower of YOUR SOUL? Can any vase be too beautiful to hold the flower of the soul being GLORIFIED BY HIS PRESENCE? Should we not give the vase SPECIAL SPIRITUAL CARE? And that does NOT REFER TO VANITY, but purification, illumination, harmony.

What sort of a HOME are we going to place THAT VASE IN? HOME! WHAT A WIDE BERTH for spiritual manifestation! This IS GOD’S HOUSE, expressing the perfection of interior wisdom, love, Divine principle, a sanctuary in which His PRESENCE would find solace in the KNOWLEDGE that His truths were mani-

fested in that home; that His presence was KNOWN and felt.

“Be ye not slothful in business:” and so on down the list of innumerable things. However, the theme is this: In the true sense of SPIRITUAL QUALITY the glorified spirit of man is out of harmony with the ordinary; the ordinary is lost when we seek the spiritual quality in it. The principle of being is an ever ready help in time of material chaos. The I AM will, with its power to RISE SUPREME TO MEET SUPREME, obliterate the ordinary, bringing to the surface the ILLUMINED PRESENCE OF GOD, with whom there are no diversity of ways. When we fully understand this guiding principle, we do not see things in the ordinary light of material vision; the spiritual eye discerns the guiding principle that has made everything possible, inasmuch as it has been spiritualized through the spiritual vision to a higher plane; hence, we have the common phrase—EVOLUTION—which enfolds the power of THINGS as well as spirit in man.

Everything has its ethereal correspondent, the mineral, the animal and the vegetable kingdom; these are in themselves revelations. It is a glorified thought that brings to our realization that somewhere this thing (table, chair, etc.) first found its being in the Garden of God; that it was first given to us in the spirit of truth, its value recognized by man, and passed on. Spiritualized, first by the truth in it, then by labor, appreciation and intelligence.

Thus the seeming phenomenal birth of fruitage, vegetation, etc., are channels through which God sends His word to man with profits. Again, we have the co-mingling of the Divine and material. So must we learn to use, and not abuse, these things which have come to make their home with us; these final triumphs of God and man.

This chair has become a very happy expression in my life, so many have blessed it. It is but a chair, a thing, yet it came from the Garden of God, worked into expressive principle by man, and has power to give rest to the weary, for such is the gift of the spirit. Spirit is the beginning and the fullness thereof. THE SPIRIT OF GOD moved upon the face of the waters BEFORE the world was created; Spirit is LIFE, ETERNAL LIFE.

Blessed things, whate'er you be,
Through triumph you have come to me!

And yet, things should not be the theme in life, but respected in the true sense of spiritual quality. More good can come to us when we SEEK the truth in things. When we KNOW the truth we can accept them in positive contentment. Everything has a beautiful side, a useful side, or a side that can be purified. To purify, enliven and quicken person, place or thing, is to demonstrate the truth for it, thus expressing our own spiritual quality of faith in works, or the exercise of truth that dwelleth within. Not taking the form of worship, rather the form of thought in pure conscience.

Man kills his development by the attitude he WILLS towards things. He cannot sit down in the gutter and develop, but if he will SEE HIS ABILITY to rise, and WILL himself to do it, he will soon see the beauty and pleasure it brings as well as advantages.

“The continual whine of a dog brings evil,” so they say. Yet it is not a comparison to the whine that springs from the soul filled with discontent. It broods evil, yea, not for the one, but for many, for it yieldeth not grain or gain, but thorns that prod the flesh and pierce the veil of things debasing, leading down, down; the sinking sands; seeking, ever seeking, never finding, peace and happiness.

The sun is rising, look! Beyond the sand, someone is calling. Who is it? It is the voice of the Heavenly Father. His beautiful hand sweeps upward, the bow of His promise flashes across the sky; the debased one beholds it and smiles; the chain of woe is broken. There can be no misery when God smiles at man, and man smiles back again, for something is born in the conscience of man; BEHOLD! It is His likeness and image reaching across the tide that calls all men—home. It is God’s call TO PERFECTION answered.

While we are roving in the world of things, I want to tell you of a little experience of mine. Not long ago it was my province to stop for a time in the home of Mr. Heckel, foreman of the Obediah Silk Factory. Mr. Heckel, wife and two daughters made up the household. The house

stood in the center of a beautiful lawn; the tender care of trees and flowers made it a garden of dreams. I could not help but wonder why there seemed to be such great discontent.

Involuntarily I looked out over the north fence; a sign in red, black and white loomed in the sun like a menace. "LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS; RAILROAD CROSSING." I smiled as I wended my way back to the house. Can THAT BE THE THING that hangs like a shadow over this home?

Promptly at six-thirty a gloom would fall over the household like a phantom; it haunted the very recesses of the two souls left at home. The father and elder daughter, Lottie, usually returned from their duties at the factory about this time. Lottie had endowed herself with an ugly, sulky temperament. The moment a whistle would sound, heralding an approaching train, she would whine, "Oh, it is just dreadful; it is a shame the way some people will insist on living in such a place." On and on she would whine until the father would join in: "I wish I could sell, but that is out of the question; who wants to buy this house anyway. I wish I had never set eyes on the place."

It would invariably end by Lottie putting on her hat and storming out of the house, the father following closely, while the other two were left to look on, the dear little mother biting her lip to keep back the tears.

The two wanderers' conversation was quite distinct to those left in the shadows.

“Where are you going tonight, Lottie?”

“Oh, to the park, I suppose; until some of the girls come by, then we will probably go to some show. Where are you going, father?”

“Me? Oh, I’m going to Tom’s place; where else could a fellow go and have peace from these trains?”

This was indeed laughable to those left in the shadows, as Tom’s place was much closer to the track than his own home. We could hear the men laugh as Mr. Heckel stumbled in the door of Tom’s place: “Hello, Heckel, fallin’ in ag’in, I see.”

Heckel could not remember the little step by the door in spite of his daily visits to Tom’s. He gathered himself together, grumbling at Tom for not removing it, while Lottie wandered to the park. It was damp and foggy, it depressed her, she decided to return home. This was not a pleasant thought to Lottie, but there was really nothing else to do; not any of the girls she knew would venture out in this fog. Yes, she would go home.

With an angry frown Lottie paused in the shadow of a great tree that stood near the kitchen window. She did dread so to go in, yet the chill and damp were penetrating her very bones. Leaning wearily against a tree, she watched her mother and Grace perform the homely but necessary task of washing the dinner dishes. A look of concern came over her face as she listened:

“Well, dear, do not mind Lottie’s whims, she is just a little bit restless; her work is trying,

and the whistle sounds twice as loud to her. We do not notice it so much because we do not get as tired as Lottie does, and THINGS bother her so."

Lottie slipped down upon the soft turf, forgetting the damp and fog, listening, it seemed for hours, to the cheerful chatter of her mother and Grace. AND THINGS BOTHERED HER SO! What was wrong with her? What was wrong with everybody? Why were Grace and her mother not in this cheerful frame of mind when SHE was in the house?

But listen, what was mother saying:

"You know, Grace, if father and Lottie would only stay at home in the evenings for a while, we could soon have a car and enjoy our evenings in the open together. It is hard, I know, to stay at home all the time. I have, for twenty-five years, without practically any recreation. I wish you would go with Lottie sometimes, Grace; why don't you?"

Grace caught her mother lovingly in her arms. "Not much, Muzzie; we are too happy here!"

Lottie laid her head on the damp grass, her tears mingling with the dew. A car. Mother had been a shut-in for twenty-five years! Something was wrong, WRONG, and SHE was making it so.

Lottie was a wonder in the world of the Obediah Silk Factory; far more active and brilliant was she than her sister Grace; and yet, what would they do without the convenient, quiet, home-loving Grace?

A scream from her mother's lips startled Lottie to her feet. The mother was standing in the doorway wringing her hands and crying hysterically. By her side was Grace screaming: "O save him, SAVE HIM!"

To take in a situation was to act with Lottie. The light from a sign-board told them of an approaching train; a shrill whistle affirmed it; on the track, too bewildered to move, was the father and husband. Lottie ran to him hastily, pushing him to safety.

The approaching train thundered in Lottie's ears. Making a hasty plunge forward, she was horrified to find her shoe was caught. It was too late, the train thundered by, severing the little foot from the body. The father, horror stricken and fully conscious now, gathered her tenderly in his arms, the tears streaming down his face.

Months went by; not a complaint from Lottie; not a night out for father. One morning Mr. Heckel came home to consult Lottie about getting a stenographer in her place, saying the new one had made a mess of it. Lottie, without a word, put on her hat, picked up her crutches and started towards the door.

"Where are you going, Lottie?" asked Mrs Heckel.

"To the factory, Mother."

"I know, Lottie, you are well enough, but the crutches, and things, bother you so."

"No, not now, mother. That whistle sounds good. I have discovered something. Do not allow things to play too great a part in your life

as THINGS only, or they will maim you for life. The chance of getting back my position is my opportunity; I shall make the most of it."

Mrs. Heckel looked lovingly after the little lame retreating figure, then turning to Grace, said: "Oh, there is such a difference between things material only and things spiritualized by RIGHT THINKING. THINGS are wonderful stumbling blocks when we permit them to dominate our better self. They soon lose their dominating power, however, when we recognize the spiritual truth within them."

Things are strange, weird, seemly or unseemly; to some, natural gifts of God and man in which we take a reasonable amount of gratification or disgust, as we sense them; hence it is imperative that we see things through the spiritual eye, that we may ennoble our environment. We do not want to place our vase in a frog pond, you know.

"In that ye also walked sometimes WHEN YE LIVED IN THEM, but now ye also put off all these: anger, malice, wrath, blasphemy; lie not to one another, seeing that ye have put off the old man and his deeds, and put on the NEW MAN, which is rendered in knowledge after the IMAGE OF HIM WHO CREATED HIM. But let the peace of God rule in your hearts in that which ye are called in one body. Be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in HYMNS and SPIRITUAL SONGS, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." "Whatsoever ye do, do ALL in the name of the Lord Jesus."

“Rejoice evermore. Pray WITHOUT CEASING; in EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS. QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT. Despise not prophet-saying, prove all things, hold fast that which is good, abstain from appearance of evil, and the VERY GOD OF PEACE SANCTIFY YOU WHOLLY. And I pray GOD your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved HARMLESS unto the coming of OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.”

“But of the TIME and the SEASON ye have no need that I write unto you, for you yourselves know perfectly the DAY of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night, and we have confidence in the Lord TOUCHING YOU; that ye both DO and WILL DO the things which we command you; and the Lord direct your hearts unto the love of God, and unto the patient waiting for Christ, looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the GREAT GOD AND OUR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST, WHO GAVE HIMSELF for us that He might redeem us from ALL iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”

“But avoid foolish questions and contaminations; strivings about law, for they are unprofitable and vain.” “And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the SON TO BE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. Whosoever CONFESSES THAT JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD DWELLETH IN HIM, and he in God.”

“And we have known and believed the love GOD HATH to us.” “GOD IS LOVE, and he

that dwelleth in LOVE dwelleth in GOD and GOD in him. Herein is our LOVE MADE PERFECT: that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He, so are WE, IN THIS WORLD."

"There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. HE THAT FEARETH IS NOT MADE PERFECT IN LOVE."

The workings of truth are phenomenal in nature, and yet so natural that phenomena holds no place in the mind of one who works miracles. "IN GOD WE TRUST," the HOPE OF GLORY, the BUILDER OF SPIRITUAL THINGS. Phenomena is the demonstrating power of the GODHEAD, unto our knowledge of HIS miracles unto which we have access through OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

It is not only a happy STATE OF MIND TO BE IN to KNOW the phenomenal nature of things through His love and truth, but it adds materially to the value of things, eliminating the coarser hold with which man sometimes grasps things.

Things are dynamic by nature; real surprises await us at times in them. By holding truth in the sense of calm judgment, we accomplish miracles; we illuminate them with truth; we preserve them without chaotic effect. Never was spirit set free concerning the reason, in reason, of phenomenal power. Active in things like a bird set free, does the mind grasp the cause; the remedy comes spontaneously.

The Cross of Calvary is as good an illustration as one could wish, demonstrating things spiritualized. The world needed Christ at that time; it still needs Christ, the REDEEMER OF MEN. What profit it withal if we have not opened the door to spiritual things, when the Spirit stands waiting to show us the GLORY WITHIN? Why linger around the melting pot of worldly theories when truth itself is the SUBSTANCE within?

The stirring of a soul proves its Maker. When man ceases to strive with carnal things then will he find his soul filled with holy light, by which he may see the true worth of things that make up the Garden of God.

INGERSOLL: "Payne denied the inspiration of the scriptures. That was his crime."

LOTUS: "All the scripture IS given by the inspiration of God, and IS profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be PERFECT, THOROUGHLY FURNISHED unto all good works, in meekness instructing those who oppose themselves. If God pervert we will give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth, and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." The works of God are all electro evolution.

INGERSOLL: "What person with common sense would attempt to settle any question by a text from the Bible?"

LOTUS: Any reasonable person would. Are they not given for INSTRUCTION in RIGHT-

EOUSNESS? The Bible is a liberator of freedom, of true spiritual worth, true moral worth, and is an infallible principle by which we may endorse our checks. It is the harp upon which the touch of the Infinite harmonizes, the universal chord of immortal construction.

When people oppose us they are, in a measure, our enemies. They use their gas tanks to deprive us of our reason, and then demand an illumined reply. God's word brought to bear upon them ejects the poisonous vapor and infuses the greatest of all principles, TRUTH, upon which His word is built. There is not a chord struck in the human heart more subtle, more comforting, than Infinite love. The Bible teaches it from cover to cover. The Bible teaches truth; it teaches Christian Endeavor that has no selfish principles, no morbid theories, but FACTS—just plain FACTS, the very thing the infidel is crying for.

Funny, isn't it, that the infidel stands with one foot in Heaven and the other in Hell and cries, "Who am I? What am I?" while the fires of hell consume him? Strong language you say, and you do not believe in hell, and you think it is a sin to preach hell.

Man carries within his own soul the fires of hell when he manifests the LESSER MAN. The infidel does this because he refuses to see HIS LIKENESS AND IMAGE.

Love and doubt are not sisters or brothers; nay, not parent, but at cross purposes one with the other. Love casteth out fear. "GOD IS LOVE." When we place the WORD OF GOD

against doubt, we destroy the power of doubt with our faith.

"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

INGERSOLL: "Payne contended that it is contradiction in terms to call anything a revelation that comes second handed."

LOTUS: To take this statement literally, our lives are pretty generally spent under the jurisdiction of others, hence, second-handed from the beginning unto the end. We live by the instruction and training of others until we are grown; after that, we are more or less controlled by the minds of those higher up; and so we drift with the tide until our individuality is lost, or partially so, in the swirl of human welfare.

Our chief desire in life is to become independent; to be a controlling force, in place of being controlled; but the way out is not an easy one. However, when we are sufficiently enlightened to reason without malice, we DO become a controlling force over the little self, and assert the God man. This brings us into our own. In place of a lost personality we have a strong will, in tune with the best and highest, which demands the best in return.

We are then sought, and not seeking; strong, and not weak; worthy, and not unworthy subjects of the Kingdom. When we assert our true self with God at the helm, we are enabled to see the light of individuality; first, the individual self that governs self to the exclusion of all; second, the individual SPIRIT in self capable of meeting the Divine, in which inspiration is found.

The word of God is never second-handed to those at-one with God.

Though we find truth through the heart of the rose it is sweet, it is fragrant, it is beautiful. It has a power all its own, reminding us that with the sweet we must take the bitter that "trieth the heart," strengthening it in righteousness, thereby giving sustenance.

Love is supremely Divine; it is tempestuous argury; it is beautiful, and it sometimes comes by proxy, because man is attuned to meet it in no other way.

Were we not to receive ANYTHING second-handed, we would glean but few of the comforting messages that come to us through thousands of channels. We would be sealed in, away from all but the little self. We would become narrow, stale, brushed aside as the falling leaves of Autumn.

THE BIBLE IS THE REDEEMING FORCE that sways mankind to the haven of rest. God giveth to all men liberty, and truly the liberty to think, but has commanded that we do **ALL IN THE NAME OF JESUS**. This is the point upon which so many err—**DO ALL IN THE NAME OF JESUS—WHY NOT? HE IS THE RISEN CHRIST, THE SUPREME FORCE, SPIRIT**. It is going to the **FOUNTAIN-HEAD FOR OUR SUPPLY**. Here is the meaning fully demonstrated: "Seek ye **FIRST** the Kingdom and His **RIGHTEOUSNESS**, and **ALL ELSE** shall be added unto you." Seeking the

Kingdom FIRST is the BECKONING LIGHT OF REASON.

The infidel is not in tune with the INFINITE, hence he strikes a false note. To him a rose is just a flower. He smiles at its color and fragrance, whips up his horse and canters on. He does not see the sublime, the mother's care and pruning that it may give pleasure daily to her loved ones. He does not see the blushing bride within its curling buds. He does not see the soldiers' graves where the falling petals take the place of the gentle touch of loved ones across the sea. He does not see the light upon the face of the dying; nor does he see the hand of God pointing to the heart of gold within its tiny fragrant folds. The Divine to him is lost, hence the substance of all. It is but a crude production to his sense of seeing.

Infidelism is the worm in the heart of the rose. It shatters, it does not build; it takes all the beautiful, not to profit withal but to debase; it leaves the bush a prey for the wasp's nest.

Inspiration and revelation come FIRST-HANDED to those who are ATTUNED to receive them, no matter how many channels they have passed through. Being WILLING to receive is NOT ENOUGH. We must be willing to GO THROUGH THE PURIFYING process—that of being BORN AGAIN IN spiritual truth; willing to enact that truth; willing to TAKE ON THE NEW MAN and leave off the old MAN and his deeds.

**REASONING PRINCIPLES CAN BE OBLITERATED
THROUGH DOUBT**

Inspiration does not descend upon the heads of those who seek to SEVER THE TIE THAT BINDS.

IMBIBING deep of His love, letting it reflect in the world around you, is one of the FIRST PRINCIPLES, a GREAT QUALITY, IN THE PURIFYING PROCESS. Where DIVINE LOVE dwelleth THERE is inspiration, TRUTH made manifest in man. As a mirror reflects the sunshine, so is the countenance filled with Holy Light. You will see yourself coming around the corner of life like a whirlwind of material things; or, you will drink the refreshing life-giving rain-drops of spirituality; just as you make it.

Second-hand inspiration is a peculiar find. It may come in a flood of light, or it may descend as a dove on the shoulders of time. The question is this: Can your spiritual CONDITION TELL YOU whether the TRUTH rests in it or not, indifferent to the number of channels it has to pass through? Can you find a responding chord within? A chord that finds its correspondent in an Infinite Being, GOD, the Creator of man? Can you look LONG and DEEP in the well of truth and find your reflection there?

God's word cannot be consumed with the fires of infidelism: It is INDESTRUCTIBLE. It has a POWER that refuses to weaken, a LIGHT that will never burn low. Divine Love IS the inexhaustible force from which mankind draws sus-

tenance. It is LIFE to those who believe in HIM. Can the infidel give us a greater assurance?

This assurance comes to us through the Scriptures (if you will) but I like the word BIBLE. It sounds so secure, so personal, so assuring. It is NOT some remote thing, but a LIVING PRESENCE. It is alluring, SOUL STIRRING. "But," says the infidel, "it is so contradictory." Nay, methinks not so, the SUBSTANCE remains the same.

No two people ever gave an account of an incident in the same exact terms. Send six men to a ball game; ask them ALL about it. The only account they will give you in the same terms, is WHO WON; the rest will be original narratives.

"But," the infidel cries, "the Bible was inspired by ONE God, hence it should be EXACT accounts."

God teaches in language, expression and themes, that may be best understood by the recipient individual, or individuals. THE POWER OF THE INNER MAN, the capabilities of EXPRESSING the inner man, is not always attuned. A GREAT SOUL may lack expression of that soul in AUDIBLE or written terms, and yet that great soul's power be felt.

Water does not always cover the banks. God is consistent in all His ways; he would hardly inspire a Hebrew to write Indian; nor would he advise a Chinaman to build a tepee. He would tell him in a language that he could understand,

though the substance be the same. "God works in wondrous ways His miracles to perform," and His ways are the ways of wisdom.

When man more fully realizes that GOD IS FULL OF UNDERSTANDING, His work coming to us through His transmitter (the Bible), we will have ADDED COURAGE and inspiration, a more ABUNDANT FAITH, and the SUPPLY of love that mankind is NOW seeking. He will see ILLUMINATED WORDS of God; not some remote, so-called revengeful God, but a GOD FULL OF LOVE and understanding. It is man that errs and not God, not the inspiration of the Bible.

We do not teach the child in the crib arithmetic. It is not as yet capable of reasoning; it has not the physical strength to hold slate and pencil. We teach the child love by EXPRESSING love. The child does not understand the word love, but it responds quickly to the act of love. So God infuses the substance of His word into the fertile brain of those whom He has endowed to receive it. God reaches ALL mankind.

It has often been said that no two people can get the same meaning out of a passage in the Bible. And this I doubt; not because it seems unreasonable, but because man is not so dense that he does not KNOW SOME of the TRUTH when he finds it. In truth is God. When God is found, understanding is complete. Understanding has but one meaning—AT-ONE-MENT. This cannot be of many hues, but the one great sun of

light. We have day and we have night. These two blend into one another in perfect harmony, as the soul attuned to the Infinite blends into ONE—PERFECT—WHOLE. The Divine substance of His presence is everywhere.

If those striving on this earth for a new truth would only open the doors of their souls to the Divine inflow, truth—both old and new—would bring to the lives and hearts of man liberty; to the world, PEACE. If we walk in the spirit of truth, let us also live in the spirit of love. Wisdom is the undertone of spirit, manifesting spirit in truth.

What is it then, “I will PRAY WITH THE SPIRIT, and I will PRAY WITH THE UNDERSTANDING ALSO, when the unlearned say ‘Amen’ at the giving of thanks, seeing that they understand not what thou sayest. It is written the first man Adam was made a living soul. The last Adam was made a quickening spirit. How be it that was not first which is spiritual but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual?”

First: Natural—the wisdom found in nature; then spiritual—wisdom causing the spiritual to be glorified. Spirit is natural first, then spiritualized, thus becoming a TUNEFUL MELODY in DIVINE HARMONY, EMBRACING ALL LAWS OF GOD AND NATURE; THE NATURAL GOAL OF MAN; THE SUPREMACY FOUND IN ATTUNED SPIRIT; THE COMPLETENESS, THE FULLNESS OF HEAVEN.

“Beloved, think it NOT STRANGE concerning

the FIERY TRIAL which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened you."

All phenomena comes from intelligence, whether the object causing the phenomena is CONSCIOUS of it or not. In all things is the breath (spirit) of God, the wonderful life expressed in all things, and yet, natural. Phenomena is but the RESULT OF NATURAL FORCES that man has not attuned himself to see as natural.

"He that abideth in the secret places of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the ALMIGHTY."

"I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my strength; IN HIM WILL I TRUST."

"KEEP FAITH WITH WORKS THAT YE MAY REPLENISH MANKIND WITH SPIRITUAL TRUTHS."

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring forth glad tidings of good things."

INGERSOLL: "Payne denied conclusively the DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRIST, and yet he believed that Christ was a virtuous and amiable man, that the morality He taught and practiced was the most benevolent, and that He had not been exceeded by any."

LOTUS: Payne, like many another, is willing to take his fill of the half loaf and when his appetite is appeased throw away the other half, leaving nothing for the morrow. When the coming day dawns, there is a gnawing hunger for the

half loaf he threw away. A partial truth is NO TRUTH AT ALL.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRIST WAS A REVELATION, an inspiration. It demonstrated fully THE POWER OF SPIRIT OVER MATTER.

Again and again, if I might, I would repeat, GOD IS A SUPREME FORCE, PERSONAL by nature, DIVINE in character, a DIVINE WHOLE that embodies spirit. "GOD IS A SPIRIT" that took on the form of man to enoble and save mankind. HE IS THE RISEN CHRIST! He came from a DIVINE PRINCIPLE through which mankind evolutionizes from sphere to sphere.

INGERSOLL: "The Christians now claim that JESUS WAS GOD. If he was, of course the devil knew that fact, and yet according to the account, the devil took the omnipotent God and placed Him upon the pinnacle of a temple and tried to induce Him to dash Himself against the earth. Failing this he took the Creator, owner and governor of the world and placed Him upon an exceedingly high mountain and offered Him this earth, this grain of sand, if he would fall down and worship Him. Poor devil, without even a tax title to one foot of earth! Is it possible the devil was such an idiot?"

LOTUS: It takes no great master mind, no great theologian, to answer Ingersoll this. Again does he look only in a material sense. Like magic the answer springs from First Timothy:

“Not because we have not the power, but to make ourselves an **EXAMPLE** unto **YOU** to follow.” God permitted the devil to take Him up in the mountain that we might see the **TRUTH IN HIM**; by so doing, he made an example before the world that we might follow—that of overcoming evil with good—hence, “Get thee behind me, Satan.”

Children are best taught by example, for “Are ye not children of your Father which is in Heaven?” Jesus did not antagonize evil. **HIS WEAPON WAS LOVE; LOVE OVERCOMETH THE WORLD.**

The devil did not take Jesus up on the high mountain in truth. He sought weakness, and found to his astonishment the **POWERFUL EXAMPLE** of the **ALMIGHTY GOD**. The devil pitted his conceit against the truth. **THE KINGDOM WAS SOUGHT FOR US** when God permitted himself to be led up on the mountain. What are **WE GOING TO DO TO OBTAIN IT?**

“And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.”

“Let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.”

“But have removed the hidden things of dishonesty, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully, but by **MANIFESTATION** of the truth, commending ourselves to **EVERY MAN’S CONSCIENCE IN THE SPIRIT OF GOD.**”

“And they bend their tongues like the bows for lay, for they are not VALIANT FOR THE TRUTH UPON THE EARTH, for they proceed from EVIL TO EVIL, for they know NOT ME, SAITH THE LORD, WHO WOULD HAVE ALL MEN TO BE SAVED, and to come into the KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.”

TRUTH is the Whippoorwill that sings spring into the hearts of men.

A WEE PARABLE AND A GREAT TRUTH

A little child wandered over the grounds surrounding a country mansion. Growing very weary, she lay down near the dog kennel; laying her head lovingly on old Towser's back, she soon fell soundly asleep. Her little brother Norman hunted long for her. Failing to find her, he sat down under a tree trying to think where she might be. “Whippoorwill, Whippoorwill,” came lustily from somewhere near by. Norman sprang to his feet, running to the house as fast as his little fat body would carry him.

“Mother, Oh, mother! Bessie must be some place she ought not to be, 'cause somepin in the air told me to Whip-her-well!”

The mother tried to explain. It was lost on Norman, however, for he ran excitedly from the house, bumping right into his Uncle Will.

“Have you seen Bessie?” was Norman's excited greeting.

“Well, no, why?”

“Well, she is some place she ought not to be, 'cause somepin told me.”

Uncle Will asked him to tell him quietly what had told him. Norman was almost too excited to talk, but finally said:

"Oh, somepin said, 'Whip-her-well.'"

Uncle Will laughed heartily, much to Norman's disgust, and then asked Norman if he had ever seen the Whippoorwill's sister, the Chuck-wills-widow, and their cousin, the Night-Gar?

"Oh, oh," said Norman, "are there more than one of these things?"

He hurried away, calling back over his shoulder: "If there are so many of those things I had better go get her quick."

He did not go far until he stopped short, for there was Bessie peacefully sleeping on old Towser's back. He tugged at her dress until she awoke, then he took her to the house shouting:

"Mother, O moth-er, that fellow up in the tree DID tell me the truth. Sister was some place she ought not to be. She was a-takin' a nap on old Towser's back."

But mother said, "You know, Norman, that Towser would not hurt my little one."

"I know, mother, but it was such a funny place for her to go to sleep."

"That is not an unnatural thing for her to do, dear. The innocent see only the faithful dog; not the barking, biting dog."

After a while the puzzled little Norman went back to the tree and fell upon the grass, his little arms folded under his head. He wanted to think it all out. Tired of thinking he was soon in dreamland. Three little birds with high silk hats

on and carrying canes under their wings, came close to the slumbering Norman and doffed their hats to him.

"How do you do, little boy. We come here every day to see you, but you do not see us because you are too busy playing to notice us. We will not blame you one bit for your discourtesy, though. This, if you please, is Mr. Whippoorwill; this is Mrs. Night-Gar; and this is my cousin; Miss Chuckwills-widow."

"Can I do anything for you?" said Miss Chuckwills-widow.

"I don't know, maybe," said Norman. "Why did my little sister go to sleep on old Towser's back?"

The birdies whispered together a moment and then chanted:

"Little Norman, do not fear;
It kills the truth in love, my dear."

Who does not love the simple stories of childhood? There is no greater song sung in the heart of a little child than the pure trusting confidence it shows towards those who incite its interest, whatever the nature of that interest may be.

We smile when we hear a child expressing truth, though it be in fiction; and yet, we pass by the blush of the rose, which is expressing truth as earnestly and beautifully as the child.

Truth is ever present. We have not as yet learned how to meet it. We are too apt to search for an onion in the orchid bed. One of the

most beautiful realities is TRUTH expressed in LITTLE THINGS, whether it comes in parables or whether it descends as the peace of night upon our heads. It is there, and it is beautiful. No work of art can compare to the magnificent grandeur of a life lived in truth. To live in truth is to create a beautiful ethereal atmosphere around us, painting pictures of which mortal man cannot conceive.

God is a SUPREME FORCE; this includes spirit; spirit is TRUTH. God is PERSONAL by nature. "God is Love." God is life. These have substance. Truth, then, is LIFE; more, it is EVERLASTING LIFE, when expressed in the power of Divine love.

God is a spirit. Spirit never dies. To enact truth, as well as to obtain it, should be our greatest aim in life. If mankind will not accept aid from on high, he will not acknowledge the truth even within his OWN being. God trieth the heart, but He refineth the gold. When truth finds its proper setting, it can sparkle away, KNOWING it IS pure gold; and others will KNOW, and others will HEED, and others will DO.

"Go your ways, I send you forth as lambs among wolves. Carry neither purse or scrip, nor shoes, and salute no man by the way. And into whatsoever house ye enter FIRST SAY: 'PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE,' and if the Son of Peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if NOT, it shall return to YOU AGAIN and shall HEAL THE SICK and they that are

therein, and say unto them the KINGDOM OF GOD HAS COME UNTO YOU."

Again we find the law of attraction. As we THINK, SO SHALL IT BE, unto others as well as self. When we go about our Father's business our own power is quickened. As we give, so shall we receive. O man, awake! Why sleepest thou in the ignorance of thy will?

Again, truth is a great convenience. It obliterates fear; it closes the door to chaos, thus enabling us to feel a certain amount of JOYFUL INDEPENDENCE. It is inconvenient NOT to live in truth. It is apt to bring a lot of pictures on the wall we had rather not see. One little untruth bites the heel of another little untruth until a long chain of untruths is forged into FACT, hence crimes are bred in very little cells.

On the other hand, when we live in truth, there is the spirit of rest and peace singing away within our soul; a JOY we would not TAKE WORLDS FOR. It is a bit of the Cross mortal, man carries, OVERCOMING THE SPIRIT OF TEMPTATION. "HE WHO WILL NOT PICK UP THE CROSS AND FOLLOW ME, CANNOT BE MY DISCIPLE." It is worth trying for, it is worth WORKING FOR, PRAISE BE!

Truth is the conveyance that carries us to the heights, unmindful of the ruts and thorny ways. It is a safe conveyance, for at the end of the journey we shall find spirit IS TRUTH, and we want to meet it fairly.

Another great comfort that leads into innumerable conveniences is this: When we KEEP

looking towards the heights we find love welling in our hearts for all mankind, and we seek their WELFARE AS WELL AS OUR OWN. LOVE OVERCOMETH the world, though the whole world seemingly be against thee. When we look with love to the welfare of our fellow man, sooner or later love is going to find response, and it is indeed convenient to be loved; it is the FULLNESS OF ALL.

“No greater love hath any man than he lay down his life for a friend.”

Christ, in the fullness of His love, gave life to ALL MANKIND. Can we give one-tenth as much to our fellow man?

God said, “LET THERE BE LIGHT, and there WAS light.” The power of expressive principles directed towards the object desired, has been taught us FROM THE BEGINNING. Why then tarry? “Go thou, and do likewise.”

Anything of value must begin through the power of expression, whether it be in thought or the spoken word. The sword of unrest cannot cleave the flesh until the mind is laid bare of armor. The robin cannot sing until something within calls forth the song. The instrument must have the touch of expression before it can peal forth its melody. Man must call forth the expressive principles would he conquer worlds. MAN, thou knowest not thine own inborn power, thine own DIVINE RIGHT to WILL into existence things needful unto thee. To WILL into existence any given thing, is to FIRST SEEK

THE KINGDOM AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS, and ALL THINGS NEEDFUL SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.

Through DIVINE WILL the world was created.

“I, of myself, can do nothing.”

He who is victor must do the work of HIM WHO HATH SENT HIM. “Ye fools, did ye not know that He that made that which is WITHOUT, made that which was WITHIN also?”

ONE GREATER THAN I

No more beautiful truth exists in the Garden of God than nature's dreams; the kind of dreams that slumber in the hearts of the innocent. Inspiration is born in the budding soul from which countless well-springs of truth, love and mercy are revealed in the character of a child from day unto day. One of the greatest charms in the Garden of God is the infallible truth that teaches the child through nature's dreams that love DOES NOT KILL.

Innocence plays like the wind with things man fear to touch.

Innocence stood midst the Garden of God playing with beasts, birds, flowers and creeping things. These held the same theme for the innocent one; they were all beautiful, all had the secret call of attune-ment. A chubby hand caught a golden butterfly, two blue eyes looked heavenward; had the butterfly lived so long in the sunshine that its wings had caught the gold? The blue eyes dropped low with the wonder of it. There at his feet grew buttercups in profusion;

"more gold," breathed innocence; "harmony of purpose," whispered nature's dreams.

The tiny hand relaxed; the butterfly fluttered unharmed from the dimpled hand that had held it prisoner. "Fly away, fly away," cried the soul of truth: "gather upon thy wings the freedom that is born in the heart of the innocent."

Two blue eyes again searched the sky. "O, where is my sun now?" Anguished tears flowed o'er the buttercups. "But see," whispered nature's dreams, "the buttercups keep the gold, while the clouds turn into watering-pots. Canst thou not see how it dips, dips; how tenderly the drops fall, refreshing them?"

"And that is **THY** mission, dear—to refresh humanity when material clouds gather; holding the gold before their eyes that they may remember "God trieth the heart" to make them stronger, sweeter, more pure, that they may inherit the Kingdom."

"Aye, that is good," cried innocence, "but my butterfly will get its wings wet, and then it cannot fly."

"Come," said nature's dreams. Step by step he led innocence to a nearby tree. "Thinkest thou God hast forgotten, fair one? Thy beautiful butterfly is safe; see how snugly its leaf raincoat fits? See the contentment peeping from his little eyes?"

"It is true," cried innocence, "it is true. God does NOT forget."

"Snap, snap, snap." Innocence, startled beyond words, turned to run away, stumbling over

the very thing he was running from. Stooping, he picked up the snapping turtle. "How funny you are, you foolishhest thing, to snap and snap at me; I would not harm thee."

A long neck upon which sat a strange little head, came popping out of its shell; two beady eyes looked long and searchingly into a pair of blue. Love shown, and confidence found a home. "O, I see," said the innocent one; "THAT is the way God has given thee to tell me not to take too many liberties with thee, eh? Ah, 'tis good."

Blub-b-lu-b. Innocence placed friend turtle tenderly on the ground, and then bent low over the little brook from whence the blubbering sound had come. BEHOLD! he saw reflected there—"His likeness and image." The shower had passed; as the sun burst forth, throwing a golden halo o'er the water, the image grew more beautiful.

Two tiny hands reached down to catch the silver fish blubbering and playing so happily in the fresh cool water. A tiny foot slipped; Wisdom came close, gathering the innocent one in his great strong arms. Silently they stood watching until the stars came out. "God is lighting His lamps, dear, that the path may be made safe for us." Two little arms stole around the neck of Wisdom, a little head lay trustfully on his shoulder, a soft little sigh breathed content. The powerful form of Wisdom crunched the twigs beneath his feet as they passed on, through the Garden of God.

The air grew sweet with the fragrance of san-

dalwood; voices came from afar off singing nature's dreams. Two blue eyes closed in peaceful slumber. Wisdom trod on carrying his precious burden into the great open field; a soft form brushed them by. "Ha, ha!" cried Wisdom, "I have no bow and arrow, why dost thou fear me, wild thing? This is the Garden of God; in it TRUTH abideth and thou art safe." The wild thing paused; love vibrating in the voice of Wisdom gave it confidence; it came close, licking the feet of Innocence. "Come," said Wisdom, "we are at the end of our journey and This is the house of LOVE." So saying he threw wide the portals; BEHOLD ONE GREATER than I! The one greater than I, bared His hands and feet; blood flowed freely o'er the path that Innocence and Wisdom had trod. Innocence looked, shuddered, two blue eyes closed. Again Innocence turned his head to behold the bleeding hands and feet; and LO!—THEY WERE HEALED. Two astonished eyes again wandered down the path Wisdom had trod. Yea, 'twas true—ROSES GREW where blood had flowed; BEHOLD THE TRUTH—IN THE GARDEN OF GOD!

The sweet incense of peace stole o'er them and they slept—a soft voice whispered a lullaby—
" 'Tis I—be not afraid."

Voices in the far off were singing nature's dreams. The camels were contentedly chewing the cud of Madrigal; stars peeped through fleeting clouds, the trees whispered assurance, but
"NOT ANY TREES in the Garden of God were like unto HIM IN BEAUTY."

CHAPTER II

WAVES THAT COME TO SHORE

* * * * *

A WEE BIT OF HEAVEN

A wee bit of heaven fell from the clouds one day,
Slipped right into my soul—and then away.

I felt the warmth and sunshine of a brighter day,
I forgot the sting of death, it was far away.

There arose a Glory, the like I had ne'er seen
before

It was the “burning bush,” and, it was more.

There arose amidst it a form so wondrous bright,
It illumined all the world with its Holy light.

“Put off thine shoes from off thine feet, for this
Is Holy ground”; child I insist, do not resist.

I sang songs of yester years, and then do say,
I was lifted in a chariot, drawn by horses gay.

I sailed the Red Sea over, I saw the parting of
the way,
The sun set in its glory, in my heart it left a ray.

I wondered, Could I be an angel? to ride thus
o'er the sea,
I looked about, but not another angel, looked—
like me.

Softly, I slipped back to earth, glanced about,
and then—

Found angel blossoms growing in the hearts of
men!

EXALTED PRAYER

INGERSOLL: "Thousands ask God to be protected from the devil; some, like David, pray for revenge; and some implore God not to lead them into temptation. All these prayers rest upon, and are produced by, the idea that some power not only can, but will, change the order of the universe."

LOTUS: The power of love is the only thing that will ever change the conditions of the universe. Until "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is put into practical application and is made a statutory law in the land, so to speak, we cannot hope for any great change. Unselfish love is the foundation of peace.

When we seek aid from on high, we are not satisfied to ask once and then TRUST for the fulfillment; no, we keep on asking, much as the child does for candy.

Nature does not ask; it LIVES in the bounteous supply of NOW. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these."

Nature meets nature in the Divine presence of its Creator. When we learn to meet Him there, our supply will be more apparent to us. In the

minds of the ignorant, the silver thread of the Divine is ever spinning; it will eventually CONSUME IGNORANCE, whether it be in generations to come or now.

“That at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow of THINGS OF HEAVEN, and THINGS OF EARTH, and THINGS UNDER THE EARTH, and that every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of the Father.”

The trouble is that most prayers are sent forth from hollow souls. Prayer is a tonic for the soul, a beverage for the body, an adequate FORCE in affairs; it is recreation from the world of things; it is a God-given right to one and all without respect of persons. There is not one who has tasted the cup of HONEST prayer that will not repeat it sometime in the course of their lives.

When universal love is expressed in the FULLNESS of its beauty, temptations will be met and conquered through the mighty unity of thought; prayer universal will so uplift the human race that God's purpose will be complete, for has He not said: “I say unto you, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, bless them that curse you and them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you”? This is another scientific truth contained in the Bible; a metaphysical law; the foundation of New Thought, science, etc., and yet, just the old truth after all. The Bible CANNOT be improved on; it cannot be changed to meet the ideas of

man. Man must revert to the PLAIN TRUTH IN THE BIBLE before he CAN MEET HIS IDEALS.

“Be therefore not like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, BEFORE ye ask Him. After this manner therefore pray ye, ‘Our Father which art in heaven—’ ” What solace, what joy rekindles again and again in the hearts of those who “pray with understanding also”!

“Let the spirit of God dwell within you richly.” Here is the solution to the purpose of prayer to the conditions of the universe.

It is the law of nature to be methodical as to time and season, renewing the forces of growth from time to time by going into the SILENCE, housing its energy for greater service. Prayer is like that, when it is HONEST prayer. It is NATURAL growth that admits the inflow of the Divine, from which we reap an abundant harvest.

We cannot uproot the worldly ideals man has set, as the hands of a clock, pointing to what he deems to call PERFECTION, but we CAN hold the Cross of Calvary before his eyes until the lights burn low in the Cathedral of a Godless pulpit. We CAN plant seeds that will grow in the desert of ignorance.

The cut-worm cannot destroy the “burning bush” for: “HERE AM I, HERE AM I.”

THOUGHTS AND THEIR KIN

Previous to the transition of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, there came before the public a query, “Why

does this capable writer cling to the old idea of a God?" I folded the paper and answered within my own soul, WHY? Because she was a THINKER. Because she was one who came very close to the heart of things. Because she was clean, good and wholesome. Because she understood the SOURCE of her OWN POWER to do.

DEAR SOUL, that has lived, still lives,
In the arms of the great Infinite God
Who hath made the way clear,
And holdeth dear the treasures trove she left
 behind;
That we might grow in beauty so, we could if we
 would,
Rival the stars, and thus bring home to her,
The knowledge that she worked not in vain but
 the
Same God in whom she believed, held us close in
 His
Embrace that we too might find a place, where
 she,
OUR LOVED ONE DWELLETH.

We are a part of the great eternal whole. We cannot deny one member of the body, nor can we deny the unity of purpose in connecting the many members of the body; nor can we deny these have a Divine purpose that embodies SPIRIT.

Life is a creative force that proclaims a CREATOR. It is conscious, intelligent existence; a VITAL PRINCIPLE; that which tends toward progression and development; these proclaim

God. Intelligence is Omnipotent, Omnipotent, Omnipresent Spirit. "God is a Spirit."

The inhabitants of India will not accept our God because they cannot imagine spirit as WILL, as a force that can ACT and CREATE without being united with matter. They do not understand, or know, that electricity is directly connected with Divinity; that spirit HAS power to penetrate substance by its electric magnetic force; that spirit IS will, conscious intelligence; that it has power to quicken dormant negative films as it were, into ACTIVE principles that will co-operate with higher intelligences, and thus enliven empires.

It may seem strange fancy, nevertheless the Omnipotent presence of spirit CAN and WILL co-operate with the VERY VITALS OF THE HUMAN RACE, until it has accomplished the DIGNITY with which man was in the first place endowed; made in His likeness and image.

The bare fact that Spirit is NATURAL, puts upon its face the power to send forth and quicken the responsive chords of nature in man. It is the God in man calling for the Divine in nature, the headlight by which spirit finds its way to enliven, quicken and develop these powers. Man may live for years without recognizing this great force at work within; and then, without warning, find the truth in it through some outward expression that will bring the fact home to him that he HAS talents, powers, that MAY grow into great achievements.

God is a supreme force, personal by nature. "GOD IS A SPIRIT." In "Simplified Lessons in the Science of Being" by Fanny B. Harley, we find the following: "I call your attention to the fact that Jesus could not have said, 'God is a spirit,' but 'God is spirit'; for John says: 'God is love,' 'God is light.' " The author must have overlooked a verse in which John also said: "God is A spirit: and they that worship Him must worship HIM in spirit and in truth." This was taken from a Bible so old I was compelled to use a microscope to see the words clearly, the date being wholly effaced by time.

"God is Love." We know that it takes FORCE to send love into penetrating properties and expressions. This is a personal quality. "God is light." Spirit is light, the illuminating presence of God. Love is the battery of soul; no light is visible without soul. In the recesses of the soul the expressive principles are set to work, from which emit the presence of the Eucharist. It is easier when we know this, to understand what power mind has over matter; why the spirit of God may dwell within us richly; why thought has such wonderful force.

INGERSOLL: "Even Christ, the supposed son of God, taught that persons were possessed with evil spirits and frequently, according to the accounts, gave proof of this Divine origin and mission by frightening devils out of his own countrymen. Chasing devils was his chief employment, and the devils thus vanquished gener-

ally took occasion to acknowledge him as the true Messiah, which was not only kind of them, but fortunate for him."

LOTUS: The above statement is unusually antagonistic to the laws of PURE SPIRIT, and is a fair example of thought and its effect. Thought forces do not cease as soon as forgotten by us; there is a record THERE. I wonder how we will feel when we face our thought world? Our air castles do not seem so vague after all; they are but truth written in fiction. Let us pray; prayer was never more needed than in the construction of the thought world.

Thoughts are things. Consider what manner of THING such a thought would create; things that leave their imprint buried deep in the minds of the many. These thoughts impress the individual, or individuals, according to the power behind the thought. If they are evil, falling upon fertile ground, the consequences may become phenomenal in nature in their course of construction and destruction. Good thoughts likewise, build according to the power from the positive to the negative, infusing themselves in some fertile brain, BECOMING A DEFINITE ACTION, then habit. Habit forms CHARACTER; character a DESTINY.

To become a harboring negative, is to admit an obsessing force that imprisons disease in mind and body, which results in demonstrating a degenerate force. A degenerate force developing in mind demonstrates evil, until it BECOMES an obsessing force. Jesus drove out these obsessing

forces, devils, by the POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD.

TRUTH CASTETH OUT ALL CORRUPTION. Man cleansed, purified by the WORD OF GOD and praise recognizes not only JESUS AS THE CHRIST, but recognizes the Divine principle within HIS OWN BEING. These obsessed ones did not know the truth for themselves; Jesus knew it for them; "but," the infidel says: "JESUS DROVE THEM into swine."

They WERE things, TRULY they were things. No matter what FORM they took, they WERE THE RESULT OF SIN, of evil THOUGHT, of OBSESSING FORCE. They were MATERIAL THOUGHT, and of SUCH construction is the DEVIL HIMSELF.

COMMONPLACE THINGS AND THEIR PLACE IN THE REALMS OF THE DIVINE

Boom! Boom! Boom-e-ty Boom! Halleluiah—what a Saviour! Meekly we follow to their hall those who sing. We see them feed the hungry, see the hot coffee and rolls grasped eagerly by dirty, grimy hands. We hear the great army singing all the while "COME, BROTHER, GOD IS WAITING." Tears stream down furrowed cheeks, the hungry are fed in SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH. In this one little act there is so much that is REAL. It is through just such little things that the spirit of God is ENABLED to dwell within us richly. It is in the so-called commonplace things of life that we see the magnitude of God's works. From the tiniest particle to the

highest mountain top, we find the Infinite wisdom and workings of Divine purpose, running like a thread of gold throughout the universe.

As I walked toward the morning-glory vines, peeping over the fence at me, I looked out over the alley, and paused to look closer at the bright shiny row of garbage cans that dotted the alley here and there. I could but wonder, as I noted the tightly fitting lids, at the perfect system that had made the garbage can possible.

It was first taken from the bowels of the earth in the Garden of God, and then brought to the light of usefulness by the intelligence and skill of man. The routine of city system waylays disease, and gives sustenance to the earth, by disposing of the garbage as a fertilizer, and thus the law of producing is enlivened.

God may not have thought of the garbage can, but He thought of the NEEDS of man; much as the fond father places before his son tools and material, knowing that the child will create something useful, pleasing. He knows also, the more we express the Divine sense, the greater will be our achievements.

Power groweth in a night when it is justified by faith in works.

As I walked back to the house I paused by the kitchen sink, when a question arose in my mind—WHY do servants so dislike to wash dishes? The wee small voice whispered: "Have you ever thought what the dishpan and its contents mean to us? The earth itself is a part of

their construction; the beautiful decorations, the mineral paint, is taken from the LITTLE THINGS of earth."

What a wonderful amount of thought and skill, romance and sentiment, that dishpan holds, I cried! Why, there are the cups that were given to mother on her wedding day, and they are the old Roman blue that is so hard to obtain now. The funny little windmills and the peasants dotted here and there over them always bring a SMILE WITH THEM. And there, look at that little butter tray! Grandmother made such lovely little pats of butter that just seemed to be growing among the gold and green decorations on the tray. Never shall I forget how delicious were the biscuit and butter, the honey and the cream; was it because they were served so attractively? Was it the effect of suggestion? Dishes DO suggest to us. The WAY things are served repels or compels. It is one of the little things that assists nature to heal.

AND LOOK, HERE is Jimmie's little mug; funny, isn't it, with its quaint coloring? But Jimmie went away, last year, in apple blossom time, and the mug holds flowers now.

And here are the modern plates, that we had such a HAPPY time selecting when HIS HONOR came to dine—what a WORLD of poetry that dishpan holds!

I had a colored maid at that time of whom I was very fond, but she did SO dislike to wash dishes. A few days after my own experience

with the wee small voice, I went to the kitchen at dish-washing time and asked Milly if she knew what she was washing.

"Yas 'em, I does; dishes, and dey's dirty, too."

I explained to her the origin of dishes and the sentiment that was bubbling happily about in the sparkling suds; what those dishes meant to me, and to mankind in general.

"Now Missie, who'd evah thought of that but jes' you!" she cried vehemently.

I never saw Milly washing dishes again that she did not originate some song attuned to her task. It brought harmony in our kitchen, and a greater understanding in the heart of Milly for THINGS, as seen through the spiritual eye. She thought it a privilege to care for and cleanse the things that God and man had brought to perfection.

After that many beautiful thoughts were brought to my room, crude, true; but they bared the heart that was learning the value of things made holy by the gift of the spirit.

One foggy, dreary day I was somewhat depressed; it almost seemed that God had disappeared in the sunshine of yesterday, when Milly tiptoed to my side unannounced. "Missie, look a heah." From her apron she took an old raspberry can. "See that, Missie," pointing with pride to a seed that had begun to sprout, even though it had got wedged in the crevice of an old tin can. "You-all said, Missie, you would jes' give anything for one Scotch thistle like Missie

Julia haid. When Missie Julia's thistle died, she done throw it in our ya'd, an' the seed done hid for you, Missie."

"How do you know it is a Scotch thistle, Milly?"

In answer, she held up a piece of down that had somehow become fastened under the little seed. Milly cared for the little seed as though it were a diamond; and so it proved to be later, when she proudly set a plant before me that bore one of the most perfect thistles it has ever been my pleasure to see. She had put on her new STA'CHED gingham and stiff little white cap in honor of the occasion. Silently she sat, her head between her hands, watching me paint the thistle that God had placed so mysteriously near the hand that had tended it.

"Ain't it a BIG thistle, Missie?"

"Yes, it is, Milly, thanks to you."

The old raspberry can, dressed in a coat of green paint, sits in state on Milly's old slate mantel today.

"No'em, you-all cain't have it, it's the biggest thing in old Milly's life; NO SUH, nor you cain't put your cigah ashes in it either."

"I have heard of peace pipes and dream pipes, Milly," said my escort, "but I have never heard of dream-cans."

"You-all hush you business, that aint no dream can, that am REALIZATION."

Many a seeming trifle dwells on the mantel of

memory and sings in accord with the Infinite, humble though they be.

Thinking among the little things, the plain humble things, is a profound religious duty.

“Not as eye service, as men pleasers, but as servants of God from the heart.”

For He would have us be as little children, that we may see the BEAUTIES of His power in every leaf, tree and flower. Thinking among LITTLE THINGS so develops the latent forces, talents, that they spring up almost unnoticed until we realize the working power in them and aid their expression by lending to them the best thought and training. This is the key to developing any talent or power; lending our best efforts to it, unhampered by what would sometimes seem to be but fancy. It is after all, the things we take pleasure in, that enables us to find and hold a latent power until we CAN give it the attention its nature demands to bring out its worth in full force. It is but the QUICKENING OF THE DIVINE WITHIN, the possibilities of His likeness and image, making themselves manifest in outward expression. Thought, rightly directed, is the science that is the agency of producing. It is a sort of electric energy that meets spirited action and the phenomena due to these actions. Thus we find thought CAN BE SO DIRECTED AS TO QUICKEN LIFE IN ACTION until it becomes any one of the arts or professions our being is capable of expressing. We find the greatest food for thought in nature, for nature brings to us at times the power of second sight,

as it were; that is, we are enabled to see beyond the present condition of our possibilities at the time, and through some unseen power working in all nature our eyes are opened to the truth within. Determination to get CLOSE TO GOD, to the THINGS OF GOD; opening the door of the soul to the inflow of truth in these, brings peace, poise and power through which we are enabled to understand in the fullest sense what we are capable of; what talents are dormant, and what particular faculty only needs the touch of expression to call it forth into being. REALLY dormant talents may be brought forth by proper adjustment to their needs. Too oft an inferior instructor is thought good enough to BEGIN with; this is a grave mistake, the best tutor obtainable is not good enough to help us build the foundation of a future. A poor instructor may take mayhap years of expression from us, months of worry and turmoil, discouragement, and the end is not satisfactory.

Find the talent, find and obtain the best instructor, then apply the BEST THAT IS IN YOU to the theme in hand. YOU WILL WIN IF YOU KEEP GOD IN IT.

First find, then apply the knowledge necessary to carry these talents through the dark stages of torpid dormancy into the bright light of active reality; the end will NOT be disappointing. That is the secret of it all; when our thoughts by God are led THERE we find all we are seeking, and more, Angels may be slumbering near our door. Nature assists us to find and

apply our better self; our BIG self to reach out into the night and draw within our care and protection the innocent ones, that we may reap all the beauty such as these give, and the greatest of these is trusting love. Like Evangeline, we seek our loves through the paths of nature bare-foot and longing. IT is the ART created in the heart, the blending of nature and the soul, that gives hope, no matter the goal. Over our heads the stars gleam forth brighter and still brighter with each new night. AH! it is the kindling of God's thoughts, shining through the mist of years, to bring us laughter and dry our tears!

Nature is ever teaching its beautiful lessons to man even though it be expressed in the hod he carries on his back. The hod comes from the Garden of God, and it holds more from the garden; it is spiritualized by honest labor and the creative substance it holds. The hod carrier is an honest factor in the building of things beautiful.

I knew a very rich man who was ill, ill from lack of faith in his fellow man. It seemed to him that no one could smile in his presence unless they wanted some favor or financial aid. He grew melancholy in consequence and moved to the suburbs, where he sat moodily watching the building going up near his own. One day a workman passed as he sat there dreaming. The man stopped, picked a little flower growing just outside the gate; turning he went up to the sick man saying:

"Are ye sick? and Howdy; here's a little flower; maybe it'll make ye perk up a wee bit."

In astonishment the rich man grasped eagerly the proffered flower. Daily after that Pat would pass the rich man's house with a cheerful "Howdy; how be ye?" The rich man grew more and more impatient for morning to come and with it the cheerful face of Pat. One day Pat failed to make an appearance. Discontentedly, the rich man wended his way across the street and asked the foreman what had become of Pat.

"And sure," said the foreman, "his baby is dead altogether."

The rich man asked Pat's address, ordered his car and went to see the burial of all Pat held dear. A fond, hearty hand-clasp lightened the burdens of both men. There arose a friendship that brought back to the rich man faith in his fellow man, health to his body, and joy to his spirit.

It is just one of the little things, the taking time to say "Howdy, How be ye?" that makes life move more easily over the cobblestones.

INGERSOLL: "Nature is without passion."

LOTUS: Nature covers a broad area. God is a Supreme force, a Divine whole, that includes passion. God is in all nature; where God is, there is intelligence. There are two kinds of passion; sensual and spiritual. The love of God for the children of men is a passionate appeal for all that is good and noble; hence it is spiritual passion. Again, there is the Divine

Passion of the Cross, upon which is the imprint of supreme sacrifice.

In times of material storms, God sends His word through nature to man. His Love knows no time it cannot heal; it knows no villainous crimes; it knows no reason but the reason of truth; it is the only love that will play thee fair.

Nature's thrills are Holy communion to those who are pure in spirit.

Let us walk and talk, the sun is setting. The western prairie is beautiful at this time. The buffalo-grass is curling fascinatingly; the wind is singing a soft refrain through the windmill in yonder pasture. Let us go there and walk; it is to me Holy ground. Mother's feet have often wandered there, her beautiful thoughts building a destiny. Hark! I almost hear her step beside me. She loved it well.

Ah, here we are, you dear wonderful little sensitive plant. DID YOU KNOW it goes to sleep at night? And, of course, you have noticed the closing of its leaves upon coming in contact with personal magnetism? While we are watching the glorious sunset, let us sit here on the grass and I will carry you back to June 5, 1916, in this same spot. This plant is the product of the plant I am about to tell you of. The sun looked much the same, save a storm was brewing in the far west, the copper colored clouds perhaps a little more intense in their glory.

I was walking along thinking perhaps I had better return to the house, when I heard a rustling at my side. Fearing snakes, I looked

down, to find a meadow-lark and her little ones cuddled quite close to the sensitive plant. The blossoms were profuse, and I noticed—with not a little astonishment—that the lattice-like leaves of the plant did not close, as was customary when man touched it, although the sweet scented yellow powder was falling in profusion from the blossoms.

I looked apprehensively at the sky, the CLOUDS were fast scattering. I did not want to frighten the birds by my prolonged visit, so I sat down on the grass, right where we are sitting now, to watch. The mother bird looked at me inquiringly. Concluding I looked harmless she flew away. I slid over to the plant, thinking not to disturb the little ones. Touching the plant tenderly every leaflet closed tight. I slipped back to my former position and waited for the mother bird to return. She did not keep me waiting long; she soon returned with a great ado, and a little food. To my continued astonishment, she busied herself about the plant, feeding the little ones and chattering away; the plant apparently enjoying the conversation; not a leaf closed.

The wind was rising; the tuneful melody of the windmill had changed to a mournful sound, and I wondered of the sins of Adam. Hastily I walked homeward, to meet my cheerful little foster mother in the doorway. She had been watching and waiting for me.

“And what do you think you have been doing?” she said, as only she could say it; a soft

little croon, that dispelled every bit of fear and ADAM'S SIN.

I told her, and she advised me to visit the plant daily, as she also would be interested. I went every evening after that to find pretty much the same conditions, until one bright morning mother called me out to hear the birds singing.

"DO YOU BLAME ME FOR LOVING IT OUT HERE?" she said. Indeed I could not; her sweet nature was attuned to the song of the birds; hers was a passionate love for the beautiful, the sweet, the pure.

"I will go with you this morning, dear, if you do not mind."

Would I have her! It was a privilege granted few to enjoy her sweet presence.

We sauntered along until we came to the grave of an Indian, probably fifty or one hundred years old. I said I would like to dig it up and see what it was like inside. She laughed and said:

"You gruesome mischief, not while I am with you at least."

So we sauntered on, talking lazily, pleasantly, with no care in the world; just happiness, content and love. The glorious air and sunshine gave us a new lease on life. We felt very near God's kingdom.

Presently I paused in astonishment. Two strange looking things were sticking up over my little sensitive plant. Could it be my plant had grown horns overnight? Mother laughed

heartily and sat down on a wagon tongue while I went to see what these strange things were. A rabbit scurried away at my approach. I grieved as I looked, for my little birds had flown. The rabbit scurried back to the protection of the sensitive plant; again the leaves did not move.

We chatted cheerfully on, discussing the possibilities of plant paralysis. The day passed pleasantly for us both; we returned to our churning and bread making with new vigor; mother and I were chums.

The next day I went again to see my plant. I lay quietly down on the grass, right where you are now sitting. A little calf grazed near; the leaves closed when the calf brushed by. I lay with my hands under my head watching, waiting for something, I knew not what; content just to live and dream, when I felt something moving over my limbs. Although nearly paralyzed with fear, I lay quite still while a big harmless bull-snake trailed its length over my body. As it swept along the prairie I forgot to be longer frightened. I was eager to see what the little plant would do when the reptile touched it. I was not kept waiting; every leaf closed tight. The seeming loathing of the plant aroused my own loathing, and I sprang to my feet and away.

Not caring to tell mother of my unhappy experience, I sat dreaming while she went out to gather the eggs. When she returned she was quite pale; sitting down beside me without a word, resting her head in her hands.

By and by I said gently: "What is it, Muzzie?"

"Well, dear, I went to put my hand in a chicken nest in the barn, and I almost touched a big snake all curled up on the eggs."

I told her of my own experience, and with the humor mother always displayed when one was least expecting it, said:

"We must be poor metaphysicians. Professor Hobson says: 'You are not a metaphysician until you can caress a snake without fear.'"

"Not quite, Muzzie," I said. "I admit I had a good supply of fear."

Her little black eyes shone as she laughingly looked up.

"And I, too; Bonnie can hunt the eggs after this."

Mother picked up her Bible, the one from which I now quote to you, and read aloud:

"Let the Heavens be glad, let the earth rejoice, and let MAN SAY: THE LORD IS RISEN. LET THE SEA ROAR, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF; let the field rejoice and all that is THEREIN. THEN SHALL THE TREES OF THE WOOD SING OUT AT THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD BECAUSE HE COMES TO JUDGE THE EARTH." Then her voice, quivering with truth in it, said:

"ALL THE WORLD LOVES LOVE."

The passionate protest of this little plant to be free from personal contact, appeals to me as nothing of the kind has ever done. Why, this plant is a supersensitive! To be supersensitive, I said, is to be passionately keen; this is truly nature's passion.

Mother again quoted: "IT WAS A FOOL THAT SAID THERE IS NO GOD," and then, "Oh, can you not feel the heart-throb of God in nature?"

Mother was very happy in her nature studies; she was such a great part of nature herself; she dared to think, and she dared to think IN THE NAME OF JESUS. Now, dear one, the sun has set, and I have lost to mortal eye my chum; and yet, do we abide together still in the shadow of the ALMIGHTY.

Her name was Lydia—To me it has the sound of some ancient æolian harp that tinkles its way into the *very recess* of my soul, leaving its harmony, and then away.

A SOFT AND SWEET REFRAIN

It was a glorified porch was mother's porch,
While we watched the sun go down.
Her love shone bright like a beacon torch,
While we watched the sun go down.
We sat in silence, too sweet for words,
While we watched the sun go down.
Just listening to the song of the birds,
While we watched the sun go down.
Her eyes were soft as she looked aloft,
While we watched the sun go down.
Her spirit slipped out one beautiful night,
While we watched the sun go down;
Just as the stars slip out of sight,
While we watched the sun go down.
TO RISE again in soft and sweet refrain,
BECKONING US TO HER PORCH AGAIN.

It is impossible for me not to reach the very center of truth within my being when I behold the glory of God's harmony within all things that He hath created. There is a whispering accent returned to me, that speaks the God in them; the great Divine; the love and truth that implies the VERY SUBSTANCE OF HIS WILL, the materialized power of the spoken word.

Take, for instance, the emblem of our country—our flag, with its stars and stripes. Take the method by which it was made, and then the great principle that stands behind it; and, if you will, declare its power. It is, after all, merely following in His footsteps. Have we not created a great principle and made an emblem we deem fit to enthrall that principle? We think nothing is as beautiful as our flag; we live for it, we die for it, we love it. The Garden of God is His flag. The great woods whisper His power. The Heavens declare His promise. Man is glorified in His likeness and image. Behold the Son of everlasting life.

God gave to us a theme by which we might be enabled to fathom the DEPTHS of beauty in nature. Nature's beauty imbibed is LIFE. When we learn to absorb the beautiful, we consume, not only by inhaling the essence, but absorb through every pore of our body the beautiful life-giving qualities. The substance meeting the required needs of the body, that enabled pure spirit to "take hold" and manifest itself in body and soul to the edifying of man.

It is in fact none other than opening the soul to the Divine inflow, love and truth, in which all things beautiful exist. It seems to me were we to take as patterns the flowers of the world, and lay them before us, as we do any plan or chart by which we hoped to accomplish something of true worth and beauty, and apply the beautiful, the natural, we would come nearer perfecting that which God intended should be perfected within man, giving the life forces a natural outlet, and a natural intake.

Take for example, the various flowers and plants; the delicate and beautiful; the more sturdy, strong and coarse; it takes them both to complete a happy medium. We must have the strong as well as the weak, the coarser as well as the finer. Too much weakness dulls our senses, too much fragrance sickens, too much strength overcomes the finer senses. And so God in His infinite wisdom has blended the whole universe into one perfect whole. When man fails to attune himself naturally, he has only the shell and not the substance. A happy medium is blending spirit with spirit. By so doing, the weak are made strong, and the strong refined.

We live in the heart of the city but we have a beautiful lawn. The trees are calling. It has rained, the flowers are waving in appreciation; the soft raindrops have been absorbed by them, and they are GLAD. A bee is humming happily around them, drinking in the sweetness, sipping the nectar, that by and by finds its way to our tea table.

We have found the supreme law of giving and taking, of wage and labor. We, too, taste the sweetness that is not only sweetness, but the great art and poetry of soul co-mingling with the Divine. We have absorbed the GLORY of God, the beauty and fragrance of Heaven. We go forth in the shadows of peace; we relax; WHY? Because our being is FILLED WITH THE WONDERFUL LIFE-GIVING GIFT OF SPIRIT. We have been enabled to realize the resting qualities in nature, of nature. Oh, it is wonderful! this calm, peace and blaze of glory that sweeps us from the arms of the carnal into the great open fields of spirit. We stretch our length upon the grass, Heaven smiles. We look wonderingly at an aeroplane sweeping over our heads, we marvel at the progression of man, and then again, recall the flight of man to the realms of nature for his pattern.

The dew is falling, still we linger. The angels are studding the flowers with diamonds that will glitter in the moonlight, beckoning again to man, a pattern in nature, in art, in thought, a poem in spirit, a grand reality.

We turn regretfully and enter our dwelling; mechanically our hand falls upon the switch; the light declares the comforts of HOME. We are able to greet the members of our family with a better understanding; for has not nature whispered the truth, oh, ever so softly, while we lay so close to its heart? The co-mingling of the strong and the weak have taught us to harmonize.

The beauty has taught us the ecstasy of spirit; the Peace has taught us exultation of soul.

The curfew woos us to our chambers; but somehow tonight we do not care for artificial light; we raise our blinds; the shadows of the trees shut from our view the diamond studded flowers; but we are content, we KNOW they are there. A Bar of light shows us two, yea, lovers. They, too, have caught the harmony. All nature is singing love, the redeeming theme in life. We fall upon our knees in thanksgiving.

The picture has passed, but the fragrance remains that came through the lattice-work, blending with the shadows on the wall. Again was nature working in high lights and shadows; Divine love that bedews our flowers with diamonds and calls forth a responding chord in the hearts of youth.

We wander once again to our window; our prayers are said. Will we find the answer there, in the heart of nature?

A stream of light floods across our vision from a neighboring window. Behold! There were other loves; two gray heads were bending close over the form of their FIRST GRANDCHILD. A stately young man held to his breast his love—his pain-racked keepsake—as he murmured in her ear words of endearment. The door on the opposite side of the room closed softly. Somewhere beneath gay laughter came from the servants' quarters: "A boy, ha, ha!" A car whizzed by; a nurse crossed the room and gently

drew the blinds. But the light still shines, all is well for GOD IS IN IT.

We look thankfully at the heavens, the stars are gleaming, yea, there is one brighter than the rest; a soul is born in the world of things.

Our pillow feels so downy; we have absorbed the beautiful, and more—the source of the beautiful. With the rising sun we go forth in greater understanding, for it is the dawning of a greater day. This is absorbing life, as the flowers of greater and lesser beauty do, as the natural always does.

Flowers are like children, like kings and queens, like maid and man, so royally do they serve us. That flowers have feeling, is without doubt. Environment has great effect upon their sensitive natures. An indifferent tiller never harvests enough to pay his thrashers. Again we see there must be a co-mingling of the strong and the weak, that the lesser may become strong, and the strong filled with the essence of HIS DIVINE LOVE; hence evolving all.

In the fathomless depths of Infinite wisdom we find the substance that harbors the great.

Beyond the eaves there whispers a lullaby that is sung by all nature. Its theme is LIFE. It knows not death but resurrection. It harbors the wee small voice, though man recognizes it not; but God dwelleth in all.

Man looks to nature for health, for the righting of things gone wrong, and yet he neglects to seek the knowledge of what nature REALLY IS; what its SUBSTANCE IS; what

it is BUILT ON. To reap full benefits from anything is to understand the nature of it, the source from whence it comes.

Nature heals, God reveals the knowledge and the power. To work with nature is to bring forth, not only the best results FROM NATURE; but it develops in man a greater intelligence, a greater understanding of himself. Constant attunement with the forces governing the universe quickens Divine will in man, bringing forth that which man chooses to term miracles, when in fact, it is but the NATURAL man, the Divine in man expressing his inheritance.

The greatest characters I have ever known were those who have attuned themselves to nature and its wonderful play through the Divine. When men call their flowers "little people"; when they speak of them, to them, in flower language, it takes no psychic to see the quick response in perfect growth. The little flower intelligences have certain vibrations all their own. They absorb love, returning it again to man in the expression of beauty and fragrance.

To become attuned to FLOWER VIBRATIONS is to create in our aura, as it were, a wonderful spiritual sense by the extreme attunement; or, I should say, by coming in tune with the beautiful flower vibrations, man becomes as the angels of heaven in the refinement of nature's melody, perfect harmony, or "in tune with the Infinite." And God said: "Let there be Light," the first note sung in the heart of nature.

We become soul reapers when we are attuned.

Longfellow was a soul reaper. He gathered souls into the kingdom through his wonderful understanding and love of nature.

A soul reaper has a twofold meaning: First, we reap unto our own souls, the wealth and beauty that enlivens the soul in pure spirit; and then, reap unto the kingdom souls that might never have been reached through any other channel. It takes just such exquisite beauty of soul to appreciate the Bible. Refinement of soul lieth first in harmony within; like the petals of a rose, falling within other souls so gently, so sweetly, so naturally, they unconsciously follow the sweet strains.

It is through soul harmony that God revealeth Himself to man. Listen! The murmur of the earth sounds far away and strange to thee? Why so, hath God not said, "I AM with you always, even unto the end of the earth"? This means I AM with you always; in all things abideth the Divine; the creation of His will; the reflection—of the spoken word.

Is it strange, then, that the earth should murmur in the ears of those attuned to hear the truth in it, when the Divine compels wisdom, knowledge and joy?

When we hear music we LIVE it for the time. Its vibrating strains are too full of SOUL to speak of lightly. A happy little rhythm may send Joy bounding through our being until it becomes a LIVING SONG; or perchance some deep soulful strain has sounded within that belongs to SELF ALONE. It is then, man meets

his SOUL in the great REALMS OF UNDERSTANDING. Flower vibrations are like that—they awake within some sweet harmony that is closest of kin to music of the spheres. When these two meet in the realms of love, it would seem for the time, that man has lost the ways of the world, realizing only the BEAUTIFUL, the SUBLIME.

It is necessary to CULTIVATE flower vibrations as we study music, would we reap the Divine sense of His presence in ALL THINGS; to our edifying. There are moments when some popular songs of the day appeal to our mood; and there are days when we reach beyond these, to the ripple and rhythm that overflows the banks of earthly things; and we sail to realms wherein we bare the SOUL to ITS CREATOR. It is then we seek the WAYS of the Infinite. When we find the real rejoicing we seek to cultivate the finer. We thus infuse within the soul the rythm that becomes a great symphony of culture. It brings within the realms of DAILY LIFE, the infallible principle so necessary to culture; to refined ideals that eventually swell to rhythmic waves of purpose; achievements that go far beyond the ordinary. Then we begin to catch and hold flower vibrations as we hold the strains of music.

SOME are filled with the beautiful waves of reality, or, perhaps, I should say, ADJUSTMENT, from birth; others have to cultivate the real, the highest, the best, by a careful schooling in the laws of attunement. The best tutor is co-

mingling with art, poetry and books of the world, not forgetting that the SUBSTANCE of these is the studied reflection of nature and the soul. Flower vibrations embrace all of these, and more. As time goes on, constant attunement sends its vibrating force through the being of man, on out into the world of men and things, finding repose in nature. The rebounding effect of supreme happiness upon this plane of life is gratified purpose. Man thus finds His likeness and image, finds how to express it, how to reap the most from it, how to LIVE as man was supposed to live. Hence we have a little bit of heaven here—and now; a little idea of what spirit means to man, and WILL mean. It is getting in tune with nature, and the soul.

Little flowers whisper to me of things: of love, of peace, of war, of tragedy, in the world of men. I stooped to pluck a little weed flower that grew by the wayside; it was beautiful in its pastel loveliness. I held it tight, while it told me the story of its life. "I am here," it said; "just how I came I do not exactly know, but I am here, and I have met YOU. Some folks pass me by, they do not care for such as I, while others look and find something to admire."

"NO WONDER!" I cried, "thou art the reflection of yon mountain—the gray green of thy leaves, the purple like flower, the tiny little center, just peeping like the sun o'er its top. Be glad, little flower, be glad."

"Aye, verily," answered the little flower weed; "we, too, have our mission. Yesterday there was

a dreadful tragedy right here close to me; men were hurt, and SOME died. We do not like to see that, for we are the high lights in the Garden of God. Though we see tragedies and suffer from their vibrations, we must not take the time to think of them, for we have such a little time to live and so much to do, we have no time to grieve."

The starry night covers the trail of tragedy; the day dawns bright and clear; so we must live on till frost and time hide us from the world of men. But WE really—or our substance—goes on, for does not the Good Book say: "God giveth to ALL life, eternal life"? It does not say to men alone, but to ALL, and that is how I know we have our ethereal correspondent.

The odor of weeds had always been repulsive to me, but now I hold them tight, I do not notice the scent as strong, but pleasing. New mown hay reposing in the fields near by, blessed the thought, and I was glad: I had been taught how to cultivate a sense until it became a blessing. So, my friend, let it be; let it be by the road side that it may gladden passers by, and the hearts of those who are attuned to meet it. Like children, they must be made to obey. We cannot let them play in our gardens, lest they trample our lilies, you know. But, there is a time and a PLACE FOR EVERYTHING UNDER THE HEAVENS.

Weeds consume corruption in the air; the stigma of the impure is absorbed by the sub-

stance that the weeds hold within their meshes; this substance is the CAUSE of the strong odor, and should be held sacred by mankind. The little spider that weaves among its leaves imbibes microbes, and the way of man is made more safe. Contrary to the belief that weeds are dangerous, I affirm they are dangerous only when coming in contact with the filth of earth in which malaria breeds. The mosquito thrives on weeds in marshes, because the power of substance in marsh weeds is less powerful to absorb impurities; hence—malaria.

Not one thing is without some beauty; not one thing absolutely useless, worthless. Cultivate the little vibrations of love that abideth in them until they call forth a perfume sweet and holy. "And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection, after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy. And thou shalt beat SOME of it very small, and put of it before the testimony in the tabernacle of the congregation, where I WILL MEET WITH THEE: it shall be unto you most holy." A perfume of nature and the soul, thus sending before us the beautiful rhythm of life, the incense of attunement. How can man help but glean the fullness thereof?

O little flower vibrations, we have caught your secret; we can meet you fair, and profit with all. You have a place within our soul, within our life, making more verdant, more fertile, the earth, that the harvest may be plentiful.

INGERSOLL: "In nature I seem to see good and evil, intelligence and ignorance, goodness

and cruelty, care and carelessness, economy and waste. I see means that do not accomplish their ends, designs that seem to fail. To me it seems infinitely cruel for life to feed on life, to create animals to be devoured by others. The teeth and fangs and claws that tear and rend fill me with horror. What can be more frightful than a world at war? Murder universal everywhere; pain, disease and death that do not wait for bent forms and gray hair.

“I know that life is good. I remember the sunshine and rain; then I think of the earthquakes and floods. I do not forget the harvest, home and love; but what of the pestilence and famine? I cannot harmonize all these contradictions, these agonies, these blessings, with the existence of an Infinite God. Will some orthodox Christian explain these things?”

LOTUS: Man was placed in the Garden of Eden a perfect being; was driven from the garden because of his sin; yet was he clothed in the garments of care and love. The balance in the scales of life must swing pound for pound. What would life be upon this plane if we had no sorrows, no cares? It would be heaven. Man denied heaven in the Garden of Eden; he wanted the sins of the world, and he got them, and the consequences of them.

Truth begets truth, and love begets mercy; mercy begets the essential to the future of man—HARMONY WITH INFINITE INTELLIGENCE—in it is no death at all. When mankind becomes in tune with the harmony of the

Divine, there will be a change which will illuminate the carnal sense and obliterate the hold it has on men. Then will Christ return to live in the hearts of men. There is no horror equal to an untethered carnal sense. This horror of horrors weighs heavily in the scales of time, with no profit to the consumer, and less to the producer.

Man must change before he can hope to change the lesser intelligences. Darwin caught the notes but left the melody unsung. Man is kin to nature, to all in nature, but NOT ITS OFFSPRING. When we sing, we are as the birds; when we whine, as a cat; when we fear, as the hare; when we hate we devour, as do the wild beasts. When we fondle our young, we are expressing what all nature has expressed from the days when God said: "Adam, Adam, where art thou?" When we love, we are beginning where God began in the Garden of Eden, to show the TRUE WORTH OF LOVE. When we love, we are expressing the Divine within that flows through all nature alike; therein lieth the kinship.

But man was BORN OF GOD. Man is not only the materialized spoken word, but God made him in His likeness and Image, thus man is a superior being. God expects more of man than he does of beast. He expects him to be a LIVING LIGHT; a living, loving truth, before these creatures, that the lesser intelligences may develop to greater heights and more noble lives. We oftentimes say, Wonderful lion, how noble, how beautiful! True, he is noble in appearance.

Where there is appearance there is SOMETHING back of it that proclaims a fact, whether it be seemingly submerged in habit that would declare the contrary or not.

Within the walls of greater intelligences, there has been for countless ages a slumbering desire to bring into our homes some animal that may be of service, or domesticated pets. This in itself proclaims kinship, for God worketh in all things. As the Divine dwelleth in all, there is bound to be a bond that cannot be severed; hence from the beginning we have longed for that which was our own. In this great Academy of Fine Arts, as it were, we find were we to live a thousand years we could get little farther than the first grade, so immense is the subject which God has set before us to solve in the lesser intelligences.

Take for example music, and its effect on various animals. What is that but harmony attuned to meet harmony? Again we find the Divine seemingly slumbering, waiting to be called forth in these lesser intelligences. A seal will balance a ball on the end of its nose to the time of music, seemingly much "peevish" if the ball goes a bit awry of the music. A horse will prance beautifully, expressing grace, rhyme and rhythm, in every move. Once I knew two plow horses, heavy and large, that when hitched to a plow and brought to mother's rose garden in which she had placed a phonograph, danced as merrily, as happily, as horses of finer build. The plowing done, the horses looked regretfully at the

porch, where the turkeys gathered, flapping their wings in appreciation of the music. And right here, if you have never watched the effect of band music on a turkey, just do; it will give you pleasure. Do not, however, let them know for one moment that you are watching them; they resent this.

Is it not a natural thought of mine to declare Mother's porch a GLORIFIED PORCH, where we wandered arm in arm, heart to heart, in the wonderful fields of lesser intelligences? Would you not think it a GLORIFIED PORCH?

A bird will sing the louder when music is played. All nature raises its voice and proclaims its maker. Heaven smiles upon the creatures that rend and tear just as it smiles on us; the stars gleam, and the wee small voice whispers sweet things in their ears in a language they can understand.

“But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee. Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand IS THE SOUL OF EVERY LIVING THING, and the breath of all mankind.” “For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.”

It is a great theme in which to work. It is our own experiences that compel a greater understanding. Seeing is not enough; we must work through that seeing, beyond that seeing, until not only our vision is clear, but our understanding of it. The unfathomable depths of cause and effect was never more in evidence than in the greater and lesser intelligences.

A throb of happiness springs in my breast,
When I see a man in his Sunday best
Stoop to caress a wounded one,
E'en though his frills be all undone.

Tender hearts will quicken and be glad when man accepts the power given him from on high to quicken into active principles the Divine desire (Will) of God, who has given these lesser intelligences to the world that the great may work to the salvation of the many with unrestricted loyalty to His purpose; hence educating spirit in man, ennobling it, that it may enter the exalted state of pure spirit in spirit. Mankind does not know what eloquent though silent companionship hovers near, until he has frightened away the bird that has been hovering about, accepting the crumbs wantonly thrown away.

Lesser intelligences are as capable of understanding love as is mankind. The fact is, they apply it more naturally than does man.

Nature speaks to man in a primeval way, because man has not learned to meet it any other way. There are many ways of speaking without

voicing. As mankind becomes in tune with creatures of lesser intelligences, a greater understanding will spring up between them. As we drift (I should say stumble) through the lesser intelligences it becomes almost unbelievable, that is, the AMOUNT of intelligence that meets us more than half way in our attempt to fathom the mysteries that enshroud their silent but potent appeal to greater intelligences. The God of the universe comprehends the limitations of all intelligences and fathoms the SUBSTANCE in which it is enacted. I have watched the workings of intelligence from a scientific standpoint, and can say that they all spring through the substance of thought wells, or cells, into ACTIVE REALITY in the ether, from whence an abundance of bodily shapes, through which the light or the darkness (as the case may be) is translated to spirit, as works translate the motives, the construction of things upon THIS plane.

We hear a lot about new inventions, creative works, on this plane, but nothing is said of what is being done, accomplished or builded, by mortal man in the ethereal; or what these creative forces sent into the ether mean to those already in the ethereal.

It is beyond description to see the working principles with which man endeavors to reach an ideal. It is invariably the case that when one is seeking an IDEAL, that one passes through many changes, both in a material and spiritual sense; hence the ideal is bound to be first worked

out in spirit, or etherealized—if you will, and then materialized. As these thought subjects form in the ether, and are first etherealized, they take various and varied forms, according to the degree of thought of the one creating it. When the ideal is completed in a spiritual sense—etherealized as it were—and then materialized, the ethereal will take on new ACTIVE principles in the ether, and new light.

These thoughts are attached to the material body, creating the aura (or gauze) around the one enacting them. So, my friend, it stands to reason that the more we build our ideals after the principle of the Christ, after the perfecting of His example, the more illumined our aura will be, the nearer the kingdom we will come. As God is not far from us at any time, our aura is felt, seen and interpreted by Him. The ever watchful eye that sees the sparrow's fall is hovering ever near in the sense of at-one-ment.

The more beautiful our aura the closer we come to our Saviour and our loved ones gone before. The higher forces are thus enabled to penetrate a beautiful gauze, enliven, quicken, the intelligence of mortal man, far more readily than an aura built wholly or partly on carnal sense, the ideal being of lower or material vibrations.

I hear so much about Divine Intelligence being a compact fact, that it has set me to thinking just how far reaching Divine Intelligence in all things living, or in all life, reaches or may reach. The outcome of my thoughts are that Divine In-

telligence is in all THINGS HAVING LIFE; that is, that the thing holding life ENACTS the Divine. For the world and all therein was FIRST etherealized and then materialized, hence the thing that retains life began in the Divine co-operation of intelligence that flows from the spoken word, THE WILL of God. All the investigations I may make only savor stronger and stronger of the Divine; of the intelligence (spirit) that penetrates and infuses itself into substance, matter, enacting the Divine. Divinity, the highest intelligence, is enabled to flow freely, quicken and enact any expression it may choose. However, the brighter the light of pure exalted conditions within substance (matter) the more POWERFULLY can the Divine work within it.

I have watched so many times the mother bird hovering over her little ones and cried in amaze at the wisdom, understanding, love and exultation she expresses continually, that it brings to my mind another thought—that of vibrations that heal, care for, and protect all creatures who are unable to care for and protect themselves beyond a certain point. The omnipresent God sends these vibrations into the creatures of greater and lesser intelligences. WE SAY nature heals. Even then do we affirm the power of God, for God is personal by nature, a Divine presence, the SUBSTANCE OF ALL. All creatures have the Doctor—that is, the Divine Doctor—LOVE. When we learn how to TAKE as well as GIVE, we grow in soul power. When we

learn to take in meek and quiet spirit all that is good for us, we are better enabled to give, for we have found the value of patience, forbearance. The first law of success in anything is OBEDIENCE to the wee small voice, the prompting spirit.

In years to come perchance man may talk with animals, the fowls of the air, the fishes of the sea, the creeping things, insects. They may reason with them, for it IS NOW. We speak audibly or by expression to our domestic animals, and do so naturally, why not then those we have NOT domesticated? Man's heart thrills at the song of the bird, a chord has been struck that sends a thrill from one to the other. Lo and behold, God knoweth!

A little bird will sing a song, and then perk its head on one side and the other, looking around to see if we appreciate his song. When we do, we do not speak, do not move, and thus eliminate fear in the tiny heart, and in the great silence the vibrations of love penetrate the intelligence of the bird, and he knows his song is appreciated. It will sing again, it will come close and look trustingly in your eyes. This is the secret understanding in how to meet the finer senses: first, obliterating fear, and then, bird or whatever it may be, understanding you, fears not.

It is the nature of man, beast, fish and fowl to be continually on the alert for danger. Do not mistake this at all times for mistrust; it is not

always so. By and by when the great understanding cometh that is builded on truth, there will be less to fear, and less fear will be shown for us. Universal love will then send its wonderful vibrations throughout the world, and God will appear to man. It is a heavenly condition in which we can begin working, educating ourselves and the lesser intelligences now. Oh, it is wonderful, this coming in tune with God's creatures!

As I sit here writing, a little squirrel is sitting up in front of me, evidently asking me whether I intend to leave him entirely out of my theme or not. I can assure you, squirrelie, that I DO NOT, for the blinking of your bright eyes proves your intelligence, and it is Divine, for God gave it you; it is clean and wholesome. Everyone who knows Chicago knows Lincoln Park; to know Lincoln Park is to know the squirrels. The world calls these squirrels tame. But to me it is MORE. There is the sublime workings of greater and lesser intelligences, the harmonizing of the whole. "God is our refuge and our strength." "God is love," the key to Divine love that surges in the hearts of all God's creatures. When fear is obliterated, it finds expression through Divine understanding, the Divine in all.

Folk cry for facts with the doors of their souls closed and padlocked. To meet facts FACE TO FACE, requires ALL THAT IS IN MAN to meet them fair.

Ah, here is the Tailor Bird, a great theme from which to work! While we watch them build their nests it will be time well spent. First of all, they select the finest leaves that have no worm or loose holes in them; then they fold them together, carefully pulling edge to edge, sewing them fast by a sort of cross-stitch wonderfully exact as to distance between stitches. Then they build up the inside just as carefully. They are extremely careful in selecting the thread for the sewing, picking only the strong, and it must not be wiry, but supple. To watch them select and test the thread is amusing. It reminds me of Granny, when she pulls bits of thread from a spool, much to the clerk's disgust. To see them perking their heads on one side and the other, observing the efficiency of their work, is enlightening. If the work is not satisfactory, they tear it away with no little display of disgust. If it is satisfactory, they hop about merrily.

The birds are not unlike the thrifty housewife who secures the best to be had for the welfare of the family. In a measure bird and housewife are partakers in the great cause—that of edifying their kind, bringing into the world wholesomeness and perfection.

“Go thou and do likewise.” Herein is not only the play of intelligence, but the art and harmony of attuned purpose as well as the power to look ahead for the welfare of all concerned. YOU say: “What manner of intelligence have they? Is it habit or instinct?”

Stop here and think, my friend, what possible good would habit or instinct be without a dynamo to enliven it? It would be as a bubble blown high. There must be a QUICKENING of Divine existence before any habit or instinct CAN take hold and enact; Divine intelligence the power, the plan, the reason, to enact.

Bird life could not pass through the ages with agility and not become weakened or totally effaced, without intelligence to pilot its needs, wants and habits; although Divine guidance does play the greater part in all things having life. God fills every living thing with the power of action; think you He would neglect the necessary requisite to motor, action—that of intelligence? God's work is very complete. It would be a total loss to bird life were it to depend wholly upon habit to carry it through the ages. Habit grows into wantonness when it is allowed to run its course without the tether of intelligence.

Habit is a thing assumed; it is not any part of Divine intelligence, though it may become in a sense Divine through application of the intelligent powers that be.

One of the greatest themes in the lives of the fowls of the air and earth is that they invariably seek shelter where silence will be the predominating note. It is a great part nature takes in nature, to seek the silence. When God said, "Go in thy closet and pray," He was demonstrating the greatest law of efficiency. Silence is the Divine within seeking its own.

Even alligators crawl away in the silence; lying there blinking in the sun, caring for naught but the stillness of alligator dreams. I have found alligators and turtles susceptible to active suggestion. Hypnotism, practiced by Professor Thornely, made these creatures drowsy, inactive; while ACTIVE SUGGESTION enlivened them to enact the gestures of head and eyes in exact ratio to the Professor's. These demonstrations brought to mind the query: Am I to go on in my studies of lesser things and lesser intelligences? A little bird sang a melody; a Locust prinked its ukulele prink-ety, prink, prink, prink; a rainbow appeared in the sky; I was enchanted with the GIFT OF THE SPIRIT, and I cried aloud that all might hear: "I would give all my life for these!" A little child cooed in a near-by cart, the mother answered with a sweet lullaby. The omnipotent hand beckoned me on—I will away.

In the school of progress we must remember to RISE ABOVE our little selves and seek these lesser intelligences in the spirit of truth, for they are ABOVE US until we can understand them, and they us. As long as lesser intelligences tear, mangle and betray, as long as man turns from the truth, the world will not know peace. When love shall rule upon the face of the earth in its great power of giving and taking, the way will not seem so long, nor the days so dreary, for they will be alight with the PRESENCE of God's purpose fulfilled.

Two months later finds me in the jungles of HUMAN ENDEAVOR, where man toils in any way he may to secure his daily needs. There is a great lack of intelligence of a greater nature, because the WILL has been crushed by the grind of things earthly. The DESIRE TO RISE is there, but is inactive; there is nothing to quicken, nothing to incite the will to action. These people are sometimes classed among the lower or lesser intelligences, when, in fact, they hold the same divine inheritance that the higher intelligences do; it lacks cultivation however. These tired souls in the grist of human endeavor lose, for the time, the keen sight to—quicken and awake the Divine within that leads beyond the grist of material endeavor to spiritual triumph, hence they lose sight of the SUBSTANCE in accepting in apathy their present conditions.

The old woman across the street rubbing on her board with the thermometer at eighty-nine in the shade, with a big ironing to do before she can cook her dinner, is not apt to think of much beyond it—still—she does. When evening comes she has to tote a big basket of clothes to the top floor of an apartment house before she can go to market for supplies for the dinner. Hence the cry of those who think—

“Mrs. McNary, can we go with you when you take the washing home?”

“Sure, ye can, but for mercy’s sake, what for?”

We carefully evaded the question as we fol-

lowed Mrs. McNary up the long flight of stairs, helping her with her basket, which we presently set down in front of a pretentious looking door, knocking gently. An elegantly gowned lady answered the knock:

"So, you are here at last, are you, Mrs. McNary? How much is it this time?"

"Two seventy-five," answered Mrs. McNary.

"TWO SEVENTY-FIVE! Well, that is too much. I will pay it this time. However, don't ever ask that much again."

"But—" said Mrs. McNary, "there were—" but the door was shut. Mrs. McNary stood on the outside while laughter came from behind the closed door.

"Well, I saved about four dollars this time; the laundry would have charged that anyway."

We followed Mrs. McNary indignantly down the long flight of stairs. On her head was another basket.

"This wan is a good lady," she said, as we trudged along. We soon came to a modest little cottage aglow with roses and mignonette. We knocked on the half open door. A cheerful "come in" greeted us.

Standing over a preserving kettle was a plump, tired little woman. To our surprise, Mrs. McNary placed the basket on the floor, picked up the crying baby with a "There, there now, honey"; walked with it in her arms to the sink, picked up a pan, filled it with cool fresh water,

crossed to the stove, taking the preserving spoon from the tired hand that held it.

"Do wash your face, lady; put plenty of water on the back of your neck, it helps."

Gratefully Mrs. McNary's lady complied with the request. Then Mrs. McNary handed her a cup of fresh tea she had found time to brew.

"'Twill perk you up, like everything," she said.

The preserving glasses were all filled, the paraffine poured on top, when the silence was again broken.

"How do you feel now, honey?"

"Better, thank you, Mrs. McNary. I wonder, have you ever had a black silk dress?"

"No--n--o, ma'am."

"I have been thinking for a long time what I could do to make my mother more happy, Mrs. McNary, than heaven has made her, and I think I could if I would give *you* her black silk dress; that is, if you don't mind."

Rising, she took from the hall closet a beautiful black silk gown. Mrs. McNary put it on, and it was I who carried the basket home; for, it was filled with human kindness; with a bit of human endeavor, that was inspired in heaven. And we saw as we walked along, an angel, beaming on Mrs. McNary's black silk gown.

Lesser intelligences and higher motives somehow seem to blend into one great purpose, the purpose God intended. So, in the course of events, hopes, ambitions of all mankind, there

exists an almost equal division of give and take, of greater and lesser intelligence, in man and beast alike. The scheme of human endeavor tempered with the inflow of Divine intelligence, like a fount of perpetual increase, rises and falls in the tide of greater aim, greater gain and higher ideals. Man must become spiritual enough to infuse spiritual qualities in the lesser intelligences, thus bringing, in ATTUNED REALITY, a greater destiny upon this plane for man and beast alike.

Few there are in this day and age who can look in the wistful eyes of some pet animal and enjoy a dinner off the animal's kinsman. The wonderful light of intelligence thrown in upon the vaporous turn of tidal thought, brings forth the substance of the real. In it is not only the Divine principle of things made Holy by right thinking, but elevates mankind to his proper sphere—that of Infinite power.

We may think miracles beyond the power of man, while in fact miracle is a part of man. Man was created through the miraculous power of the spoken word, spirit of God. Atom to Atom, (dust) but the nature of dust was not—made known. We many, many times hinder the inflow of Divine power by eliminating the possibilities of At-one-ness. There are no limitations to Divine understanding. Man may reach the goal of perfection here and now, if he will but "hold fast that which is good" in the universe as well as within himself. As the universe embraces the

whole, it is necessary for man to become attuned to the universe and all therein. The march of time brings forth the opportunity to attune himself; will he grasp it? Opportunity faces man on every hand; the fault lies within the man that will not see it.

I cannot say, as some do, that A GREAT opportunity presents itself to man. Every law of intelligence is broken by that assertion, to my way of reasoning, for opportunity cannot come single-handed, as GOD IS IN IT; it must hold the Divine. Again, there are opportunities that do not seem great at the time they are presented, and yet when developed are among the greatest and grandest. I am positive that were man to work THROUGH EVERY LITTLE OPPORTUNITY that presents itself to him, he would find his greatest opportunity lying among them. Great opportunities are found far more often by the wayside than in cultured gardens. Nature presents opportunities; so does man. It stands then, to reason, that the greatest opportunity comes from the God-head, Infinite intelligence, Divine principle, will. For God so willed it to be.

There are innumerable opportunities in the jungles. Man is removed from them by circumstances, etc., but he does not stop to consider the most terrible jungles are close at hand; that in the pens, the slaughter houses, lies an opportunity that of attuning himself with the higher order of Divine love and understanding; that

the schooling through which God intended man to progress begins in the mercy shown to all God's creatures. Enacting the Divine will towards all that suffer, thus bringing the suffering ones to a greater destiny than the slaughter house, where man stands knee-deep in the blood of his fellow creatures.

It matters but little where the subject for thought comes from. Whether from sea or land, it expresses more and more fully the power of spirit. It is not at all strange that God should place mankind in the great garden of constant teaching, through demonstrating on every hand the marvelous technical points in all things He has created. When man becomes attuned he will be enabled to see the workings of the Divine constantly expressing its principles. As man progresses in scientific knowledge of nature and its principles, as he takes time to study the working principles of the Divine in all things, he will grow into greater harmony with the universe, thus winding the center of his being on the ego spool of efficiency. The I AM will have a fuller meaning in his plans of self-culture. It will enliven and quicken his being until it expands to meet the CREATOR of that being in the fullness of wisdom. That is none other than expressing His DIVINE IDEA.

TO THE END God has created man; "greater things shall ye do than these." Heaven will bless one who seeks wisdom in the Garden of God, for He knoweth from what wellspring of

joy cometh the desire of mankind to seek in natural simplicity the wondrous workings of the grist that grinds so slow but sure.

God says, "GET WISDOM, GET UNDERSTANDING." These words alone should open our eyes to the possibilities God hath set before us.

Look at that little water beetle. It lives in stagnant pools, it is a blessing in disguise; for while it thrives on the vicious substance, it tends greatly to lessen the danger of disease. It would seem a certain amount of the carnivorous must appear in certain animals, insects or fowls to balance well with the necessity of protection. The vulture is a rapacious bird, yet it is much in the fields as the street sweeper in the city. Evil showeth itself in many colors. To learn to discriminate these colors is one of the little opportunities presented to mankind. God gives to man the whole world, in which he may work out his own salvation; it seems preposterous that man is as yet only upon the brink.

When the little weeds are taken from our minds we will be better able to GROW, for they will be supplanted by the TRUTH in little things.

PRIMEVAL THOUGHTS THAT FLOURISH IN THE GARDEN OF TIME

Indians believe in carnate and de-carnate life. Even THEY know the value of keeping in tune. When I say "even they" I speak literally; prejudice has made it so. And yet, know ye not, that the Indian is closer to the SOUL OF NA-

TURE than his white brother? I would rather have the nature of an Indian than to try to expound the ways of men who dream of new religions, new gods, or none.

Underlying all nature is the continued seeking after God. The embodiment of all the brave, the beautiful, was the God of the Indian; the rivers, the forest, the minne-wa-wa, all whispered to the Indian's supersensitive ear.

One summer a party of us traveled overland in a car, through the Indian Reservations of the west and middle west. MY HEART SANG ALL THE WAY. For the time, I was one of them. I was happy; I was living in nature, with nature. The Shadow of His wings hovered over the tepees; and the more modern homes of the Indians all belonged to Him. They had not found Christ in the full sense of the word, but they had found HIS nature; and above it all, they know there is something greater, grander.

One must smell the smoke of the wigwams to realize fully that man has lost something by taking the gift of nature as a second consideration. We do not spend enough time WITH nature.

So, straightway I builded me a fire of my own, and sat there and gazed into the great heart of nature, — a part of you, a part of me, — and lo and behold, the stars glistened, the moon gleamed forth, a prairie chicken scooted by, disturbed by my fire; the corn in the field near by sent a thrill of hunger through me that I had not known for years. I cuddled closer to the fire. Yea, verily,

man HAS lost something, and a great something. Man has grown in refinement, he has taken a firm grip upon conventionalities; and yet, does not his VERY SOUL cry out above the din of social and commercial life—"Oh, could I but flee into the night, hear the whir of wings, the bird twittering its lullaby to its wee ones in their nest; could I but hear the barking of some watchful dog, the braying of animals, great and small; could I but smell the fire round the camp, and lay my weary head on Nature's pillow, and rest, dream and KNOW!"

Man goes fishing; why? To catch fish? Or, is it his primeval nature calling him back to the SUBSTANCE OF THINGS, that great call from within, that comes truly to every man?

Mankind seeks nature; he can go just so long without responding to its beckoning call; he cannot escape it, it is too deeply rooted for that; not alone because of his primeval nature, but because of the DIVINE within seeking its kin.

Look to the alleys, watch the child of the gutter drag from its filth a blossom; look to the lame on the street corner, see how tenderly he arranges his flowers "For Sale"; look within the walls of commerce and see blossoms everywhere, if not real, then pictures of them; visions of hunting and fishing camps haunt the walls. Look within the modern home, see the good wife tenderly caring for the little plant on the window ledge; look within our great mansions and see

them everywhere; they grace the altars of our churches; they catch the tears of the mourners; they put a halo of glory over the bride. In this all mankind is kin; it is nature asserting itself in nature.

As I sat by my fire dreaming, a wolf howled mournfully; a nightingale sang her song of wondering; a rabbit scurried by—sitting up so wise, looking this way and that for enemies—and then hurrying on. It was then I realized that above the organ's peal in yon great city, there arises a song sweeter by far; The Song of the Soul attuned to nature, its God, and its Creator.

Kneeling at the great fount of nature, one feels the PULSE of the great open. It throbs through and through one's being; our hearts beat fast and faster still, until all nature doth thrill within the soul of peace. We stretch our arms to the heavens above and KNOW it holds the great Infinite Source of all.

THE GLORIOUS ANTHEM OF THE BLEST,
GIVES US HOPE, AND PEACE, AND REST.

We fall asleep; we do not dream; the song of the bird is hushed, in respect to HIM WHO IS SPEAKING TO US in the silence. The spirit power within is quickened to meet the dawn of a perfect day. We wonder no longer at the SOUL in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems.

While the corn is sizzling in the ashes, let us read one of his poems, written in the spiritual light that is so full of understanding, say:

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow.
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild-goose, Wawa,
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
"Master of Life!" he cried desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, Bemahgut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
"Master of Life!" he cried desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and branches
Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, "O my Hiawatha!"
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others;

Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

“From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labor
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from thy bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!”

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the Heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

“’Tis enough!” then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
“But tomorrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you.”
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,

Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,
For the strife with Hiawatha;
Came as silent as the dew comes,
From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,
Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men
In its coming and its going,

Thrice they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing,
And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
Bravely have you wrestled with me,
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph!"

Then he smiled, and said: "Tomorrow
Is the last day of thy conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.
You will conquer and o'ercome me;

Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

“Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come thyself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.”

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bemoaning,
Lest his hunger should overcome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, “Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,

Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Keep the dark mould soft above it,
Keep it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

Our fire has burned low, the corn is still hot in the embers, let us strip the plumage and eat thereof, for is it not one of the greatest gifts of the spirit to mankind?

Our benefits come in visions, in dreams, until we can materialize them sufficiently to be of benefit to man. These visions and dreams that are of REAL BENEFIT to the nations, to the people, come to those who are seeking the Gift of the spirit, like Hiawatha, by prayer and fasting. By going into the great open IN THE SPLENDOR OF SILENCE, with naught but the whisperings of nature, it is then we know and fully appreciate the meaning of
"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

The rich blessing of the Maize is ever ready to be multiplied when mankind seeks the KINGDOM FIRST.

How is it that the white man is so far behind his red skinned brother who forgets not to bury his war clubs in harvest time, and blesses his fields in time of planting? Had WE the spirit of truth, OUR harvest might be more abundant. "Superstition, nonsense," says someone. Nay, it is neither of these, my friend, but spirit seeking spirit; where we reach towards the star at the top of the tree; the symbol of spiritual birth; the fullness of all.

CHAPTER III

THE DEEP STILL WATERS

* * * * *

“Be still and KNOW that I am God”

INGERSOLL: “The Infinite Bible has been and is the greatest curse in Christendom, and will be as long as it is held to be inspired.”

LOTUS: When we glide our bark over the deep still waters of inspirational things to the broad sands where lieth the shells of past usefulness, we are quickened with the desire to enliven them with NEW EXPRESSIONS of usefulness; inspiration whispers ART in our souls, and we harken. Just tiny shells cast up by the sea, yet are they endowed with beauty and coloring of nature’s reflected grandeur. The image gladdens our heart, creating a NEW THOUGHT of the beautiful; the reverie wanders on, to some lone hut or palace grand, and there reposes in the minds of others, creating a still newer thought of beauty and worth. Other hearts are made glad, other lives are made joyous. LITTLE SHELLS hold the wonderful gift of spirit, the power to awaken in man and call forth the expressive principles of HIS Divine purpose.

In the fathomless depths of soul a little song has been sung, the song of the deep still waters; the ripple and rhythm of Infinite wisdom, in which all things are made known.

Who can doubt the spirit of inspiration when it is sung in the HEART of man, the SOUL of things, sung in nature's dreams, and sung in EVERY EXPRESSION OF LIFE AND DEATH. It is the song the Bible has sung from the days of yore.

A chord has been sounded in the soul of man in which rings the harmonious strains of heaven here and now. Man may vibrate with ecstasy, he may weep with joy, he may tremble with fear, when he receives his first thrill of inspiration; but he will never forget it, it becomes a part of his VERY EXISTENCE from that moment, and he knows it. He turns, beholding the Bible, and he UNDERSTANDS the inspiration of it; it is to him as the breath of life. He listens to the promptings of the wee small voice, and is blessed.

God is a LIVING PRESENCE; let us remember this always. A desire for a nearer insight into the wonders, beauties and creative principles, eventually overcomes the lust for carnal things. "IT IS ENOUGH"; we have tasted the vinegar of sordid desire; we want HIS LOVE, we want HIS CARE, WE WANT TO LIVE in pure conscience. We want the sweet spirit of rest and peace. This is a redeeming inspiration ascending and descending—a Thalia—a muse of joy. It is the illumined presence of God working in and through our affairs.

It is the little pebble that holds around it the fragments of earth and sand until it becomes a great mountain. Herein we find the Divine

scheme of things working in unison with the purpose for which God placed man in the Garden of Eden.

“Ye men of Athens, I perceive that all things are too superstitious, for as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found altars with the inscription ‘To the unknown God,’ whom therefore ye ignorantly worship. Him declare I unto you; God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelling not in temples made with hands as though He needed anything, seeing that He giveth to all LIFE, breath and ALL things, and hath made of one blood all nations of people to dwell upon the face of the earth, and hath determined the things before appointed and within the bonds of habitation, that they should seek the Lord if happily they might find Him, though He be not far from any of us, for in Him we have our being; and certain of your own poets have said, ‘For we are His offspring.’ We ought not to think the hand is like unto silver or gold, or stone, or graven art and man’s devices.”

INGERSOLL: “Within the universe, the supernatural does not exist.”

LOTUS: The supernatural finds expression in the various phases within the universe. Like the laws of nature, it responds to sunshine, love and harmony. It is ABOVE nature yet IN nature. It is the supreme influence dwelling in conscience. The quickened conscience perceives

it. It is then no longer a miracle, but the natural results of QUICKENED SPIRIT.

INGERSOLL: "If we admit that some infinite being has controlled the destiny of man, persons and people, history becomes a blood-curdling and thirsty farce. Age after age the strong have trampled the weak, the heartless have ensnared the innocent; and not in all the dominion of mankind has God cured the oppressed woman."

LOTUS: It is not hard to understand why these conditions have existed, when we stop to consider that man has not reached the deep things of God in the FULL UNDERSTANDING of the BOUNDARIES of the soul. That which envelops and surrounds us is more or less influenced by us; by the attitude we WILL towards things and conditions. When we reach the truth in the soul of things, we will not have such conditions to WORK THROUGH.

Man has not come into the FULL realization that all INTERIOR has an exterior. The invisible cord that binds the two is quickened into INTELLIGENT EXPRESSION when man ELEVATES THEM to the standard GOD HAS SET FOR MAN.

We are too apt to shut ourselves in the dark cell that breeds unrest and disease, we want to open the doors and let in the sunshine of spiritual truth. "But whosoever drinketh of the waters that I shall give him, shall be as a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

When we broaden in spiritual truth, we let the bars of limitation down; Divine love rides through in the chariot of perfect understanding, without respect of person or sex.

Man cries from the depths of his soul for a PERFECT DAY with his eyes SHUT to TRUTH and his ears closed to REASON. To develop the perfect day calls for FAITH IN WORKS; for the DIVINE expression of LOVE to be made a PERPETUAL LAW.

O, Love Divine—the FRAGRANCE OF SOUL entering the realms of the human heart, playing upon the harmonica of man's BETTER nature, sending forth the incense of ATTUNED GODLINESS, in which all men are made JOYOUS.

Man will be able to bear the LIGHT of the perfect day when his soul is quickened in the POWER of the great at-one-ness. Then will wars be no more. The hungry masses CRY FOR PEACE; the dying pray for it; God's little children look into our eyes and ask us WHY SUCH THINGS EXIST. Big sad eyes seek for ONE RAY OF LIGHT by which the soul may be fed.

OUR children are old before their time; old beholding the sins of their fathers. Building homes with back bent, one eye or none, one arm or none; a bit of black bread with mouldy crust is not heaven sent, it is man made. Blood bespattered doorsteps upon which little bare feet leave their imprint, searching for the love light that has disappeared behind sightless eyes, leave

in their wake the stamp of hatred buried deep within the hearts and minds of these little ones, who have been robbed of their childhood.

The MAN seeks revenge, perchance upon many, for the stigma of crime that has hung, like a shadow, over his life. Somewhere within his being something snapped when he looked within those sightless eyes, leaving a mute witness, a lost chord. O, man of sorrows, why linger around the melting pot of HAS BEENS. Be a factor, working in co-operation with the Divine in LITTLE THINGS, where revenge is replaced by LOVE, where the outgoing soul redeems, and does not grow into degenerate desire. The redeemers of the world today are those who work momentarily among the little things that continually confront man; thus they are building greater destinies, greater souls. They may seem to be living a peaceful life, without any effort on their part. That's just it; it is the quiet dale that produces the fragrant and beautiful Lily of the Valley, o'er-shadowed by the mighty power of peace.

Spirit soars; it covers a great area. It is in the SOARING that man learns to overcome. It takes just a LITTLE effort to further the great principle of glorifying His likeness and image. The perfect man stands before us today; all he needs is awakening, quickening. Were all the energy that is consumed by hatred and revenge used to further the interests of the human race, this world would be a Home of culture and re-

finement, wherein the soul might find rest in the spirit of progression. Spirit is so wonderfully active in things, when it is met in honest purpose and clean motives.

“There is so much in this world to do, the little I could accomplish would amount to little or nothing,” says someone. Every grain of sugar added to the pound adds to its sparkle, its weight and its value. Grain by grain the wheat grows that feeds the nations. We are too apt to look to the neighbors for our chickens, when they are peacefully clucking in our own back yard.

There is so much RIGHT AT HAND, would we but take the time to count our blessings one by one, so much through which we might work for the good of all concerned, though it be in the peaceful surroundings of just HOME. We need not look to battle fields for a chance to soothe the dying, the suffering; we need not look to the slums for a chance to cultivate higher motives and greater ideals. These come in our own back doors unaided, unasked. We would see them plainer would we give a little more thought to the WELFARE of those who cross our threshold.

“I would rather not neighbor, it is better not,” say some. It is one of the GREATEST OPPORTUNITIES presented to mankind. There is a great DIFFERENCE between familiarity and “LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.” The distinction lies in the simple words, “DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.” Not many will take advantage of those who help them lift their

burdens. Time, example, and a gradual infusion of Divine light, will help them see the value of a friendship not over-ripe.

Man will eventually come into the FULL REALIZATION that THE WAY has been made clear from the days of Adam. He has been blindly groping by the wayside when he might have been a GREATER SOUL, gained greater gain, had he sought the WORD IN THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH. There is a great waste in the lives of mankind; that waste is INDIFFERENCE to the things that are the NEAREST TO HIM. In this one expression we will find the answer to "Why do the insane treat those they love the best with the greatest hatred?" It is the INDIFFERENCE OF MAN TO THE LITTLE TREASURES EXPRESSING CONTINUALLY IN HIS DAILY LIFE that has made an obsessing force TAKE HOLD of the sane and made them insane.

Call it hereditary traits, if you like; I CALL IT INDIFFERENCE to the IMMORTAL SPIRIT IN MAN. CHRIST IS COMING! The children's cry proclaims it. "Coming events cast their shadows before." There is no greater joy than to find oneself attuned to meet them. It is the co-mingling of the material and the Divine in which God's purpose is glorified. It is the substance of His likeness and image finding expression in WORKS BY FAITH. We may affirm the body is all right; we may demand it BE all right, but this does not sufficiently cover the law.

This is where faith in works has a chance to be left out. The body IS, and it must be cared for; true. We go to our granary and find the bottom has fallen out of the bin, the grain scattering to the four winds. We do not AFFIRM the bottom back in the bin. We have faith in our ability to place it back, but we know it takes expression to accomplish the end. We remove the cause by works, and then give thanks for the perfecting of power that has made works possible. This is where faith plays its part, where spirit plays a great part. To affirm the grinder is all right when it is all wrong, is to spill the grain: Just so, faith without works is dead.

We can picture before us a dear one, well and strong, and hold the image there until it becomes a part of our very existence; but we must give them the PLEASURES, the NECES-SITIES, to compel EXPRESSION in SPIRIT and in TRUTH within their BEING.

Mind is a powerful factor; spirit is IN ALL, ABOVE ALL, SURROUNDING ALL, but it takes the expressive force of DIVINE LOVE (which is attentive little pleasantries) to harmonize the whole. It takes some power to quicken the harmonious strains that meet spirit in its enlivening principles, when it is meant to ENTER and HEAL one filled with corruption, disease of mind or body. And that force is LOVE. Holding the thought of love, in a Divine sense, DOES HEAL; but it must be met with ACTION to send its magnetic electric force through corruption.

An act of love calls forth in the mind of an invalid, we will say, some sweet thought of the one enacting love. It quickens a BRIGHT thought, which is after all but the ILLUMINED PRESENCE OF GOD. "How sweet she was to bring me this." Sweet thoughts of a friend are the LITTLE ROSEBUDS in life that eventually blossom in the fullness of their beauty on more stems than one. It is none other than grafting our loved ones to the GREAT SPIRIT of INFINITE AWAKENING. The outcome oft passeth all understanding. To me a friendly expression from a friend, or to a friend, enthralls me with a Divine feeling of beauty that is not equalled in any other expression in life in this world of things, for it has taught me what a GREAT AMOUNT of GOOD CAN be accomplished THROUGH THINGS, not alone upon this plane, but in the KINGDOM OF HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"O, what in the world do you want to give her THAT THING FOR?" was asked of one who was wrapping up neatly a little package of just plain Castor Beans.

"Why, because I think she would like them; anyway, I feel like giving them."

Later beneath the windows of an apartment house there grew castor bean plants. They hid from view a place that was not only an eyesore, but a heartache. One day a girl, gayly attired stopped and asked the lady who owned the plants

to permit her to linger a moment among them. The lady hesitated only a moment—

“Come in, dear; why do you want to linger under my castor beans?”

“Because we had them on the farm. OH, WOULD I WERE AS I WAS THEN!”

“And can’t you be? WHY NOT BE LIKE THE CASTOR PLANTS YOU LIKE; BE HARDY, STRONG, and DETERMINED to grow in wholesome ground?”

The girl smiled through her tears: “WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT! I—I’M GOING HOME! And I’m going to PLANT CASTOR BEANS on MOTHER’S GRAVE; she’ll understand. And I’m going to be like them. I’m going to keep house for my old Dad and little Gertrude; she—she needs me.”

When we do these LITTLE THINGS we do not know HOW they are going to be spiritualized, or how many souls it may appeal to, or what kind of souls it may save. We do not know why, but GOD DOES, for He has planted within us the desire to DO. It is HAPPINESS to know and see and feel the spirit working in and through our affairs, our souls. It is then we come into the great understanding of the spirit that moved upon the face of the waters. In place of wonderment, we see the NATURAL PRODUCTION of the spoken word.

Were that word not spoken, what then? Does this not exemplify the necessity of works through

faith? Does it not magnify the POWER of spirit to penetrate and enliven even castor bean plants, one of the least of these, one of the coarser of these, and one of the MOST BEAUTIFUL in its STRENGTH?

The one who plants the more common-place plants among the beautiful in his garden, will find them expressing in a WAY man has not dreamed of. In the veins of the coarser leaves, the sturdy stocks, there runs the same Divine purpose that threads its way through the more delicate and frail. The harmony that abounds when these two come in contact one with the other, waylays the flash of color that is sometimes expressed in the coarser, and brings to the surface the exquisite veining and coloring that STANDS OUT SO CLEAR in its COMPARISON. It takes these two to SHOCK our sense, as it were, into the REALIZATION that BOTH of these are beautiful, both harmonious, when we are enabled to SEE THE TRUTH IN THEM.

What could be more beautiful than a plant of castor beans hovering, like a protecting spirit, above a tender little fern that could not live without its shade? What more beautiful than a field of waving corn surrounded by a beautiful green hedge, no matter at what season it may appear in the LIFE of the corn? One season shows its delicate green, another its golden sheen; what then but the co-mingling of harvest and spring, winter and fall.

And this is not all sentiment; it is WISDOM,

the Divine, showing us the way. "I AM THE WAY." It is the WAY we harmonize these things, by right thinking, that makes their value apparent to us.

Works through faith is an ART in which God will work with us, if we will open our souls to the inflow of the DIVINE SUBSTANCE IN THINGS. To spiritualize the material, is to bring it into Divine harmony. The Bible teaches us this. Faith in works unlocks the doors of limitation, not alone for self, but for all things in the earth, under the earth, and above the earth; for there are some that, even now, do not know the boundaries of the soul.

It is the nature of corruption to keep on affirming its destructive forces as long as there is the least outlet for its escape, whether it be corrupt mind, deed or disease. The antidote is pure conscience, faith in works, Nature's Divine remedies, nature's medicinal remedies. "First Aid":—Appreciation of our supply.

"And I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths THAT they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." "I am the Lord; that IS my name; And I will not give to another neither my praise nor graven images."

"But this is a people robbed and spoiled; THEY ARE all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses; they are for a prey,

and none delivereth; for a spoil, and none say RESTORE."

"Who among you will give ear to this? WHO will harken and hear for the time to come? I, EVEN I, AM the Lord; and beside me THERE IS no Saviour."

The Bible is a work of SOUL ART; it is the WORD of one who said: "I, EVEN I, am LORD." In it is the redeeming quality of FAITH by works. It is the substance of HIS WILL. It is an inspired account of what was and is, and will be, a prophecy, a truth, a book of love, a book of commandments that would redeem the world from sickness, sin and death, were these commandments OBEYED. In its grandeur there can be no imitation. It stands alone, the ONE INSPIRED BOOK of soul culture, history and Infinite wisdom. "The Lord my God seest me" is one of the thrills that descend through the vaporous ether, an inspiration to those who seek Him. In it is so much that is wonderful, THE LORD, MY GOD, seest me. The profound fact rings in every word that HE IS near; His personal presence is an inspiration to one and all alike, whether it be in writing, works of a material nature, art, literature, the GREAT things or the LITTLE things, "THE LORD MY GOD SEEST ME."

The scriptures are wholesome, and give joy to those who will wade through material things to reach it. The Bible is an inspired book with BIG WINDOWS where we may look into the

great open fields of spirit, and therein become happy, wholesome and strong. The truth has ever been fought for, will be fought for, until it is expressed fully in the lives of mankind.

The curse rests with him who carries his doubts around the world in a pack, until they become worm-eaten objects contaminating the peace and happiness of countless souls. Such thoughts breed discontent with self, with God and the universe.

The wholesome man's house is a perpetual inspiration, in which the most sacred moments of his life are spent, the most restful, the most wonderful. The Bible is the foundation of that home. In it lies the destiny of man.

I have so many times been thankful for the hours of prayer that have been spent in the homes of those near and dear to me; there was an atmosphere there whose fragrance will never leave me. Home prayer is the most momentous moment in the life of a family, though it may seem not so at the time. Its influence is broadcast. The WORDS, so beautifully uttered by the lips we love, never lose their influence.

We rise from our knees and look wonderingly at last year's spray of mistletoe we had dreaded to throw away, and somehow it teaches us again and again, in its wondrous way, to hold together, though the strand seems weak. It teaches us unity of purpose; even though it be a parasite living on others, still it brings in return a strange fascinating chivalry with the Yule log; an artis-

tic stream of prose and poetry, love, romance and dreams; a spirit that penetrates the hearts of old and young alike with the joy of the first kiss, and the sweet assurance abiding in the last. Triumphantly it hangs its beautiful branches upon our most sacred memories, never to be forgotten.

We feel His illumined presence as we walk to the window, proclaiming the beauty of the morning, when we are attracted by a swarm of honey bees happily humming around yonder tree. It is one of the schemes in nature TO FILL THE KNOT HOLES WITH HONEY. It is the supply of God's kingdom descending for the use of man. It is the song God sings in the heart of nature, the song of truth, the inspiration of love. "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

This proclaims His love, His goodness, His wisdom, His mercy, in little things not made with hands. PRAISE BE.

INGERSOLL: "Why should there be more than one correct account of what happened? Why were four gospels necessary? It seems to me that one inspired gospel containing all that happened, was enough copies of one correct account. According to Dr. Davidson, it remains a guess that there were four in number, because there are four universal winds, four corners of the globe. Others have said, 'There are four seasons,' and these gentlemen might have added, 'Because a donkey has four legs.' "

LOTUS: Let us go to the heart of things for

our answer. FOUR represents the generating virtues whence come all combinations, is the most perfect of numbers, the root of all things. It is Holy in nature, since it constitutes the Divine essence by recalling HIS UNITY, His power, His goodness and His wisdom, "the four perfections which especially characterize God." EVERYTHING has a DIVINE SUBSTANCE, exemplified through the DIVINE ESSENCE of His power, unity, wisdom and love.

"You cannot improve on Me at all saith the Lord."

INGERSOLL: "The object of the Old Testament is the cruelty said to have been commanded by God. And all these cruelties caused death."

LOTUS: The CAUSE of sin is strongly pictured in the Old Testament; how to overcome sin is equally as strongly pictured in the NEW. It is not because man does not understand the commandments that they are not obeyed; it is because he fears them, fears to let go the things necessary to enact them. We are COMPELLED to see the result of disobedience to the higher law through sorrow and disappointments.

INGERSOLL: "I do not want to be born again."

LOTUS: God gives to EVERY MAN LIBERTY. Just as long as man neglects the call of His likeness and image, just that long will he struggle in darkness. To adhere to the truth in all things is to accept Christ; it is to have a new heart; it is to be BORN AGAIN.

The fruit of the spirit is like the paw-paw tree; it hangs low, within the reach of man; the secret is KNOWING how to receive it. Man does not always see the road clear to obtain it, because he refuses to let go the things that are necessary to pure conscience, in which all things pure are habitable: "the spirit and the fruit thereof."

It is opportune here to mention some queries presented by L. B. BENJAMIN some time back. He remarked also that these queries had never been answered. But he does not say they might NEVER BE ANSWERED.

L. B. BENJAMIN: "Can you tell me why the Christian priests destroyed nearly all the Historical writings of PLOTINUS?"

LOTUS: To CONSERVE the moral conduct of future generations, fearing they might be MIS-UNDERSTOOD and MISUSED.

L. B. BENJAMIN: "Can you tell me why POPE GEORGE VII destroyed the Library of the PALATINE APOLLONIUS which contained the whole of the writings of the school of ALEX-ANDRIA, from days of POTAMON to the one MAXIMUS?"

LOTUS: They did not conform to the IDEALS of Pope George VII in that it would affect the literature of the present day, against Catholicism; that is, it held too many varying statements to be at large, according to Pope George's ideals.

He had another plan by which he HOPED to

gain the attentions of the universe. This hope was never fulfilled. Had it been there would have been an entirely different conception of religious tactics, and would have very materially helped the world.

The motives of Pope George VII were good; his tactics severe. He was above the average man in spiritual qualities; he held not only the spiritual sacred but the material as well. He had a gnawing fear that the world at large would sooner or later be contaminated with what he BELIEVED to be a wrong.

L. B. BENJAMIN: "Can you tell why the ACTS OF THE APOSTLES have been handed down as Acts of the Apostles of Christ, when it was fully understood up to 323 A. D. that the story related to the acts of the Apollonius of Layana?"

LOTUS: The ACTS were sincerely and Divinely whole. The authors of them were no doubt the reflection of the world-wide theopsy of Layana, inasmuch as they were delivered at the time of Christ.

Man must become attuned to receive Divine Truth; it takes a great amount of patience, faith and self sacrifice to reach the SOURCE of Divine understanding. We must learn to watch, wait and pray. Just because the voice says little things, is no cause to turn aside from it. Obedience to the first call leads to greater, grander heights, until it develops into the great at-oneness, in which all things are made possible. When

we ask questions of mortal man we want to take God into our plans. The answer will come without effort, and to us personally, in some unseen way, by some unseen force, that will materialize the truth for us.

INGERSOLL: "According to the Bible, Jehovah made the world in five days, and the work done each day is described. What did Jehovah do on the second day? This is the record: 'And the Lord said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.' 'And God made the firmament and divided the waters which were above the firmament, heaven, and the evening and the morning were the second day.'

"The writer of this believed in a solid firmament, the floor of Jehovah's house. He believed that waters had been divided, and that the rain came from above the firmament and did not understand the fact of evaporation; did not know that the rain came down from the waters on the earth. Now, we know there is no firmament, and we know that waters are not divided by a firmament; consequently we know that, according to the Bible, Jehovah did nothing on the second day. He must have rested on Tuesday. This being so, we ought to have two Sundays."

LOTUS: It would seem that the second day was the one in which He did the GREATEST work. LET THERE BE A FIRMAMENT. The POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD. We also know that above the earth there exist

realms of a higher intelligence than our own. If you do not know this, you have never sought the working power of higher intelligences.

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the SPIRIT OF GOD MOVED upon the face of the water, and God said, ‘LET THERE BE LIGHT and THERE WAS LIGHT.’ God saw that the light was good, and God divided the light from darkness, and God called the light DAY, and the darkness He called NIGHT, and the evening and the morning were the FIRST day. And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters, and God made the firmament and DIVIDED the waters which were above the firmament from the waters which were under the firmament, and IT WAS SO. And God called the firmament heaven, and the evening and the morning were the second day.”

Spirit is a vital force, dynamic, electrical, magnetic, chemical, substance; Spirit is light, electric energy. Light in air has a velocity of 299,828 kilometers per second. As spirit is LIGHT, intelligence, it must travel at the same rate. Its dynamic nature would intensify this fact; hence Spirit is Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient power that MOVED ON THE FACE OF THE WATER.

THE SECOND DAY (TUESDAY) was a day

of SPIRITUAL TRIUMPH. We have a spirit, spirit has a home; ether is a subtle medium filling space; there, we have a firmament.

INGERSOLL: "There was issuing from the garden a river that was parted into four heads; the first of these, Pison, compassed the Holy Land HAVILAH; and the second, GIHON, that composed the whole land of ETHIOPIA; the third, HEDDEAEL, that flowed towards the east, ASSYRIA; and the fourth, EUPHRATES. Where are THESE FOUR RIVERS NOW? The brave prow of discovery has visited every sea, the traveler has pressed with weary feet the soil of every clime, and yet there have been found no place from which four rivers sprang. The EUPHRATES still journeys to the gulf, but where are Pison and Gihon and the mighty HEDDEAEL? The account of these four rivers is what the Rev. David Swing would call a geographical poem. The Orthodox covers the whole affair with the blanket of ALLEGORY."

LOTUS: Some few years ago it was my pleasure to meet an old Egyptian named OL'AH. We conversed at length upon this subject, as it had always been of great interest to me. I will give you OL'AH'S version of it.

"The formation of onyx and gold would tend to point to the fact that these four heads, so to speak, were formed underground; undoubtedly an underground current, or after the manner of an underground current. These are more power-

ful and natural than mankind usually imagines them to be.

“Remarkable instances of erosive action are almost everywhere to be observed; rivers have hollowed out channels through great mountain ranges. This would be called not only powerful, but MIGHTY; yet, it is but the persistent pushing forward, brooking no stoppage, that accomplished it. This same expression could take place underground. A hundred theories COULD be supplied, but the resounding fact remains that man has ever looked on the surface of things, forgetting there is great food for thought, great truths, great wonders, in the substance beneath the surface. Wonderful wellsprings of wealth and beauty lieth there.

“We would say in Egypt, ‘the camels bend their knees because they find wisdom as well as rest, chewing the cud of Madrigal.’ So let the rivers flow on, little friend, near kin thou art to them.”

We said good-by for the day, leaving me wondering. Why kin I, to rivers, great or small?

OL’AH will soon be speeding along in a borrowed Pulkha, for it is the dream of his dear old heart to live for a time with the Laplander, that he may return again bringing more wisdom. He is a man of many travels, a man that lives very close to God, seeking wisdom in all things. Our pumpkins in a pie were his greatest wonder, and was enough, thought he, to wag his head in friendly fashion to all pumpkin venders.

INGERSOLL: "Can any reason be given for not allowing man to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? What kind of tree was it? If it was all an ALLEGORY, what truth is sought to be conveyed? Why should God object to the fruit being eaten by man? Why did he put it in the Garden of Eden? There was certainly plenty of room outside. If he wanted to keep the tree and man apart, why did he put them together? And why, after he had eaten, did he thrust them out?"

LOTUS:

Oh tempter, serpent, from whence spring-
est thou?

Out of the fount of knowledge of sinful
things, I vow.

It was true with Adam, and it is true with
you,

Awake, oh mortal man, to the pure, the true!

Why did God plant the tree in the Garden of Eden and place man therein? Because it is a part of the great scheme of evolution. Adam and Eve were spiritual beings, but not EXALTED spiritual beings. The spirit, by EXPERIENCE through the material, evolutionizes to its proper sphere, as gold is refined by fire. Spirit is NOT INFALLIBLE TO TEMPTATIONS until it IS exalted by the power of overcoming trials and temptations; until it has withdrawn into the shelter of His truths, wherein there can be no error; hence:

"Get thee behind me, Satan."

The fall of Adam created a new condition in Adam that did not harmonize with pure spirit in the Garden of Eden, so he was transplanted to an environment he had created for himself; nevertheless, he wore the coat of God's eternal care and protection.

We cannot pass through this world and not leave pictures on the wall VISIBLE to spirit, FELT by mortal, ENACTED by the susceptible, ENFORCED by evil. To act criminally is to incriminate. To enact the beautiful, is to come in tune with the laws of the universe, the laws of nature: hence the tuneful setting of vibrant chords "In tune with the Infinite." The melody of Divine knowledge is quickly attained; in fact, it is already obtained.

INGERSOLL: "Why did God call to Adam in the cool of the day?"

LOTUS: Because it is then the ether is purged with purity. In the cool of the day, in this day and age, commerce loses the fever of effort, birds huddle closer to their brood, inciting sleep; MAN seeks the shelter of home, peace and rest. The cool of the day is not only purged with ethereal purity, but the earth takes on activities in growth. LIFE. Vegetation is quickened and refreshed; thus we experience the harmonious workings of Divine purpose that embraces ALL. The fevered brow, the parched fields, the tired animals relax and become active in repose of soul.

Again we find the sweetest LYRIC ever sung:

"The pure in heart shall see God."

Earth is a dormant mass that holds the qualities of LIFE. It has an abundance of healing qualities that aside from life tend to complete life. It holds a great creative principle that is marvelous in constructive principles. THE LITTLE HANDFUL OF EARTH we term city lots may hold YOUR LIFE in its meshes. It has the power to give strength and pleasure, so quietly, so softly, that you do not realize it as one of the POWERS THAT BE. We have not as yet fathomed the full value of magnetic qualities in earth. These are free agents quietly waiting for the intelligence of man to bring forth the facts and expressive forces for the welfare of man.

It is wonderful to look in the face of a fellow man and see the BEGINNING OF LIGHT, the end of which is not seen by mortal eye: Light may come e'en through the bewitching little springs that we come across so unexpectedly on our journeys o'er hill and dale. They give to us not alone the refreshing water, but feed the soul with a delightful charm and beauty. When the soul is fed with the picturesque, it soothes away the hard and rugged, and infuses a spiritual loveliness. The esthetic nature is gratified, and we return home with the blessings of beatific vision surging within our souls.

As the earth was first etherealized, and then materialized, and all that is therein, it is a Divine GIFT, coming from a Divine SOURCE, and is electrical in composition and power, proving conclusively that God created the world.

The subtle electrical force of spirit, the peculiar properties of water brought together, may have a greater tendency to create and enliven than man may suppose. The power of the spoken word etherealizes, and then materializes, thought objects. When we pause to drink at the fount of spiritual knowledge we kiss the hem of His garment, wherein He reveals unto us new truths, that we may rise and see Him face to face.

THE WAKE ROBIN'S SECRET THOUGHT

Thoughts that are good, where goest thou?

"On to the next impressionable Mind that enacts me."

Thoughts that are evil, where goest thou?

"I find my kind, and seek to bury my talons in them."

Christlike thoughts go home to God. Evil thoughts, like Aaron's rod, a serpent turneth into.

INGERSOLL: "Why should God demand praise?"

LOTUS: Until man becomes ATTUNED TO GOD AND THE HIGHER FORCES, he CANNOT SING PRAISES. Praise is an expression of SOUL FILLED WITH LIGHT. When man comes into the realization of his OWN INHERENT POWERS, his soul will sing out at the GLORY OF THE LORD; Praise with celestial ardor, bounds to the God who beckons; The Lord is risen! Lord of Lords, and Host of Hosts!

To live in the highest expression of truth is to praise the Lord continually. We praise the Lord when we use our minds intelligently in PURE CONSCIENCE.

The Wake Robin was calling. I was happy.

OL'AH had come again to see the country he had so learned to love. We were quietly talking away when he expressed a desire to go to Spook Hollow, about seven and one-half miles from the center of the city. Gladly I accepted, contemplating a good story by the way.

We wandered near the ruins of an old fort, coming to Spook Hollow about sunset. We soon came to an old tower. It looked weird, seemingly without top or bottom, toppling on its side in such fantastic manner. I looked amazedly about; a glad cry came from my lips as I plucked a rose from a bush on which there was not a leaf or bud left, just that one lone rose. I raised the beautiful flower to the lips of my friend: "Poor thing," I said, "it is so lonely!"

"Nay, my child," said Ol'ah with emotion, "it is shedding its fragrance in God's garden. Come, child; let us mount our camels in fancy and go to Egypt, to the Valley of the Nile.

"It is about this time of the evening, we will say; a beautiful Mohammedan lady stands in front of SEPH, hanging her head in distress; she looks up like a wounded deer at bay: 'OH WHY does not the COMFORTER COME? When I was in ABU HASHIM (Echo Hill) the spirit CRIED WITHIN ME; but over the sea I could feel coming towards me the INFINITE GLORY

OF A NEW GOD, A GOD WHO SPOKE TO MY HEART, A GOD SUCH AS I HAVE NEVER SEEN; OH WHY does He not come? I WILL AWAY—AWAY—until I HAVE FOUND THIS strange new God who speaks to the hearts of men!

“To Cairo she begged her father to take her. After many months they arrived. ‘On, on to ELVANDRA!’ she cried. Her heart was heavy within her; she had not yet found her God.

“One lovely Sabbath morning the beautiful one sought a friend whom she asked to take her to a place where she might find this God of her dreams, whose voice she had heard in the silence of soul. The friend saw her need, and took her to COPPTA, where they taught the CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Her eyes wandered dreamily over those within; she murmured, ‘The GOD—I cannot see; but HERE, HERE, I FEEL—I FEEL!’ striking her breast in ecstasy. ‘THE CHRISTIAN MAN, HE SPEAKS GOD, and I—I KNOW!’

“And so,” said Ol’ah, “she kept her heart perfect unto the coming of the Lord. Happy the heart of one who SPEAKS the WORD OF GOD.”

We wandered back home through the fast gathering twilight; I held my rose TIGHT; the heart of the Wake Robin throbbing happily against my bosom.

INGERSOLL: “I believe in observation, reason and experience, the blessed trinity of science.”

LOTUS: Reason is within the vale of JUSTICE, which is Godliness. Observation is not dependable at ALL TIMES; too many see through SMOKED GLASSES. Science is all this, and more; WAS, from the beginning. Some experiences oppose the growth of the soul; man puts on the Toga of ADVERSITY, making himself UNABLE to judge or reason. The science of the Bible tells us HOW to HARMONIZE EXPERIENCE, OBSERVATION and REASON into one perfect EVER PRESENT PRINCIPLE, KNOWLEDGE, UNITY WITH DIVINE. MAGNITUDE of THOUGHT depends upon being in TUNE with Divine INTELLIGENCE, in which flow the crystal stream of EXACTNESS, PERFECTNESS, which is FOUR SQUARE, the generating virtues, the ROOT OF ALL THINGS, UNITY, GOODNESS, WISDOM.

INGERSOLL: "The story of Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt is extremely unscientific."

LOTUS: On the contrary, it IS Science, through which the Divine worketh. STALKING PARALYSIS is a PRIMEVAL DISEASE, and is most often caused by fear or dread. When Lot's wife turned back, she may have been terrorized by some thought of fear for herself or Lot, thus paralyzing the nerve centers, causing STALKING PARALYSIS. We must take also into consideration that the body has much salt or sodium in its composition. Just what chemi-

cal change would take place after the death of the body, would depend upon the climatic and ethereal conditions.

Salt and sodium enfold crystallized ether. There being great beds of salt in that part of the country, the ether or air would naturally be permeated with it. It is not impossible that Lot's wife was affected with stalking paralysis. Lime eats the body when it is covered with its biting substance; then why should not salt, with its penetrating crystallizing effect, turn a body into a pillar of salt, undergoing a chemical change?

Aside from that, a lesson is taught by the incident, whether it be STALKING PARALYSIS, the POWER OF THE SPOKEN WORD, OR BOTH. It is this: That those looking back find the way undone. Time goes on, man goes on, there is no backward tread to progression. The skeleton lingers in the background, the soul goes on. DUST TO DUST is but a phase of what HAS been, not what IS. Lot's wife was told to GO ON and NOT look back; also, she was given the substance (body) to go on.

THERE IS A TIME WHEN A LAUGH is not a laugh, but the echo of a SHRUNKEN SOUL.

ONWARD

INGERSOLL: "FOR three hundred years the Christian world endeavored to rescue from the infidel the empty sepulcher of Christ. For three hundred years the army of the cross was

baffled and beaten by the victorious beasts of an impudent impostor. The people found that commerce made friends where religion made enemies. For ages a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius upon one side, and the great IGNORANT RELIGIOUS MASS on the other.

LOTUS: Commerce makes friends just so long as it profits the universal mind. Back of the friendship of commerce rises a great desire to build cities, clean cities, to inhabit them, with churches, with art, culture, refinement; back of the great commercial world lies the force that DOES things. The great religious masses have built churches for the "FEW LITTLE BRAVE MEN" to play peek-a-boo around, while they were BUSY BUILDING wonderful tabernacles for the growth of the soul. This great mass wanted to build institutions, wanted to grow, and they DID grow. They wanted to provide homes for those who could not provide homes for themselves when the frost of time comes on and they find themselves homeless.

Had we no religious tactics, the few little brave men would have to hide their women folk in the cellar. We should have more respect UNTO OUR OWN. We are liberators in one GREAT CAUSE—the betterment of humanity. This state cannot be found until man shows more respect for his fellow man; until he ceases to find fault, and lends a hand to BETTER conditions, through the perfecting of self

There is nothing worth having unless it is worth working for. GOD IS AT THE HELM; HE WILL HELP YOU OVER and OVER AGAIN. We never fully appreciate anything until someone tries to take it away from us. Dost not know the difference between carnate and decarnate life (Life expressing in a spiritual sense, or life expressing in a material sense)?

Our needs will be supplied, whether it be then or now, that immortal day when we find the way to the seven or eight, or maybe more. But God is in the firmament.

Life is not a fable, but fact, and must be met AS FACT. Fact is the supreme knot that binds man to reason. A life lived against the highest principles of being leads on down, down, to the gallows; for such is the soul in bondage, ever hanging, never hung; eternal punishment, or the agony of sin.

INGERSOLL: "The church says, 'Believe and obey.' If you reason, you will become a non-believer; you will be lost. If you obey, you will do so through vain curiosity, and that will, like Adam and Eve, thrust you from the Garden forever."

LOTUS: Obedience is the FIRST LAW OF NATURE; it is the HIGHEST expression of order. Spring uncovers her head from the wintry snows; once uncovered she obeys the law of EXISTING FORCES until the harvest comes on, when it plays a GREATER part in the welfare of man and beast. Nothing is lost in nat-

ural obedience. Obedience is a law; without law, chaos; we would flounder in the deep sea of ignorance, a prey to the vultures of indifferent society. OBEDIENCE IS DEMANDED BY EVERY LAW OF NATURE. Obedience is spontaneous response to mechanical construction, to the laws of nature, to the laws of God and man. The great universe is built on obedience. The little chick, for instance, hardly out of its shell, responds in obedience to the mother's excited cluck. Animal life responds in like manner; in fact, we are obeying the call of higher forces, and thus respond to the laws, as do the flowers to the rain.

I believe in government, in righteous law; I believe in helping those who are unable to help themselves; I believe in God, the creator of man; I believe in my fellowman.

There never was a sermon that did not IN SOME WAY SHOW THE HAND OF GOD, were we spiritual enough to see it. There is ALWAYS SOMETHING we can take hold of in ALL things, and make use of TO OUR GOOD, WILL we do so. The human mind is not held in bondage by any mortal mind, church, or body of churches, where GOD IS AT THE HELM. The most of us go to church, like a ship at sea without a compass; we drift with the tide of worldly minds, wondering what we are going to hear next; WILL IT BE A DRY SERMON? Hence the lack of interest.

Seek the soul within you, search it well; if the SERMON does not appeal to you, then there

is the spirit of truth that will heal you, refresh you, rest you. If you will but go in the silence with God, learning to overcome obstacles whatever their nature may be, although the sermon be EVER SO DRY, there is always something that CAN and WILL help you. If you will seek it in the house of God AS the house of God, then there is something there for YOU, and a great many SOMETHINGS. The minister is talking about God, about the works of God, have respect unto Him. When God is busy, respect the silence. A real live interest must begin in the heart for the word of God, wherever it may be found.

If you understand fully the principle which the man of God is trying to hold before your eyes, if you understand the power working within that man, if you understand that inspiration MUST FIND A HOME SUITED TO ITS TRUTHS, it will be easier for you to grasp the word of God and apply it to your use. You can be at HOME to the highest inspiration, if you will but set the forces to work to attract it.

It is in the silence that the working principle is set in motion for greater attainments. It is there we learn to walk with the spirit, and sing with the spirit, until our soul expands like some wondrous flower, stirring with some strange, enraptured power. The value of the silence is THIS: That it enables man to develop on the heights UNINTERRUPTED by the world. We are then enabled to realize that we are spirit NOW, and that we are enabled to dwell with

the spirit NOW. The more mankind dwelleth upon the heights, the more he walks with the spirit in understanding also. To walk with the spirit is to imbibe the joys of life.

Heed not the fall of the cinder, it can do naught but sting.

"If the world hate you, you know it hated Me before it hated you. Howbeit then that the spirit of truth is come? He will guide you in all truth."

"But I know even now, that whatsoever thou wouldst ask of God, God will give it you."

"Verily I say unto you, he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth Me."

This a poem, a reverie, a joy!

INGERSOLL: "A poem is produced by the forces of nature. You will seek in vain for a thought in man's brain without efficient cause. Every mental operation is the necessary result of certain facts and conditions. Mental phenomena are considered more complicated than those of matter, then consequently more mysterious. Being more mysterious they are considered better evidence of an existing God."

LOTUS: A poem is a soul song. It is inspired by the promptings of one being in tune with the FORCES SET TO WORK IN NATURE. As we awaken in soul truth, a responding chord is struck within the soul of man, finding expression in words, as it has reached a higher or lower ideal. Poems are music of the soul, whether they be celestial, classical, ragtime or indifferent. The chord that is touched sends forth to

the world a song, a soul thought. Matter, being the manifestation of spirit, does away with fact, and runs to fancy. Verse is made of things seen, and things unseen; things that were, and are to be; things heard, and things unheard. Verse is a work of spontaneous soul thought. It should be a free agent, written in the manner in which it comes to the soul of man. As lightning finds its way to a near-by tree, so themes take hold of man's nature, bringing forth in all its thunders of intensity, the soul on paper.

A theme sometimes falls on the hearts and minds of men as the Yuletide bells; a certain Christ-like harmony stirs in the soul of him who hears. It would be sacrilegious to tamper with such vibrations.

Again inspiration may come to man as a flickering shadow. He senses it at the time, but it does not make an EXPRESSIVE expression until later when the connecting link sends it thrilling through his erstwhile labors.

Inspiration does not come to those who have, ordinarily speaking a desire to be a hard-boiled egg; life is extinct in a hard-boiled egg; therein lieth the phenomenal mystery, matter, spirit. The entire significance of inspiration and life of man is, that man is a spiritual being, immortal by nature, progressive by development, made in His likeness and image, corrupted by immorality, redeemed by spirituality.

According to the AMOUNT of truth in the subject, according to the tuning of the receiving

instrument, just so is inspiration able to express through that instrument.

INGERSOLL: "Science is too slow for the Christians; they want creeds."

LOTUS: We have had science ever since the world began, and yet you say science claims all things move in harmony. The law of truth is the law of love; both are symbols of the science of evolution. Without love and truth, there would be no law, for these two embody the harmony that governs nature; without these, we would be going AGAINST the laws of natural efficiency.

HENCE A CREED WAS BORN

Down on an old farm in South Carolina an old darkey was taking his noontime rest under the shade of an old apple tree. He was drifting near the spirit as he sat thinking of his work, and how little he could accomplish in it. He was somewhat rebellious when he would think of his age. An old owl near by cried:

"Wo-hoo! Wo-hoo!"

"You-all don't need to hoot at ol' Tom, Lord, at all. Tom don't know what he ought to do."

Again came the "Wo-hoo!"

Old Tom sprang to his feet more nimbly than he had done for years. Holding his head up he said:

"Lord, I cain't see YOU, but I heahs you-all. If you will jes' tell ol' Tom what to do, and not 'Wo-hoo,' I'll be much 'bleeged."

The tree was the resting place of Tom's master as well. Taking advantage of the opportunity, knowing old Tom was far too near sighted to see him reclining in the tree, the master changed his voice and said:

"Tom, if you wouldn't forget to remember that it isn't always HOW MUCH we do for the Master, but HOW WELL we do it that counts, you would last longer and do better work."

"Thank you, Lord, thank you! I dun' know you-all was tellin' me the truf. Dat am so; but Lod, will you do me a favah?"

"What is it, Tom?" came from the tree.

"I dun forgot to give Mastah Miss Julia's letter and I hid it up yonda in the tree, and Lord, will you please give it to Mastah. I dun forgot to give it for two months—I's sca-ed to give it."

"All right, Tom, I will see that he gets it."

Bowing and scraping, Tom thanked the Lord, when an excited voice again came from the tree:

"Tom, you old fool, go and get your Master's grip packed. He is going to Virginia to see Miss Julia. Move lively—move lively!"

Tom looked up astonished, muttering as he went along:

"The Lord am SURE in a hurry—Yes, Lord, I'll move on, I'll move on."

He did move on all the rest of his days. His work improved, and his temper, too. One day Master looked at Tom with a twinkle in his eye.

"Tom, you have improved so much, I am going

to let you be Master of Ceremonies at the wedding."

Tom threw back his shoulders:

"You-all didn't know the Lord do get in a hurry sometimes, does you? And when He do they's jes' one thing foh Tom to do, and that am go on about his Fathah's business; but Mastah, did the Lord gib you anything?"

"Sure, Tom, He gave me Miss Julia."

"But, Mastah, I know He dun gib you Miss Julia but—but—didn't He gib you-all sometin' else?"

"I see, Tom, what you mean," taking a much torn and weather-beaten note from his pocket. "Yes, Tom, He gave me this, in a very strange manner. But, Tom, you are trying the Lord. Where is your faith?"

Tom was almost scared white. He fell on his knees imploring God to forgive him.

"All right, Tom," said his Master, "I know God will forgive you this time. But remember after this, when you have any secrets with the Lord, just trust Him to keep them." Hence—a creed was born.

We sometimes find what we are seeking in strange places. Like master, we will take advantage of the opportunity, and perch the infidel on his own dry limb.

INGERSOLL: "I challenge the world to show that Thomas Payne wrote a line or a word in favor of tyranny or immorality; one line against justice, charity and liberty; one line against the

interest of mankind; and yet he has been pursued as though he had been a fiend in Hell."

LOTUS: A partial truth is no truth at all. You cannot be charitable, you cannot work for the good of humanity, without the power of love. To accept love is to accept the SUBSTANCE of love, which is God. Payne was not condemned as a fiend; his works were the works of the half-loaf; we turn the reflection the other way, that the whole loaf may be visible to mankind. Works AGAINST the SUBSTANCE OF GOOD are UNREAL, and UNNATURAL, hence WORTHLESS.

Thoughts, words and expressions are electrical in their effect. When sent with force THROUGH EXPRESSIVE PRINCIPLES they penetrate substance, compelling response. The nature of the response depends largely upon the AMOUNT of force sent from the positive, as well as the negative condition of the recipient to enact, absorb, and attract the electrical force from the positive; whether the negative be substance containing life, or simply substance containing the requirements NECESSARY TO ENACT the positive, or be affected by the positive. This would answer Ingersoll: "Is it scientific to imagine that a thrust of a spear through the body of a woman ever stayed a plague?"

"The body is as grass; the soul, as the flower of grass," says the Bible. In the days of which Ingersoll speaks, the sacrifice of the body was thought little of when a great principle was at stake to the saving of many. One body was often

used to save or serve thousands. It IS today in thousands of ways. Results from INACTIVE suggestions are not as SURE, nor RESULTS as QUICK, as when EXPRESSION is used with SUGGESTION. A weak suggestive power is not sent with sufficient FORCE to CREATE and ENACT AT the same time.

While thoughts are things, harmful, ugly, or whether they are beautiful, they are not as GREAT as when sent with the ELECTRICAL FORCE OF THE POSITIVE ENLIVENING AND ENACTING the suggestion in PURE CONSCIENCE.

The ether is filled with things created from weakened will. We want GREAT THINGS, beautiful things, in the ether around us, not creeping things.

God is our supply here, there, and He produces through NATURAL CHANNELS, not UN-NATURAL THEORIES. The word of God is SURE, QUICK and POWERFUL.

It is not impossible that plague was stopped through the SACRIFICING POWER OF GIVING, that OTHERS might LIVE. If you have had many prayers answered you will KNOW this to be true. The word of God is in it, the ethereal carries it onward; in the ethereal are medicinal qualities, therapeutic in nature. In woman is life, by taking life from the body, the spirit ascends to perform its mission in the kingdom of spirit—heaven, wherein is found the SUBSTANCE OF ALL.

Heaven receives, God perceives.

God taketh away and returneth to us OUR OWN in the FULLNESS OF PERFECTION.

INGERSOLL: "Is it scientific to say a river cut itself in two, and allowed the lower end to run off?"

LOTUS: As water is super-vacile and superlative, it could not only be possible but probable.

INGERSOLL: "Is it scientific to assert that seven priests blew seven ram's horns loud enough to blow down the walls of a city?"

LOTUS: We are forbidden by law to drive faster than a walk across bridges. To do otherwise might cause a peculiar vibration that would bring the bridges down, so scientists say. The blowing of the seven, or one, ram's horn could—if the vibrations were rightly directed—cause responding chaotic results. The law governing vibrations and their terrific force, is too lengthy to go into at this time. However, vibrations have been known to trouble mountains.

Let us take into consideration another law that was brought into play in the above statement; that is, that SEVEN is the gift of the spirit. The gift in this case was twofold, TWICE POWERFUL. It was then, I should say, DIVINE VIBRATIONS. The priests were the mediums of the Divine vibrating forces or POWER. The gift of the spirit is the POWER of the spirit. It is then not only scientific to assert the ACTIVE principles and POSSIBILITIES OF VIBRATION, but it also asserts the DIVINE, the WORKING POWER OF SPIRIT.

INGERSOLL: "Is it scientifically probable that an angel of the Lord devoured unleavened cakes with fire that came out of the end of a stick, as he sat under the oak tree? That God made known His will by letting the dew fall on wool without wetting the ground around it? Or that the angels of God appeared to Manoaah in the absence of her husband, and the angels afterwards went up in a flame of fire, and as a result of that visit a child was born whose strength was in his hair?"

LOTUS: Spiritual light, or fire, is FILLED with potent POWER to HEAL or QUICKEN, and ENLIVEN the intelligences within the cells of the body, causing a wholesome, healthy growth; spirit penetrating SUBSTANCE. "GOD IS A SPIRIT." Neither is it strange that Manoaah was visited by angels in the ABSENCE of her husband. It will probably seem strange to many who do not fully understand that SPIRIT reaches mortal more powerful when no conflicting force is around to detract. This is the beauty of SILENCE again demonstrated; when spirit meets spirit, completing a magnetic force around us. "GOD IS A SPIRIT." Spirit heals those who are open to the influx of spiritual truths. Again, the true VALUE of prayer is demonstrated also.

It is a well known fact that there is power in the hair, too well known to carry into detail. All things are possible with God.

Dew so directed, proclaims the working power of Spirit. Fire, or spirit light, in this case, may

have been a reflected spiritual power or presence. Spirit also imbibes.

INGERSOLL: "Is it unscientific to deny that water gushed from the hollow of a dry bone?"

LOTUS: A fount shall spring in the desert of a turbulent soul. Spiritual waters shall flow from the gold mines of understanding.

In insipid terms Ingersoll demands to know whether a dry bone can contain water for an indefinite period. God's eternal power springs up in unexpected places; it abideth e'en UNTO THE END. His compelling power can create, withhold and uphold.

Through the power of spirit water could flow through or from a dry bone as well as through the little spring in yonder field. But, you say, the spring is a part of nature; it is a play through nature. So is Spirit a part of nature; it IS nature; and its play goes beyond nature, for it CREATES.

And thus we answer one of Ingersoll's most POSITIVE DEMANDS—"show us something beyond nature that CONTROLS nature, and we will believe." And we have shown you something beyond nature that controls nature. The power of the spirit is great; CREATIVE principles enfold CONTROLLING principles.

"God is a spirit."

I do believe, I NOW believe—"

CHAPTER IV

HAPPINESS: WHAT IS IT?

* * * * *

EBENEZER UNIC GRAY.

Keep your rhythm and your laughter, happy little song,
It will grow greater, grander, as you move along.

Little children will caress you, older hearts will
bless you.
LOVE will make the song ring true.

The sun looked down in ruddy splendor on Ebenezer
Unic Gray,
As he fed old Sol his fodder and his hay.

Maw, she hollered out the winder, "Paw, you're nigh
on eighty-three,
Too old to be a laughin', makin' fun o' me."

"I were jest a thinkin', Mandie; ain't too old to
think, be I?"
Maw she begun to snivel, then to cry.

That tickled Paw, and he said: "Maw, your nose is
gittin' red."
Not carin' how old Sol was being overfed.

Maw looked up indignant like, "That's jest the way
with men,
They never see the stitches in the mend."

"Well," sez Paw. "We kin be happy though our hair
is gray,
It's only a part of nature, anyway."

“Nope,” sez Maw, “ ’taint nuther; it’s the song the
God in heaven made,
The rythm and the poetry that crowns old age.”

Old Sol et up his fodder and then laid down and died,
Paw sat up in wonder, Maw—she cried.

Paw winked at me, “That’s jest the way with critters,
that it be,
Always, always, always a gittin’ the best o’ me.”

Two withered hands clung tighter, as when in youth
they bade
The sun to shine less bright, lest it fade.

Two old hearts grown fonder, as their hair turned
thin and gray,
As the snows of winter precede the spring alway.

It’s the rhythm and the poetry, the happy little song,
That makes love grow greater as we move along.

It is the little jokes and teasings, the little hopes and
smiles.
That make the way so easy over the weary miles.

It’s the sunshine and the shadows, the heartaches and
the joys,
That makes us love each other, like when we were boys.

INGERSOLL: “Happiness; what is it?
Where does it come from?”

LOTUS: True happiness is merging one’s
time, heart and mind in some occupation worth
while. It is forgetting self in one sense, and
replenishing self in another sense. He who longs
for happiness seldom finds it in material things

only; it must be met by spirit, enacted in truth. No one is ever quite as happy in this world as when he is honestly in love with his IDEAL, whatever that may be; when he is DEVELOPING that ideal he is unconsciously developing HIMSELF. To perfect anything brings poise, peace and power to the one who has perfected. There is no evidence in the world that will, that can, prove a sinful person perfectly happy. True religion is happiness; it is RIGHT DOING, RIGHT THINKING. Truth MUST PREVAIL before happiness CAN; mankind must put FORTH SOME EFFORT would he live in truth. Anything worth as much to man as truth, is worth NO END OF EFFORT.

ANCIENT HAPPINESS is the REAL happiness. In ancient times interest was not lost in happiness as soon as it was obtained. Man in the present day and age will not embrace happiness as a PERMANENT FACTOR when he finds it, but casts aside the LITTLE HAPPY MOMENTS to seek MORE happiness (as he thinks) in some greater way. This is none other than denying nature, for nature IS happiness; and, it is lasting. It does not mean corruption or casting aside the elements that make possible growth, but LIFE in PURE CONSCIENCE, accepting NATURALLY the properties that strengthen in greater growth. Where PURE CONSCIENCE abideth and striveth not THERE is a wee bit of heaven in EXALTED HAPPINESS; and, it BEGINS here. When we refuse the LITTLE happinesses, we refuse all.

Happiness is a NATURAL GROWTH, not a spasmodic whim. It COMES naturally and it stays naturally, when it is accepted as it is, NATURALLY.

Happiness is a redeeming force, when it is sanctified through APPRECIATION of its LESSER qualities, as well as its GREATER POSSIBILITIES.

Happiness, like the vibrations of flowers, fills our souls with a greater sense of beauty; a great DESIRE to be like unto them. There are certain vibrations that come from flowers, which reach our senses, our hearts, our souls. Like some Divine essence of angel breath, the fragrance reaches us, penetrating matter with its DIVINE FORCE, leaving in its wake a healing life-giving property we call beautiful. It is MORE than that, however, it is PURIFYING. Anything that can reach the senses through its beauty and fragrance purifies and quickens something within our being that awakens, not alone NEW ideals, but reaches the realms of heaven, where our loved ones dwelleth. It is then we KNOW there is no death; it is then we KNOW God answers prayer.

It is the Divine within these that brings us, if only for a moment, into that at-one-ness, the attuning of which "continues in our next" as it were, the next, bringing still greater at-one-ness, and on, until the attuning of the celestial in man, is completed with the Divine purity and holiness of sanctification.

We are not sufficiently satisfied when we secure flowers to place in some niche in our home; we are not wholly contented when we buy them for some artistic purpose. Why? Because we KNOW within our souls that these were meant for a GREATER PURPOSE than these. Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean they SHOULD NOT be used for such expressions of art, etc.; they should, but we want to reach towards the SOURCE of these, and then declare HIS POWER IN THEM.

IS it not BLESSED to know the working of things in our behalf? Is it not GLORIOUS to feel the vibrations that spring from such a SOURCE? God made the Lily immortal; we have placed it upon the altar of worship; and yet, have we felt sufficiently within our being, the Divine gift of splendor, grandeur, that compels the manifestations of truth around those who gather them, presenting them to some supreme force through which they hope to GAIN FAVOR? IS it because we seek favors that we give Lilies? Or, is it because we love Him and them, for what they ARE to us and to mankind?

Oh, beloved, know the pure purpose by which they were placed in thy path. Love them, sing to them; they will understand, and grow, as nothing has ever grown in the HEART OF YOU! Caress them, knowing they have their ethereal correspondent, where they are made still more pure to meet the spirit of those whom we feel we cannot give up.

And, let me whisper softly, dear, you do not HAVE to give them up; they are talking to you through the lilies of the field, the woods, the streams, the trees, the wild roses by the roadside, the brambles near the fence. The meadows vibrate with their love and tender watchfulness; the streams flow more clear, the ripple sings the song of nature's dreams; the lilies enshroud you in perfume that lingers, like the gauze of dreams, wherein we sense only the pure, the beautiful, the sweet assurance that God is in it.

"But we are too busy, we cannot go to the meadows for these things, my dear," said a friend.

The greatest trip I have ever taken, the happiest moments I have ever spent, were taken in spirit in nature's dreams. It is inspiring; it is health-giving. It is good to go in reality, but if circumstances prevent, then seek the spirit of truth, and wander to the wayside inn; have a cozy little lunch in some shady place where the honeysuckle vines are beckoning to you their appreciation, from the ethereal realms of flowers. It is refreshing, it is healing, it is enlightening; it develops greater possibilities, and therein lies the opportunity to build, so you CAN go to the little Inn of your dreams. Once again is demonstrated the fact that all things are FIRST etherealized and then materialized; even dreams come true in the realms of the real when we imbibe the beautiful. It is a happiness that is not held from ANY LIVING CREATURE, MAN or BEAST. It is the SPIRIT OF TRUTH,

THE DIVINE, working in and through our affairs. When we pause to realize that these ethereal beauties never leave us, no matter what our environment, we stagger with the intoxication of pure JOY. To reach them, is to LIVE WITH THEM; this is ascending to the heights, where the power of the spoken word made the world and all therein.

Again we find in this simple little truth another theme or ideal; that is, the power to ATTRACT and HOLD the REDEEMING FORCES in nature and APPLY them to our use. And this, my friend, is none other than seeking the kingdom first. These vibrations are coming your way in profusion; gather them while you may.

Even an animal dreams; it will sniff the air and then wander away to seek that it has dreamed of. My fluffy little white dog when told to stay home and watch the house, looks about insinuatingly at windows and doors, licks his chops, and sits down without a word, to dream of possible burglars and our return. He loves the car, loves to ride, but not a whimper when I take his head in my hands, look in his eyes, and tell him to WATCH for MY SAKE. It would seem to those who know him that he thought it a great privilege so to do.

He, too, has his dreams. He will wander away at times, only to return with a burr in his foot; holding it up, knowing well it would be taken out the moment he returned home. He has had his dream—of home and kindness. This is none

other than intelligence, an intelligence that can not only reason, but dream.

"I am no dreamer," says someone; "it would be impossible for practical me." These practical ones are found wanting in the great plan of life; fact is, that dreams are soul growth when properly directed. We should have dream schools, where we would be taught to seek the beautiful in thought, hence dreams.

I might add that true happiness comes from dreams more often than from any other source, because these dream thoughts are, or have, inspired some thought that compels happiness. In fact, thought rightly directed, is not only pure undefiled religion, but it is a great part of practicability. It is practical to THINK in right channels; it is PRACTICAL to fathom the depths of beauty that is PLACED around us for the PURPOSE OF CREATING dreams. It is happiness ascending upon the heads of all alike without respect of persons.

Little children love flowers; they understand the purity of them; it is nature meeting nature in the pure presence of the Divine.

The old love flowers; they bring reminiscences that carry back through the vale of youth with its splendor, its giving and taking. It takes them back to the days of LITTLE happinesses; the days of LITTLE SORROWS, and great sorrows.

Would we be without these refining sorrows? NAY, not for worlds; for in it is the sweet thought, the sweet realization, that it has all been a part of the attuning.

The violin would not send forth as sweet a sound were it not first tuned. A string may break that a better one may take its place. This is the law of nature, the law of natural efficiency, the law of reason and common sense. So if we sometimes are compelled to make changes that we fear will not terminate in happiness, we CAN seek the LAW OF EFFICIENCY by going in the SILENCE with God and telling HIM, and then TRUSTING Him to bring before us the LIGHT that will burn brighter for the change, and through which we are enabled to see the wisdom of change and the opportunities that these changes bring. If a tree loses a leaf, it is but to grow another, fresher, more beautiful, than the old. If a bird loses its feathers, it is only to replace them by new, more beautiful ones, more SUITABLE ones; the season that has compelled the moulting also gives NEW vigor as well as beauty.

The old we love; we have become used to it; it is a very part of our being; and yet, there are times when even that which we have had always with us, must give way, that some other expression may take place.

We oft-times wonder why such things must be, and then in later years the understanding comes. It is not always for OUR OWN good that we are placed in an environment, but for the good of ONE or MANY. We are just one grain of sand running through God's hour glass. He places us where the tide will run freely, when we lend ourselves to it in NATURAL SIMPLICITY.

That is the secret of dreaming, of happiness that is TRUE happiness—lending ourselves naturally to the inflow of DIVINE INTELLIGENCE that has made dreams possible, and the REAL a permanent factor. Dreams are but the echo, the whisper, of His presence.

Like a thunder clap on a still hot day, comes the realization that we have been SELFISH with these beautiful vibrations, asking favors, praying for MORE, when ALL WAS GIVEN. Think of it, ALL is within the reach of man will he but open the door to the Divine inflow, the Divine vibrations, that throb beneath his feet, that hum in the air, that brush the hem of his garment, crying all the while, "Oh, look at me, love me and see what I WILL DO FOR THEE."

It may seem that electricity and happiness are two distinct and separate forces. This is a false conception. Electricity is directly connected with Divinity, hence these vibrations are electrical in their effect; thus the VALUE of flower vibrations IS INTENSIFIED, and this completes the requisites to happiness. Happiness is reaping the beautiful, the pure, the love that comes through the healing forces of the Divine; in it is no death at all, but resurrection, LIFE, hence happiness.

The pure motives of Christ were like the vibrations of flowers. He ate with thieves, He fed them with the vibrations of pure spirit, and they knew it not. Later they crucified Him and STILL He feeds those following in their wake through LITTLE things, great things; things

they love, and things they do not love at all. All these hold something for us; think of it, dear one, for US. The rose trembles with the ecstasy of His love; the petals fall upon my head and there make a comfy bed, in which to nestle the thoughts I write to you; and will you, when I am dead, caress them? for I love to give to YOU thoughts that have been bred by angel breath amid the petals in my hair. It may amend for something I have left undone, and so—wounded one who died for me.

And then rejoice, shed not a tear; these thoughts were but your own, my dear, sent heavenward, and returned again that we might learn to care for THINGS that do not SEEM so fair. But God is in them, dear, everywhere, waiting for a chance to breathe upon these petals and their leaves, LIFE, LOVE AND TRUTH; happiness in your soul, forsooth—a fragrant path you will tread when these have come and fled, to other lives to make them great, and His story to relate. So cherish them while you may, it is the God in them always.

POSSESSION OF GOOD

INGERSOLL: "He who thinks good thoughts is a laborer, one of the greatest. The man who invented the reaper will be harvesting for thousands of years. If labor is lowered in this country, all that the laborers will have within their power is to defend themselves. My sympathy is with the man who has nothing to sell but his strength."

LOTUS: This is a noble sentiment of Ingersoll, one grand enough to rest upon the pulpit he has persecuted. However, the laborer has not entirely the POWER to defend himself. He has to maintain a certain amount of caution as to his movements; a radical move would impoverish. The great uplift of the working man does NOT come to him in BOUNDS, but by a SYSTEM OF TECHNICS that will enable him to better his condition without open rebellion. A rebellious spirit is BLIND TO TRUTH; an ANTAGONISTIC TEMPERAMENT only wears out its OWN VITALITY. Man belongs to the plane where he is NOW until he outgrows it. Labor is the HOME OF HAPPINESS, when rightly applied.

“Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about by every kind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.”

Progression can only walk in the paths of restriction, a forward step meets thorns. If there is no conquest over man, there is none over matter, and the greatest science is a failure. THOUGHT is the GENERATING FORCE that CONTROLS DESTINY. Foolishness has little place in a cultivated mind spiritually whole, for nothing is foolishness unto him; everything has a cause, that the man duly enlightened can

penetrate. Every problem on earth has some hidden good. It is on the HEIGHTS that the TRUE MEANING of EXISTING THINGS is found; the CAUSE is exemplified in reason. There is no one crime committed upon this plane of life that has not a CAUSE behind it. The cause may have existed GENERATIONS AGO, or it may be JUST GENERATING; but it is there. On the HEIGHTS there are no PHANTOMS, but the REAL. It is becoming in TUNE WITH THE REAL that enables us to see things as they ARE, not as they seem to be. This is the highest attainment man can reach in righteous judgment, and it is TRUE HAPPINESS, not only for himself, but ALL mankind; for OTHERS SEE and OTHERS ENACT. Sin is LESS HARD TO OVERCOME when the CAUSE of sin is clearly defined and judged in PURE CONSCIENCE.

Happiness comes from the well-springs within the soul of man, attuned to the spirit of HARMONY, RIGHTEOUSNESS and FAITH. HAPPINESS is attunement to honest purpose and demonstrated fact. Happiness drops from heaven, as the rain descending within the reach of man. How much man gathers unto himself depends upon how quickly he perceives God in it.

UNSTUDIED GRACE

INGERSOLL: "Little is told of the childhood or youth of Christ."

LOTUS: The youth and childhood of Christ is being told today, every day, in one of the

EXPRESSIONS THAT GOES TO MAKE HAPPINESS, and that is ART. The great Masters hold the Christ child before us. Art has been purified, exalted by it. Jesus has stamped His likeness upon our temples. The words of our best poets show a DISTINCT CHRISTIAN COLORING. Our immortal songs, somewhere within their depths breathe the Christ; from birth to the cross—yea, and beyond the cross to the Resurrection time—wherein we are made perfect.

The youth of Christ is EVERYWHERE. If man is spiritual enough to catch the vibration, he will find it in the budding leaves, the flowers, the morning hours, the twilight; in all things pure, fresh and beautiful. He will feel, too, the POWER OF YOUTH, and the POWER OF LOVE, in the HIGHEST SENSE OF EXPRESSION and DIVINE PASSION. When we arouse a slumbering soul that has REFUSED to see the light of His countenance, then are WE EXPRESSING THE YOUTH OF CHRIST, not only within the awakened soul, but within our own soul; for in it is budding conscience that will eventually ripen into golden gain.

Spring vibrates with the youth of Christ, with the resurrection of Christ, with the love of Christ. The youth of Christ—is the spring time of understanding, painting pictures that can never be effaced.

We have many men also who have painted in glowing colors PICTURES on the walls of our hearts, GREAT DEEDS, GREAT ACHIEVE-

MENTS, GREAT VICTORIES, such pictures as would proclaim the setting of the stars in heaven. "For each star differeth in its glory." James Whitcomb Riley painted pen pictures; Longfellow painted pen pictures; Francis Parkman painted pen pictures; THE BIBLE PAINTED pen pictures, the like of which man CAN NEVER IMITATE. Lincoln painted pictures on the walls of the log cabin, and in the hearts of the blacks. Theodore Roosevelt painted pictures on the pages of history and in the hearts of men. I would picture Roosevelt as a tiger mothering a lamb, for as such his GREAT nature appealed to me.

P. T. Barnum painted pictures that took one hundred railroad cars to transport. In 1879 he said that 90,000,000 people had come to see those pictures. General Tom Thumb and Jenny Lind were a part of the beginning of Barnum's world pictures. James M. Barrie, Scotch novelist, painted vividly upon memory's walls; and so might we go on all day telling of those who have painted pictures on the walls of memory that have never known brush or pallet, but have commingled ART, HAPPINESS, and NATURE until the grandeur of its Infinite purpose illumined the sky, and another star was set in the heavens to light the way, making an ever present picture by which to dream, love, caress, ennoble and save.

And yet, we are to be grateful for another expression of art. Sir Henry Irving, Franz Liszt, Du Maurier, have found their way into

our own laughing galleries, where dreary hours have been made glad with PUNCH.

It has often been asserted that an author cannot be a successful Evangelist, and vice versa. This was proven an error when Henry Drummond in the "DESCENT OF MAN" made a picture never to be forgotten.

OL'AH'S beautiful version of these inspirations—whether they be pen, brush or life pictures—is this: "A spider's thread becomes firm upon coming in contact with ether; so the slender thread of inspiration weaves itself into the thought, heart, soul and mind of man; perchance to be torn down by some rough ungainly hand, never to be replaced; or perchance redeemed by some gentle hand, that will carry it happily to some great temple to forever bless mankind."

There are many expressions in the character of pictures: Some that would be out of place in the LIVING ROOM, find a place in the picture galleries, because of the INTENSE EMOTION pictured there; but people do not want to live with them. They want to be happy, and they want the art that will make them happy, or add to happiness, for man himself is a part of DIVINE ART, the soul of love, the soul of harmony. Man is NOT expressing his Divine RIGHT when he REFUSES these.

There is no death, my friend; there can be no death, for every truth, science, and Divine expression, proclaim LIFE, everlasting life! And this is HAPPINESS IN COOPERATION

with art, for it is the NATURAL EXPRESSION of both; the ART, the GRANDEUR of GOD'S ATTUNED PURPOSE.

INGERSOLL: "Some may ask, are you trying to take our religion away? I answer, superstition is not religion. Belief without evidence is not religion.

"To love justice and right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget the wrongs and remember benefits, to love truth, to be sincere, to love liberty, to wage war against slavery in all forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make happy homes, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, their noble deeds, to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to cultivate hope, to see calm beyond the storm, the day beyond the night, to do the best that can be done; that is the religion of reason, the creed of science; that satisfies the brain and heart.

"But says the prejudiced priest, malicious minister, 'You take away the future life.' I am not trying to destroy another world, but I am endeavoring to prevent the theologians from destroying this."

LOTUS: First of all, you are not consistent. Consistency is order; order is the first law of nature; without nature, there is nothing; we have lost the chord of Infinite At-one-ness. When we go against nature, we no longer revolve with the universe, we break the natural course of the Divine within; hence, we are no longer

boundless, but soundless, so to speak. The Divine cannot play upon a stringless instrument; therefore, it is necessary to attune oneself to nature and the laws governing nature, to reflect nature from within or without. You say, Ingersoll, "How malicious is mercy, how revengeful is boundless love"; and yet, in the above account you say: "To love mercy, to pity the suffering, to love justice and right, to love truth, etc., is the true religion." One moment, please. Are not mercy, love and truth the **QUALITIES** of **PURE CONSCIENCE**? Are not mercy and truth the **ATTRIBUTES** of **BOUNDLESS LOVE**? Are not **ALL** of these virtues you have set down the **SUBSTANCE** of the Godhead, exalted happiness?

Again in a previous chapter, Ingersoll says: "Give to me the storm and tempest of thought rather than the dead calm of ignorance and faith." In the above statement he says: "**LOOK BEYOND** the storm and tempest of **TODAY**." What is that but faith? What **IS LOOKING BEYOND** the trials and storms of today, but **FAITH IN THE TOMORROW**? What is that but holding harmony in pure conscience? And what is pure conscience but **RELIGIOUS** consciousness?

To exercise love, truth, mercy, justice; to seek the beautiful, man must first liberate his own intelligence in pure conscience, that he may recognize these attributes as a part of his natural self, the Divine within. To liberate intelligence is to seek the kingdom **FIRST**.

To wage war against slavery, error of whatever nature, man must first know the truth **WITHIN**; then will he be **ENABLED** to work in the **WITHOUT**. Divine mind is pure conscience, but it must be also liberated from carnal mind before it **CAN** express itself in pure conscience, or command obedience to the **LAW OF FREEDOM** in a material sense.

To make a happy home is the harmony of thought motives—the law of nature. To love the beautiful is to admit inspiration. To love nature is to love God. Divine light, truth, does away with midnight thoughts. There are no blinds down in pure conscience. To cultivate cheerfulness is to give **FREEDOM** to the soul. To make **OTHERS HAPPY** requires a lot of sacrifice, a wee bit of wisdom, and a mighty determination to forget self.

To fill life with the splendor of genius is to call forth the **FORCES OF INTELLIGENCE INTO ACTIVE PRINCIPLES**. To discard error is to **ACCEPT THE TRUTH**, the Divine principle that embodies spirit. To cultivate hope is to throw out the life line between spirit and mortal.

“Hark ye, man cannot push the sun from the heavens, neither can he pull the moon from its socket; the stars look down in scorn on him who sayeth there is no God, there is no life beyond the grave.”

INGERSOLL: “People know now that the love of a saint has no greater value than the love of an animal.”

LOTUS: The finer the instrument the sweeter the music. The more exalted man becomes, the more spiritual, the better is he enabled to BESTOW LOVE in pure conscience. The love of an animal is faithful; the love of the pure in heart is not ONLY FAITHFUL, but FULL OF UNDERSTANDING. Like attracts like; if you are susceptible to the vibrations of love, given in pure conscience, you will receive abundantly.

INGERSOLL: "People know now that a rag from a wandering beggar is just as good as one from a saint, and that hair from a horse will cure disease just as quickly and surely as the hair of a mitre. We know that all these relics are religious rubbish, that those who use them are, for the most part, idiots.

"Our ancestors did not regard these relics as medicine having curative power; but the idea was that evil spirits stood in dread of holy things, that they fled; and when Holy Water was sprinkled on man, they immediately left the premises. So these devils dreaded and hated the sound of holy bells, the light of sacred tapers, and above all, the ever blessed cross. In those days the priests were fishers for money; they used these relics as bait."

LOTUS: Sacred relics suggest to mind the POWER of things holy. "As ye think, so shall it be."

We call the grave of mother sacred. It is a relic, an object of reverence; we know full well it is NOT MOTHER that is THERE, but it is the body of what WAS, the body of one we loved

above all else in this world. We kneel there and say our prayers; we feel comforted, healed; why? Because that SPOT is held sacred to the memory of one who DID heal through LOVE, the most wonderful love man has ever known. We would punish any one to the full extent of the law who would dare defile that sacred relic. What then, are we less than these?

In Chicago there is a little church, a modest little church in structure. Inside, the walls are covered with crutches of those who have gone forth HEALED, needing them no more. A great HEALING FORCE is felt the moment one enters here; the atmosphere is permeated with it; this holy shrine has brought thousands relief; it is impossible to kneel there and not feel the POWER OF SPIRIT. It is not a trick of the imagination to those who enter there seeking the gift of the spirit. The POWER OF SPIRIT is brought vividly before the thinking one, and faith is perfected.

Is this, then, not like unto the supreme faith of a little child?

“Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven.” AH, those who entered there and were healed HAD the faith of a little child. Life, happiness, TRUTH, THE SUPREME, is found only in the secret of His presence. I cry with the healed: HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, Blessed God Almighty! Ah, it is but the echo of HEAVEN’S ARTILLERY.

FAITH lights the taper of Divine love within these soul-sick maimed bodies. Oh, blessed

RUBBISH HEAP; blessed, THRICE blessed, is he who is privileged to kneel before it.

FOREVER RING, ye sacred bells;
Ring on FOREVER and for aye.
We hold no fear for future year,
The while your chimes are tolled.

And there are other relics that bring with them the BIRTH OF THINGS MADE HOLY by the WORD OF GOD AND PRAISE. Our rubbish heaps are FILLED with mother's prayers, father's hopes, with childhood croons, wedding bells, and perchance the wreath that's laid away; we cannot touch it, nay, not today; it is Spring, and we want to be glad; but to-morrow, when sorrow knocks, we hold it lovingly in our arms; it trembles with the power of spirit; we cry aloud: "OH, MOTHER, FATHER, DO YOU NOT KNOW?" We rest our head among the faded flowers, tears bedew them; we feel at peace; the healing power of spirit passeth by—we have held in our arms our relic, in which is spirit breath.

"Great is the mystery of Godliness manifest in the flesh, justified in spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, of love, and of sound mind."

"Again I say unto you, oh ye of LITTLE faith, man hath an earthly body and a spiritual body."

Why should we marvel at the change called death? Is it any more wonderful than birth? The body is the substance of things earthly; the SPIRIT RISES ABOVE DECAY. If the north wind blows now, must we forget the Spring? If the tree has lost its leaves, must we forget the fruit it gave to us before it went into the Silence for a season? All nature blends with the harmony of silence; all nature retires into the silence in due season, gathering NEW FORCE, NEW POWER, to produce the unfolding of spring, the emblem of happiness, life and love, yea my friend, we may meet again in the unfolding of spring, somewhere, some day. When man loses the way of smiling, empty and drear are the rooms of the heart. When the tapers of love burn low, it is as the darkness of night; it is then the soul sleepeth—forgetting.

AWAKE! Heaven's Artillery is sounding. AWAKE! Ah, there is the sentinel at the door watching; to sleep on duty is death; "Behold! Who goeth in before?" Man, it is thy brother.

INGERSOLL: "The meanest thing charged against the devil is that he led the children of men into temptation, and yet in the Lord's Prayer God is insultingly asked not to invite the king of fiends—lead us not into temptation."

LOTUS: "This particular phrase in the Lord's Prayer," says Ol'ah, "comes from a wrong interpretation. It should read 'LEAD US OUT OF TEMPTATION' in place of 'INTO TEMPTATION.' If the world is not satisfied upon this point let it investigate. It is

well worth the time and trouble, expense too, for that matter."

I am at sea as to Ol'ah's version; but it could be possible, you know. However, were it correct to the letter, I see no cause for comment, for has not God said: "The weak must suffer to be made strong"?

A mother teaches her child through the power of demonstration to resist temptation and desire. The child's attention is called to things detrimental to character and bodily comfort; the mother forbidding the child to touch the fire, let us say, telling him what the CONSEQUENCES will be if he disobeys. She lets the child alone, watching, waiting, to see whether he will obey her—or desire. The child succumbs to desire; the mother grieves, but comforts the child saying: "WHY DID YOU NOT OBEY MOTHER, SHE KNOWS BEST?" The child has been taught the evil of coveting things detrimental, and it has been taught the comfort that parental love brings when things go wrong. It is to me a beautiful and NATURAL phase of our Heavenly Father's guidance.

Had man no temptations to overcome, he would be a confirmed weakling, with no strength of character or determination, a fearful object of dependent charity. There would be no spirit of valor in the world, no inventive spirit to continually surprise and make our progress upon this plane more comfortable, more pleasurable; we would, in fact, be little less than creeping things.

There would be no pulsating world events to COMPEL the cooling drink at the fount of reason.

The echo of Heaven's Artillery will yet QUICKEN THE TRUTH WITHIN THE SOUL OF MAN, and he will RISE from the grave of ignorance.

INGERSOLL: "How can we lessen crime? In spite of all that has been said and done for the reformation of the world; in spite of all the forces of nature that are not the tireless slaves of men; in spite of all improvements in agriculture and mechanics; in every department of human labor, the world is still cursed with poverty and with crime. For many thousands of years man has endeavored to reform his fellow man by imprisonment, torture, mutilation and death, and yet the history of the world shows that there has been, and is, no reforming power in punishment. It is impossible to make the punishment great enough to lessen the crime.

"The question is, whether reformation is possible; whether a change can be produced in the person by producing a change in conditions? The criminal is dangerous, and society has a right to protect itself.

"The penitentiary should be a school; the convicts should be educated; the best men should have charge of the prisons; they should be philanthropists and philosophers; they should know something of human nature. The prisoner having been taught—we will say five years—the under-

lying principles of conduct, naturalness, harmony, virtue, the discord of crime, and having been convinced that society has no hatred, that nobody wishes to punish, to degrade or rob him; and being paid a reasonable price for his labor; being allowed by law to change his name, that his identity will not be preserved; he would go out of the prison a friend of the government and would have the feeling that he has been made a better man."

MATERIAL POWER

LOTUS: Handing a check of deceit with the pay roll would be a discredit to the man, a disloyal act towards the government and society. No man is a friend of the government who wears a false face to the judgment seat. Deception is not a stimulant to character building. All the teaching that could be drilled into a man of that caliber would lose its effect by permitting him to LIVE A LIE. One deceit breeds another. It would not be long until the man had a multitude of errors added to his crime.

TRUTH is the substance of happiness. Why send the man forth in UNTRUTH, thus shutting the door to a better future? If he CAN forget, let him; he has paid the price. Why send him groping through the dark dungeon of deception? "I am the WAY, the TRUTH and the LIFE." "LOVE THY ENEMIES." "Bless them that curse and despitefully use you." This is not written in the book of deception.

When we love, we protect; when we loyally defend, it is through truth, not error. A crown will topple and fall from a head that shakes from confusion. Show not "one of these" diversity of ways, lest it crumble the little happiness that MIGHT be the SALVATION OF SOULS. If we are numbered among the influential, let us use that influence to scatter the truth broadcast, until fields of great delight spring up before us, showing faces alight with His likeness and image.

Wavering truth must be replaced by a solid foundation, or our castles will topple and fall. Otherwise we hinder great forces in a cloud of mistrust and doubt, for who believeth a cheerful liar? His jocular hilarity brings confusion, and our purpose is incomplete.

SINCERITY is the key that unlocks the door that truth may enter; and keeps it unlocked. When truth, expressed in pure conscience, is the universal harmony of the world, prison doors will hang unlocked, cells will moulder in decay.

Hath not God told us this and more, hundreds of years ago? Man, why sleepest thou in the ignorance of thy will? The story of one official greatly appealed to me. He said:

"The day I was elected is one never-to-be-forgotten by me. I was riding along in my carriage, tipping my hat to my fellow townsmen, when I spied in the crowd a white faced man who, when we were boys together, I had licked. He looked up in my face, and between set teeth hissed,

‘My turn will come some day.’ This man had proven himself a failure. He had done nothing worth while for himself and everything against himself; yet, I could have put my arms around his neck (as I had done after I licked him) and said, ‘I didn’t want to hurt you, but you made me so dum mad, I just had to, Buzzard.’

“Later I was favored by helping Buzzard out of a very awkward situation. One evening, some time later, I was making a speech. I paused to take a drink of water; as I did so, I spied Buzzard in a box with several others whom I recognized as boys of my school days. I could not repress a smile that may have had a twinge of sarcasm; I could not help having a little repugnant feeling toward the fellow who had had every advantage and taken none. From his childhood days up Buzzard had been surrounded by plenty—luxury, I might say—and the tender love of a wonderful mother. A quiet unassuming father had stood with tears in his eyes watching his make-shift son do nothing. And yet Buzzard brought to my mind some of the happiest days of my life—my school days.

“I turned to face my audience with all the fire of youth surging in my veins. The audience rose to its feet; it shouted, it cheered, waved hats; but above it all the voice of Buzzard—‘I GOT YER.’ Later, when the fight was over and I was safely installed for another term, I said I GOT YER! I shook the hand of Buzzard with a grasp that no man ever mistakes. Buzzard

had worked hard in my behalf; some of the fire of youth that I had felt seemed to spring into his veins and make a MAN OF HIM.

“My second term was one of still greater responsibility. I GOT YER was my watchword, my stimulant; it thrilled me; it was my inspiration. I longed to go back to the football games and kick Buzzard’s shins, I grew so elated over I GOT YER. I spent many sleepless nights during my second term, but I would always cry out with the dawn, I GOT YER!

“A friend returned to us through the valley of hate is worth a multitude of THREE CHEERS FOR KELLY! WE do not know how many powers there be in the wake of our influence, but I would rather have one friend returned with I GOT YER! than to have thousands won by THREE CHEERS FOR KELLY.”

INGERSOLL: “By the homestead laws a home of a certain value (to a certain extent) is exempt from forced levy of sale, and these have done great good; undoubtedly they have trebled the homes of the nation. I wish to go a step further: I want, if possible, to get the people out of the tenements; out of the gutters of degradation to homes where there can be privacy and where these people can feel that they are in partnership with nature; that they have an interest in good government.

“Nothing is more important to America than that the babies of America should be born around the fireside of homes. I wish that this state-

ment would take root and grow, turning some of the hundreds of acres of uncultivated land into thrifty homes, whose tenants are men, women and children."

LOTUS: No one who has not stepped from the door of a prairie home into the wonderful moonlight can fathom the depths of being at HOME WITH NATURE.

Go through fields of grain by foot and FEEL THE THRILL IT BRINGS. Go through the fields at sunset, BRING THE COWS HOME, see what a pulsating feeling of Joy comes home with you, just happy to be alive to the responding chords of nature. Turn as you go and look towards the city where people pay from twenty-five to one hundred for one, two, or three little holes in the wall, where impatient feet resound overhead, where the clash of discord comes from all quarters in street and building. Compare this with a home in the country or suburbs where nature sings from morn till night, where fragrant blossoms nod you welcome, where the scent of fresh cut grass lulls you to slumber. Listen to the locusts, the bees; how CLOSE TO GOD WE COME WHEN WE ARE OUT IN THE GREAT OPEN.

We burrow a little apartment, and then the LACK of life itself until we learn to APPRECIATE the little things we bring into these little apartments; something from NATURE, something from the GARDEN OF GOD. When we DO learn the value of these and place them

within these little rooms, in peace and quietude of soul harmony, and DREAM ourselves in the open, we are better enabled to reap the good in life.

We have to have these little holes in the wall to accommodate those who toil and labor, and those who do not. Every one of his kind must have shelter in a place where he can live, or exist, as the case may be. BUT, it is a lack of knowledge of the things in the Garden of God that makes these people exist only. Were they to elevate their mind to the heights wherein is found the REAL, they would not exist only, and there would not be so many sweltering in the tidal waves of material indifference to the LAWS of God and Nature. These would seek homes in nature, no longer finding happiness in the humidity of sin and indifference. Some homes hold the thrill of nature in their very beams; and some never know aught but the discord of ugliness within and without.

Homes are made by women, sought by men, appreciated by children. Woman, thou hast a NOBLE calling; let the following be in pure conscience.

Children should be reared in an atmosphere of flower vibrations flowing through the soul of those who surround and care for them. The exquisite refinement of harmonious love will enliven and quicken a natural growth in children that will be as an outlet for latent talents that might otherwise lie dormant and useless.

I want to add here a little story of a cabin home among the colored race, which beckoned harmony in all things until it became a HAPPY REALITY. A theme of material power. A home, though humble, in which those of greater wealth might have found a bit of truth over which to rejoice. We find our examples in the little golf holes, where men have enjoyed or been disappointed in the game of life.

Tom was a prosperous colored fellow, in his humble way. I could but wonder why he was always smiling, always singing. I remarked this to a friend. "Oh," she said, "it is the nature of all darkies, they just don't seem to care." I told her that I did not think so in Tom's case; there must be some logic somewhere. I strolled over to the neat little home; the yard was bright with flowers; the house shone white and clean. The happy wife asked me if I would come in and have a cool drink of milk. I thanked her and asked to see Tom.

"Yas-em, Missy, anything wrong?"

"No, and yes. I am all wrong inside, Mandy; I want to see Tom."

Mandy, spick and span in her starched blue print, rushed out to Tom, who was busy with his chickens.

"Tom, oh, Tom, Missy Julia don come to see you all, and she am wrong inside. Heah me, Tom; you come on now!"

Tom came in, panting from his run: "Missy Julia, Missy Julia, what am de mattah?"

“Tom, I want you to tell me how you became such a prosperous business man.”

Tom sat down in a near-by chair, wiping the perspiration from his face, looking quite disgusted.

“Now, Missy Julia, I done to’t youse all sick. Howevah: ef you all had a dollah and a dime and de Lo’d don come along and say, ‘Tom, you gib me dat dollah, I needs it for de poah, you all keep de dime.’ ”

“Yes, Tom, go on.”

“You all s’posin’ I’s’e gwine keep dat dime hangin’ round till I done gits ti’ed lookin’ at it? NO, SAH, I AIN’T. I’s’e gwine to buy eggs an’ set ma ol’ hen, an’ profit, I is.”

“But, Tom, you can’t buy but two eggs for a dime these days.”

“I done know dat, but one of ’em is gwine hatch, and dat chicken gwine bring a dollah an’ seventy-five cents, ain’t it? I done got my sta’t dat way, Missy Julia. An’ when de Lo’d comes back, I’ll gib Him TWO and have JES’ SO MUCH CREDIT IN HEBEN—AN’ JES’ SO MUCH IN MA BACK YA’D: SO I’S’e SAVED BOTH WAYS.”

There was nothing wrong inside when I left Tom, even though he did forget to mention that he did hauling for a living. It was not the hauling that paid for his little home and lot, and the little garden plot on the side that Mandy worked out her blue prints and starching in;

nor was it the hauling that put over seven hundred chickens in his back yard.

Let us walk home through the meadow and think WHAT IT WAS, while Tom's father, the faithful old Tom, and his Massah, await us for tea. Old Tom had not taught Tom, Jr., to be a slacker in the Garden of God, even if he did not fully trust the Lord to keep his secrets.

INGERSOLL: "Let every human being, within the limits of the possible, be self-supporting; let everyone take intelligent thought for the morrow; and if a human being support himself and has a surplus, let him use a part of the surplus for the unfortunate; and let each one, to the extent of his ability, help his fellow man. Let him do what he can in the circle of his own acquaintances to rescue the fallen, to help those who are trying to help themselves, to give work to the idle.

"Let him distribute his words of wisdom, of cheerfulness and hope. In other words, let every human being do all the good he can, and let him bind up the wounds of his creatures; and at the same time put forth every effort to hasten the coming of a better day. This, in my judgment, is real religion. To do all the good we can, is to be a saint in the highest and noblest sense. This is to be really and truly practical. To relieve suffering; to put the star of hope in the midst of despair; this is true holiness; this is the religion of sense. The old creeds are too narrow, they are not for the world in which we

live. The old dogmas lack breadth; they are too cruel, too merciless, too savage. We are growing grander, nobler.

“The firmament inlaid with suns is the dome of the real cathedral; the interpreters of nature are the trees and holy priests. In the creeds are all the truths that have been uttered, and the real litany will be found in the ecstasies and aspirations of the soul; all dreams of joy, all hope of a nobler and fuller life. The real church, the real edifice, is adorned and glorified by what art has done. The real choir is all the thrilling music of the world, and the star-lit isles have been, and are, the grandest of every land and clime.”

LOTUS: There can be no stronger advocate of nature's thrills, no one who more THOROUGHLY enjoys the HIGHEST AND BEST IN NATURE, than myself; and yet, it is soundless to those who omit the substance of God in it. It is the Divine that makes all the music.

Light the seven lamps. Ingersoll says so much that is beautiful, it is almost a shame to wipe it off the slate, nevertheless, we must see beneath the varnish. All of the virtues that have been pictured are but the reflection of the ten commandments. Why varnish them? Thou wouldst have us enter a cathedral of the world, and not the TRUE CATHEDRAL that EMBRACES BOTH NATURE and God?

Religion is not built, it is inspired. The hand

that plays upon the harp of inspiration is spirit. We sometimes become imbued with exaltation when man has accomplished some great feat, and then relax into a stupor of wonderment. We need not wonder when God is in it; it is His power making itself manifest in His likeness and image. It is this that places man on the great plane of progression, enabling him TO DO unto others as he would be done by. Ecstasy of soul is the understone of spirit.

Happiness, my friend, comes from a Divine source; it is the essence of His presence expressing in things that go to make the world. It is the sublime knot that tethers the runaway conscience to the spirit of truth. It is found more often through some achievement that has required a greater amount of struggle and sacrifice than we THOUGHT we could have borne. The realization that God places not one burden upon man's back that he is not able to carry GIVES JOY; the fact that we have, of OURSELVES, learned to overcome is bliss. The realization that when we DO BELIEVE opens the way sometimes before the request has left the lips that uttered it, brings UNTOLD HAPPINESS, for in it is the quiet but potent power that sent vibrating through the world the mightiness of His will.

“Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the spirit of God. Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the

flesh is of God; and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and this is the spirit of anti-Christ whereof ye have heard that it should come, and **EVEN NOW ALREADY IS IN THE WORLD.**

“Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them; because greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. They are of the world, therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them.

“We are of God; he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know ye the spirit of truth and the spirit of error.

“Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for **GOD IS LOVE.**

“In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because God sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.

“Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that **HE LOVED US**, and sent **HIS SON** to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

“No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know ye that we dwell in Him, and He in us; because He hath given us of His spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son **TO BE SAVIOUR** of the world.

“Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath for us. God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

“Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment, because as He is, so are we.

“There is NO FEAR IN LOVE, but perfect love CASTETH OUT FEAR, because fear hath torment; HE THAT FEARETH IS NOT MADE PERFECT IN LOVE.

“We love Him because He FIRST loved us. If a man say, ‘I love God’ and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?

“And this commandment have we from Him; That he who loveth God, loveth his brother also.”

INGERSOLL: “Under the Mosaic dispensation there was no remission for sin except through the shedding of blood. The greater the sin the greater the sacrifice. Every priest became a butcher, every synagogue a slaughter house.”

LOTUS: The greater the crime, the more ASSUREDLY do we have to work to redeem ourselves, and others; not only that we may receive the crown, but in respect before the world. Sin demands blood; it is the law of cause and effect. LOVE demands sacrifice; it absorbs

the ego of self-conscience, regret and fear, leaving the limitless power in which and by which we may work out the salvation of those for whom we are sacrificing, bringing them into their OWN; bringing OURSELVES into greater power, greater understanding, through the DEMONSTRATION OF TRUTH.

When man ceases to LIVE FOR THE LITTLE SELF, he is demonstrating the power of spirit; the Divine within. TRUTH demands more TRUTH in return; hence the LIMITLESS POWER of sacrifice is demonstrated. The LITTLE self slays the lives, hopes and ambitions of others; it is a deplorable power that EXTINGUISHES THE LIGHT OF SOUL.

Jesus came to redeem us from the LITTLE self. He gave His life that He might, through the power of spirit, make easy the way for His loved ones.

Blood is the POWER of BIRTH, the POWER OF LIFE, the GATES AJAR, the MATERIALIZED EXPRESSION OF THE SPOKEN WORD. "If ye WILL receive, ye MAY receive." He who never sacrificed has never loved.

There is a beautiful memory that clings to the most of us; that is, the tender loving care and protection that was given us by father and mother in our GROWING DAYS. The fortitude with which they braved the storms of MATERIAL things was, at that time, but natural to us. Somehow we KNEW that they would tide us over. We had such FAITH in their ability TO

DO that we LOOKED for the overcoming; we, like old Tom, "just naturally KNEW they could do it." But when these same trials come to us in more mature years, we WONDERED at their fortitude, their strength; their faith in God; their faith in us; and their FAITH in themselves. And we loved them then, more than ever, because of the great understanding that had come to us in the years that we too trod over the thorns of material things. Why then strange that our Heavenly Father should weep for what He had HOPED we would be? "Jesus wept."

"And this is love, that ye walk after the commandments. This is the commandment: That as ye have heard from the beginning, ye should walk in it."

We have drifted far down the road in the ways of man; we see before us, behind us, and ahead of us, tenfold sacrifices; one of the ten is sitting under yonder tree. His eyes wander questionless over every passer by; the world calls him a TRAMP. Let us go back to the year 1896, August 5th. He and his wife sat grieving; their only son had killed his boyhood chum; the sentence had been Life Imprisonment; the mother wept. Jack had been the life of the home; ever willing to lend a helping hand, he was sadly missed. With love in his heart, the father had offered to serve in his son's stead, by death or penitence, but they told him—No, the son must serve time for his own sin.

That night the son began his journey to the state penitentiary. Part of the journey had to be made from this small town by shay. A figure moved in and out of the trees near the jail where Jack had been confined; two eager eyes never wavered from the door with its gruesome bars. Presently the sheriff and Jack passed through. The click of the lock told the tale of sorrow.

Jack was not handcuffed, as was the usual custom. The sheriff had said jovially: "He is such a slip of a boy; if he is bad, I will lay him across my knee." The town folk laughed; but deep within the sheriff's heart was a grief, kin to that of the father; he regretted deeply that he was the instrument to take this boy to a home of living death.

Jack was a favorite among the young people of the town; it was hard for them to believe him guilty; the sheriff's daughter had her wedding gown finished, the day was set; it was hard, far harder than the sheriff cared to admit, even to himself.

As the shay rumbled along to the little depot a form crept close, running in the shadows of the big poplars along the road. A tiny stone found its way to the horses' thighs, they started to run.

"WHOA, WHOA, THERE BESS, WHAT YOU TRYIN' TO DO? TOM, YOU STOP THAT PRANCIN'; be you losin' your mind?"

The sheriff, taken off guard, bent his efforts trying to stop the horses; he did not see a hand

laid quickly on the form of Jack, hurling him to the side of the road in the shadows; nor did he see another form quickly take his place.

"Are you all right, Jack?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer.

"Wonder what made 'em do that; see anything, Jack?"

"Yep, saw a shadder, sir, while back."

"That's it, then, GET EP, BESS, GET ALONG LIVELY, TOM, TRAIN'S COMIN'!"

A sprightly form stepped upon the platform by the side of the sheriff, the east-bound steamed away; a face youthful in its happiness beamed in that of the sheriff; a shaggy head of black hair fell over the forehead in youthful fashion. The sheriff was puzzled, but he laid the look of happiness at the door of RIGHTEOUS penance, and promptly forgot it. The work had been good; the wig man and the barber had played their part well; Jack was safe.

Years rolled by, a Trusty stood at the prison gate watching as the prisoners filed by one by one; a face caught his eye and held it in amaze, it was Jack!

What was he doing here? A father's heart sank within him, a son's beat wild; a loving glance passed between them; that was all.

A hand lay gently on Trusty's shoulder. "That was your son, Trusty; he has come to pay the price that you may not suffer the penalty allotted to those who deceive the law—imperson-

ating another." A shot and then another, startled the birds in flocks, who were anticipating crumbs from Trusty's generous hand.

"WHAT WAS THAT, SIR?"

"That—Trusty, my man, was the PRICE; your SON HAS PAID THE DEBT. Go, Trusty, be free in a world you have not known for many years; the Warden will give you your clothing."

Half crazed with grief, Trusty wended his way to the old home, from which he had been an exile so long. AN EXCITED KNOCK returned only the echoing hollowness of what might have been. WHERE WERE THEY, HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS? A great sob arose in his soul—WHERE WERE THEY—!

Seeing through the growing twilight and blinding tears someone working near the fence of what had been his own treasured garden, he called: "STRANGER, DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE FAMILY THAT LIVED HERE?"

"That house is empty," came like the bursting asunder of countless years.

"Be they gone?"

"Yes, stranger. The old lady died two months ago, the daughters have married and gone to another city to live; the son is in prison for life; the old man disappeared when the son was sentenced; nobody KNOWS WHAT BECAME OF HIM. I have in my possession a letter and a box that was entrusted to me by a young man. I was to give it to the man whom he described

to me; as you answer that description, I will give them to you. Wait, I will go and get them.”

Returning from the house, he handed them to Trusty. “I don’t know who you are, stranger, but here is the box and the letter, and these were my instructions.”

Taking the box and letter with trembling hands, Trusty cunningly ignored the query as to his identity, and left with “MUCH BLEGED, STRANGER.”

He was tired, it was growing late; he drew from his pocket the change the warden had given him when he left the prison. Looking about he saw a familiar word—TAVERN—he would go there and rest until he could think what to do. Tears would come, and the world—did not understand.

Paying his two-bits, he followed the man to the little room under the eaves. He could smell the honeysuckle; it brought vividly before him his Ruth; for it was here, in this little tavern, they had spent their honeymoon. A wistful smile played about the features of Trusty as he bade the clerk good night.

Trusty forgot he had had no dinner; he lay down on the clean white bed; the honeysuckle would surely lull him to sleep; but sleep and its blessings refused. He sat up, leaning on one elbow, and lit the candle by the little bed, drawing the box and letter from under the pillow. It was burning his very soul; he could resist it no longer, though he dreaded to open it, fearing

its contents. His eyes fell upon the familiar handwriting of Jack. "He always could write good and plain," he murmured, and then:

Hollow Wood, May 18.

"DEAR DAD:

The last letter I shall ever write from our old Hollow Wood home; but mother no longer needs me; you deserve freedom in your old days; and I am going TO PAY THE PRICE.

I sold the house and lot and made a good bargain; you can live in comfort on the proceeds the rest of your life. I knew you would not care to live there now, and I also knew that they wanted to buy it. Times have changed. The girls have gone East. They married well, and are ashamed of us, Dad. They do not want us ever to come around them. It can't be helped; we will just have to let them go. Don't grieve for me. I am GLAD that I CAN make you happy and comfortable in your old days.

It may be some comfort to you to know that I killed Ted in self-defense. We were good pals, but Ted had a temper, as you know, and it hurt him to be called a Redhead. I was wrong in teasing him. Out of just that ONE thoughtless little remark we have all had to suffer; death, penitence and disgrace! Strange, isn't it, Dad, that out of such LITTLE things such horrors sometimes grow?

After you threw me out of the sheriff's shay I went to Thornton, Ted's brother, and confessed all. He said: 'Never mind, Jack; live

here with us; I'll get you a job.' But I told him there was mother. He said: 'Yes, I know. Make up old, Jack, like her brother or something, and I'll get you the job anyway.'

He did, in the mill, and one day I got a chance to pay him back; he got caught in the belt; but I was quick and caught him before it turned him in; and he was mighty good to mother and me after that. So it's all right. I made a good bargain on the place.

SO LONG, DAD."

A great sob filled the little room. Someone knocked on the door. "Are you sick, Sir?"

Trusty snuffed the candle and snored loud and long. It seemed like years as he sat there in the moonlight looking out beyond the honeysuckle vine to the great BEYOND where his loved ones dwelt; and then: "OH, I CANNOT STAY HERE! I WANT NO BED; I WANT NO TAVERN; I want God's great NATURE. I want the BIRDS, the TREES, the STARS, the BEASTS, who love without questioning WHAT YOU ARE, what you've BEEN."

He turned and again lit the candle, took an old handkerchief, tied up the box, threw it over his arm and slipped out into the night. Someone said as he passed: "An early riser, Pard." "Aye, Aye," murmured Trusty, half consciously, and disappeared like a dream through the night.

Yes, Jack had made a good bargain. He would not have to beg; a fortune lay snugly tucked away in the little box; no one would know.

As he wandered along he raised his eyes to the great heavens above and silently offered a prayer that he might DO as his Saviour had done, —heal the sick, lead the blind, feed the hungry, help those who, like himself, had suffered.

And thus we found him in various parts of the earth, binding the wounds of man and beast, fathering the young. The spirit of Christ dwelleth in the heart of many a weary traveller the world calls a tramp.

“I am just waiting to be towed along, standing on the brink of—Happiness.”

JUST WAITING

Ah! little bird, I have thee now,
I'll hold thee tight, too, I vow,
No need to flutter, I knowest thou.
Thy heart beats fast, little bird,
By crumbs to my window lured.
Ah, fluttering thing, 'tis I that's power now,
Dost think it not so safe as yon hay mow?
Ah, I open my hand, poor fluttering thing.
Go to thy nestlings thy crumbs to bring.

I am no monster, seest thou?
I would not harm thee, I vow!

Go to thy wee ones in their nest,
Go, while I sit here and rest,
Go, bird, while I dream on—and on—
Of days that might have been as thy song.
Nay, when my loved ones needed care,
I was held prisoner over there;
In the vulture's treacherous claws—
The unchangeable depths of effect and cause,
That o'erwhelm man, reason and laws.

Little bird, on wings so fleet,
Would I could thy spirit meet.

Yea, bird, fly home to thy nest, lest some pest
Sweep down and destroy thy nest,
Go, bird, to thy wee ones, and be blessed.
By the peaceful winds caressed—
While I with wounded heart laid bare,
Stand on the brink of the river fair,
Just waiting—to be towed across,
That I may find what I have lost.

Held by His merciful hand
In that glorious heavenly land.

Sacrifice slumbers in the GREAT soul. We know not in whom it may be slumbering, nor in whom the great POWER is WORKING for the salvation of ONE OR MANY. Sacrifice does not harden the heart, but GLORIFIES love. Wherever there is glorified love, there is the presence of God; there is the tenderness of mercy, the strength of endurance that is the reflection of the Christ life. As earthly blessings are temporal, what matters it whether the reward be now or then?

So many have said, still say, I had rather take my chances here. This is one thing over which man has no control. God holds in His hand the chance; there is nothing to fear. "GOD IS LOVE." It shows a good bit of COWARDICE for man to say I had rather take my chances here. A poor soldier, indeed, that stands on what he thinks the safe side, taking his chances there, while his brothers move on IN

GREATER FAITH IN HIM WHO WATCHES, quickening the power within, taking their chances AS MEN. It stands to reason that those who say I had rather take my chance here, FEEL they have not fulfilled the law.

The LITTLE self is not a good principle through which to work, nor a competent judge of good. As it is electro-negative it comes in contact with the chemical substance of evil, or the substance of obsession, evil spirits, devils. To become electro-positive—having the properties of becoming positive—electrified by contact with pure spirit, man is enabled to assist his greater nature to develop perfection in truth; hence good and evil, God and devil.

The scientific truths in the Bible prove again and again the fact that electricity is directly connected with Divinity. It is the REFINEMENT with which man MEETS the spirit of purpose in the Bible that enables him to PENETRATE the truth in the HIGHEST SENSE of HARMONY and sweetness that can be FULLY REACHED in DIVINE UNDERSTANDING. Thus we become attuned, as breeze meeting breeze, as song meeting song, as harmony meets harmony, as sweetness meets sweetness. We CANNOT obtain the whole truth unless we DO refine our senses to meet the sublimity that goes beyond material sense.

Spirit and truth embrace ALL, the substance, the body and the blood. We have too long sought truth without cultivating spirit. Spirit is the truth in all things. There is a lot more in the

Bible than man has ever gotten out of it as yet. The time is coming when the FRUITS of the Bible will be harvested; and then, what HAPPY HARVESTERS! How well man will sleep, resting from the hot sun of material labor, inhaling the fragrance of the bountiful, resting in the shadow of His wings.

The morning dawneth; wait, watch, hope and pray. And this is the refinement of soul vibrations in which worketh the power of the celestial, enabling soul in man to feel a like vibration springing towards him from the soul of things, in which happiness abounds.

INGERSOLL: "Keep the devil out of children."

HAPPINESS IN THE HEART OF A CHILD

LOTUS: Too much stress cannot be placed upon the WAY of truth in teaching children right and wrong. If the child has ideals, they are but the truth within struggling for expression. Help the child to express them; help the child to ENNOBLE, EXALT these ideals, refining them in PURE conscience. Quiet reserve does not always mean refinement; it sometimes covers a secret motive, caressing as a cat's paw, as hissing as a serpent trapped unawares. TRUE refinement is that of PURE spirit; the Divine expressing in man. In the Divine is harmony; when harmony is permitted to express itself in the fullest sense, there can be no discord in actions or in motives, for like an attuned instrument, it waits for the hand that sends it into expression.

The Divine hand is the hand that sends the music through the soul of one into another, finding an harmonious response in those who are alike attuned. The Divine expressing in man knows no affectedness; on the contrary, it is NATURAL simplicity, NATURAL sweetness. The hand that grasps ours with whole-hearted honesty, is the hand we may trust. The hand that lies passive in our own, is the hand that FEARS THE POWER of others. True refinement is WHOLE-HEARTED LOYALTY EXPRESSED IN THE BEAUTY OF SPIRIT, WHICH IS MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

I am happy when I meet a friend face to face. I am happy when, like finest lace, his PURPOSE blends with the Divine. I am happy when he takes my hand, for in it is a quiet command for that that's in mine own. I am happy when I see unaffected loyalty. I am happy when I see tender grace that breathes of spirit, unaffected royalty. I am happy when I see God SHINING THROUGH A SOUL unsullied by unreality.

Ideals are a current of Divine wisdom enlightening a darkened mind, or a developing mind, creating spiritual light. Children are all, or nearly all, taught, directly or indirectly, to fear the consequences of evil. That is not the point. Children should be taught there IS NOTHING TO FEAR WHEN GOD IS PRESENT; and to strive in PURE SPIRIT to overcome evil with good. A child should never be taught to fear, but to hold calm uprightness of heart. There is

no need to fear when we are living in pure conscience. This should be explained to them, exemplified to them, in every way possible. I had rather teach a child the beauty of life than to fear life. The beauty of life lies in the expression of PURE CONSCIENCE. Fear is a wonderfully chaotic power.

Old Tom says: "You all jes' say de debil am in me today, and suah enough de debil am theah: but you all say, 'Debil, you all jes' go on behin' me,' and he's boun' to 'spect you all fo' knowin' he's 'roun' and won't hab nothin' to do wid him. He ain't gwine take possession of me; NO SAH! He ain't gwine to move in an' tell me to move out, NO SAH! Dis habitation am foh God an' nobody else!"

This is the logic of Ole Vir-gin-ie, and it might grace a throne.

In happy hearts there is a continual singing, a continual philosophy, defining Happiness.

CHAPTER V

NATURE AND THE SOUL

NATURE in man cries out for the BEST IN MAN; it invariably sends forth the sweet strains that NATURE HOLDS within its sacred realms. In some sweet way it finds its OWN, and expresses through the SOUL OF MAN the highest degree of supreme excellence IN MAN.

Error or ignorance may, for a time, close the portals to harmony of the soul, the VERY LIFE of supremacy, but it will eventually find expression, an outlet through which to work. This invariably comes through the Divine vocation of SOUL IN THINGS. There is an ever beckoning call from the SOUL OF NATURE to the soul of man. The response comes when man begins to long for the BETTER side of life, the GREAT side, where the supreme spirit dwells ABOVE the storms of agitation in serene and tranquil spirit; the life that leads through optimism into fields of affluence and luxuriance; the life that does not live for SELF ALONE, but for the edifying of mankind.

It is a great part of human nature to long for recognition when we accomplish something we deem worthy of our BEST efforts. It is only just attribute; and yet, the ATTUNED heart sings on if it finds NO response from the world, for it KNOWS that in the realms of the REAL, where

angels dwell, it WILL be recognized and valued accordingly. This is the expression of legitimate nature in man, the KNOWING, the LIVING, as the lilies of the field, in natural worthiness, the VERY archetype or prototype of DIVINE EXAMPLE.

There is nothing to fear from the world; man is bound to glean something from a life so lived, whether the world recognizes his efforts or not. It is what WE get out of things that counts, what we are able to understand and apply to our use, and the use of others, spiritually and materially. It is indeed more than passingly strange what LITTLE THINGS turn the tide in lives, both great and small. The silent though potent call of the Divine finds response in the heart, soul and mind of man when it is enabled to penetrate the FEELINGS OF MAN, and this is more often found in the little EVERY DAY things that appeal to the comfort and welfare of man; things we call necessities, pleasures, and things that compel us to ask WHY they must exist. To bring forth a query in mind of things we cannot account for, is to call attention to God. When man is puzzled he invariably asks WHY? This appeal turns towards expression, and eventually some elevated moral development, which is included in self education, in the fullest and noblest sense. The heart attuned grasps the PURPOSE, and no longer asks WHY, but turns to the great PRINCIPLE, LIFE. He walks to a near-by tree, mighty in its power of growth; what kind of life? He murmurs: AH, IT IS DIVINE LIFE,

a SUPREME FORCE, regenerate life. He exclaims in wonderment; this great LIVING TRUTH expressing in such natural simplicity from the Godhead, WHY THAT IS DIVINE LIFE, and it is PERSONAL because it is sanctified to ONE PURPOSE. Divine life IS personal, because it expresses in each INDIVIDUAL THING and PERSON, according to the needs of the person or thing. Thus we see Divine power, life, is both UNIVERSAL AND PERSONAL, because it is the SUBSTANCE OF ALL, IN ALL, and because it quickens each individual or thing that harmonizes with its CREATIVE, CONSTRUCTIVE, QUICKENING POWER. It is the SUBSTANCE OF LIFE; it is electromagnetic FORCE that calls forth a responding expression in things animate. It is personal, it is universal, is Divine, hence it embraces all. "I in you and you in Me." And thus our purpose is sanctified by seeking the SOURCE of the ideal. Intent is made more profound by the enlivening, quickening power that comes when honest purpose is the center of motive.

I never look within the heart of one of the little flower immortelles without harking back to the time when in Lourdes there existed a prince who sought the counsel of many wise men in the hope of finding some method by which he might exalt his name. Discouraged with the outcome, he wended his way through the grotto, past the shrine of OUR LADY OF LOURDES, to his own little garden where he wandered carelessly swinging his walking stick from side to side, tearing

from the mother plants many beautiful blossoms. Weary of people and the world at large, he sat down upon a bench near which grew a Lotus tree. "Ah, tree; they say those who eat of thy fruit wander in lands of dreamy forgetfulness." So saying, he reached forward to obtain one of the fruit that he too might wander in strange lands, when he beheld, lying near his feet, a little immortelle he had so ruthlessly struck from the mother plant, seemingly mocking his weakness, so bright, so full of life did it seem to be, while other blossoms lay near bruised and apparently dying. Time had lost all interest for the prince, but the flower—the flower had not. Long he sat dreaming, long he marveled; as though charmed, he drew it lovingly to him, and then crossed the path to the side of the gardener, who had been working near by.

"Gardener, WHAT IS this flower?"

"That," said the gardener, "is the prince of flowers. It lives many moons without losing its beauty, form or coloring."

"WHY SO?" cried the astonished prince.

"That, your Highness, I cannot answer; it takes older heads than mine to answer. But perhaps the old mother can answer thee."

The prince followed the gardener to the little cottage where he and his old mother had lived since he could remember. Seeing the approach of the prince, the old dame attempted to rise, but the prince gently placed her back on her seat.

"I have come to ask favors, not to seek salaams, madame. Pray tell, WHAT IS this flower?"

"That," said the old dame, "is an immortelle, as golden as your heart's fondest hope."

"And to think," said the prince, "it cared not one whit that I had so ruthlessly abused it!"

"Aye," sighed the old dame, "be seated, and I will tell to thee the legend of the immortelles."

"Thank thee. Long hast thou served me, old dame; I knowest well thou wilt not fail me now."

"Aye, prince; many years ago I trotted thee on my knee and told thee stories of yesteryears."

"Once upon a time there lived a nobleman who came from Ma'metz, was introduced to, and fell in love with a beautiful princess. But when he sought her hand in wedlock she cried out unto him: 'When thou canst fetch me a flower that THOU HAST CULTIVATED WITH THINE OWN HAND, one that will live for many moons after it has been plucked from the mother plant, I will give thee my hand in wedlock.'

"'But,' cried the lover, 'such a plant could not be.'

"'Thou hast my answer,' cried the princess; 'GO.'

"The lover wended his way to the Lodge, where he lay down upon the green. 'I will lie

here,' cried he, 'and look at the moon, the stars, that watch between my love and me.' A fairy touched him with her wand: 'What sayest thou, wan lover?' 'I said the moon, the stars, would watch between my love and me,' sighed the lover. 'NOT SO,' cried the fairy; 'let Mizpah be thy watchword, thy star by night, thy moon, and thou wilt soon find that thou seekest.' 'Aye,' groaned the lover, 'it does not exist, unless, perchance in some strange land. Ah, little fairy, I will away. *Au plaisir de vous revoir.*' 'N' importe,' sighed the fairy, and was lost in the shadows of night. With the dawn the lover awoke, placed his pack upon his back and journeyed to America. After a year he stood at the entrance to MALVERN HILL.

" 'Halt! Who goes there?'

"Quiveringly the lover told the guard his tale of love.

" 'It must be the immortelle you seek, stranger; wait.' Calling a near-by private, he ordered him to bring to the now wondering lover a sprig of the little immortelles that grew near. The private returned, bearing root, branch, blossom and all. 'Take it,' cried he, 'and may the Lord watch between thee and me.'

" 'HALT! Who goes there?' rang in the stillness as though no heart throbs had told tales of love.

" 'Me,' answered the lover,—'Me.'

" 'ME—me! Little you know of the ways OF

OUR GREAT AMERICA. Begone, I say. Me—Me, O, HA HA!’

“Bewildered, little understanding the duty of guards, or the pathos that hides the heart of sympathy, the lover again wended his way to the sea, where he and the little immortelle found passage in the steerage. A few weeks later he knelt at the feet of his love, holding before her the little immortelle.

“‘And didst thou cultivate it?’ asked the princess. ‘Nay, but I sought it in strange lands, having to sail home to thee in a steerage, so late was I in obtaining passage.’

“‘Pooh!’ cried the princess; ‘Look thou here’; and she threw wide the gate to her own little garden in which grew hundreds of little immortelles. ‘Thou didst seek afar for that which my own had tended, and lay upon my heart. Thou art a fool, man; away, I will have none of thee!’

“The lover drew the saber from his belt and thrust it through his heart, crying the while ‘Dieu vous garde.’ But the Princess had fled to her own little garden, where she died of a broken heart.

“The flower thou holdest, your Highness, is the reflection of jealousy. Pardon an old woman, prince, but thou art restless. Seek not afar off for peace and honor; it lieth here, in thy OWN LOURDES.”

In Lourdes there LIVES a prince who works out his ideals for the welfare of those who

kindle their fires with the fagot of impatience. Over the gate of the palace there is engraved:

“En DIEU est tout.”

It matters not through what channels NATURE beckons to the SOUL of man, it is the redeeming factor in which His Likeness and Image is magnified. God's ways reach us through LITTLE THINGS to configure greater. The child in the crib, noting the uprightness in nature, longs to walk erect also. This yearning soon finds expression; the whole soul cries out GO AND DO LIKEWISE, and behold it is done.

The sweetest song ever sung is voiced by the invisible force IN NATURE. The celestial choir sends its sweet strains through the lightning strokes to the little cricket, who carries its fiddle on its hind legs, rejoicing when loved, playing harder when appreciated. It fiddles away, never seeming to grow weary, while insects dance, and man—entranced by the romance—seeks his mate.

Our lives are much as the waves of the sea. Flowing through them is song, beauty, harmony, love and poetry. These come close, licking our feet, and retreat again into the night, only to return once more with the dawn of each new day, in great billows of little opportunities that make transactions possible, through which man and the world are united in the great bond of NATURAL PRODUCTION. When we learn to grade the soul in the school of effort, when we learn the VALUE of understanding the NA-

TURE that harbors the soul, a certain dull grind will be obliterated, and the harmony that is the keynote in nature will find quick response in the lives of men. Then will the world be a HOME of culture that will infuse itself in the NATURE OF THINGS and enliven them with greater power of beauty and worth.

When true beauty is expressed around us, it creates a desire to be like unto it, and thus we lessen vibrations that grate and fill the soul with contentment and better judgment, and INDIVIDUALLY CREATE OR BUILD GREATER DESTINIES.

There never has been enough cooperation between instructor and parents in the lives of our little ones to BRING ABOUT the GRAND RESULTS OF NATURE AND SOUL. We begin in the home and end in the home, we might say, but there is always the gentle infusion of OUTSIDE CONDITIONS that take GREAT PART in our lives and education, that may be made great opportunities, or vice versa. If we will but learn to meet the infusion of outside influences, and teach our children how to meet them, we will greatly lessen the DANGERS of influences. The quiet demand for right and justice is only nature asserting itself in the power of recognition. There is a certain light that shineth forth from the soul of the spiritual man that DEFIES CHAOTIC CONDITIONS. Therein lieth the SUPREME FAITH that cannot be mown down by the HARDNESS OF THE BUSINESS WORLD.

PURE conscience is bound to bring returns that are satisfying. There is little need of compulsion when the MOTIVE RINGS TRUE.

The little dramas that play themselves into the affairs and lives of men with such disappointing and confusing effect, would be greatly lessened were man to admit the Divine supply of higher vibrations, thus obliterating the "stronghold" that things of a chaotic nature have. To let the mercy of God demonstrate its Divine invisible FORCE OF LOVE that holds through ALL, into our affairs and being, is to bring into our lives the GREATEST POWER OF EFFICIENCY. This deathless love and Divine power rejuvenates the intelligence of man and reinstates the spirit with HIGHER forces; opening the door to all that is GOOD FOR MAN; thus he opens the portals of his heart to the REAL.

There is limitless power in the real, limitless understanding of the real, which embraces nature and the soul. When the real is sought in ALL THINGS, there is unbounded joy in the realization that it ever has taken the greater part in our lives, having actual existence in the things nearest to us; the trees, the flowers, the birds; in everything, in fact, that is in our lives from the beginning unto the end. The thing is to FIND it; to appreciate it when found, and apply the truth in it to the principles by which we live.

Things animate and inanimate are but the substance of the real. Spirit is present in all

things, visible and invisible. Would we find and apply the beauties of life IN life, mankind would grow in spiritual triumph. When the sensitive side in nature meets the impressionable mind of man, there is a quickening, an understanding OF nature, and the real in nature, in which the notes of soul are sung in harmony with the Spirit that moved upon the face of the water.

It is a wee bit of heaven to realize the working power of spirit and its potent efficiency TO penetrate substance. To adhere strictly IN OBEDIENCE to the CALL of HIGHER INTELLIGENCE waylays the dramatic suggestion of material minds and makes the way clear. It is a certainty that when we seek the right source (God) we can have no idle dreams, but reality—the direct result of nature's dreams—"THE IDEAL MADE REAL." Idle dreams are blasting in their effect; they throw upon the surface things they do not create, and obliterate the otherwise perfect dreams, dreams that are a well-spring of GOOD RESULTS. We ought to be just as careful HOW we dream as we are how we live.

To dream the real is to build ideals; to live in spirit, or to hold before us the beautiful, is to enliven ideals that finally materialize. We must be careful HOW we materialize, and WHAT we materialize, or we may be greatly surprised at the results. Build not idols and worship them, but live in the spirit of truth; BUILD dreams and let them come forth to glorify HIS NAME,

thy life, and the lives of those who seek wisdom at thy hand. "Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice; and let men say among the nations, the LORD REIGNETH. Let the SEA ROAR, and the fullness thereof; let the fields rejoice and all that IS therein. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth. O, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy ENDURETH forever."

When we gather wheat we fill our bins with the substance of life; therein is found the sweet spirit of truth. Living in sweet accord with the substance of all fills every need. We learn to look at shallow things just as we look within the depth of the low but clear little brook. Just beneath the surface of the shallow waters is the working principles of LIFE. We see the little tadpole that by and by becomes a frog, which we learn to look for and listen to with so much pleasure. We cannot see the workings of animated existence calling forth the new life, or rather new form of expression in life, but experience, time, science and observation have taught us it IS there, and we are glad. We cannot see the germ in the egg, but we know it is there, and we look beyond to the little yellow chick running about so happily in response to the mother hen's cluck, cluck. We look beyond THESE and see the wonderful unity of nature and soul, see the chemical change called death, and we know there is no death, but resurrec-

tion. NATURE AND SOUL, O, YOU WONDER WORKERS, in which abound the substance of the real, the boundless JOY OF ATTUNEMENT.

Think you it strange God said, "GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD, AND CONSIDER HER WAYS"? Or that He called ants LITTLE PEOPLE? These "little people" build cities; they take into them the necessities nature and habit require. The difference in size, coloring and custom is about the same as that of the various nationalities of the human race. First: we have the little Indian ant that lives in the woods, builds its tepee among the leaves and bark of old stumps, gathering together the dry wild-flowers that grow in such profusion among the pine-trees. To dream here among these, is to recall the REAL—nature and the soul. And these are beautiful dreams, in tune with the HARMONY OF GOD'S PURPOSE. Not idle dreams, theoretical or imaginary, but the genuine concrete dreams in which spirit seeking spirit finds the truth, the understanding, of which God spake: "GET WISDOM, GET UNDERSTANDING, and SEEK YE THE KINGDOM FIRST and all things shall be added unto you." His kingdom is so full of wonders, so enlivened with possibilities, so quickened with truth, with life, that were we to seek all our days we would not find the end thereof. But the SUPPLY is given in these words: "ALL THINGS NEEDFUL shall be added unto you."

Then we have the little red ant, the true Americans, who are sticklers for caste, and very refined among their people. The little loves are coy, hard to please, hard to win, and socially inclined; while the lovers are much as the Knights of old, gallant, persevering and determined. Then, we have our little tramps, who live on the grubbage of bees' nests. The little foreigners that "come over" in sacks and boxes are not in love with America, and do not live long. The little Mexican ants do most of their work at night.

As a whole, they are a most interesting lot of "little people," well worth considering in our world of dreams, for in them is a certain kinship attuned to the Divine whole. It cannot help but make us very happy to know and see the working principles of Divine will in all God's creatures. In it we see so much that points to something BEYOND nature that expresses IN nature—controls nature.

We are, after all, much as a sheaf of wheat reposing in the quiet beauty of nature, waiting for the thrasher, not realizing to what great destiny our soul is intended. Nor can we bring ourselves to perfection until we submit to the thrasher of greater destinies—the SUBLIME SPIRITUAL FORCE that separates the wheat from the chaff. It is a time of up-to-date miracles. The power that produces miracles is continually working in and through our affairs, our body, soul and mind. It is a

part of the Divine whole, in which we are part-takers in no small way. We must have more faith in the power of the spoken word, if we ever hope to materialize pleasing conditions, and trustworthy things of import. We must have more faith if we ever hope to reach the perfection of the Divine ideal, the possibilities of mind over matter; or until we fully accept the fact that electricity IS directly connected with Divinity.

Why not? Electricity is the penetrating FORCE flowing freely from the DIVINE with its magnetic thermal chemical effects. It is the agency in which is the phenomena of life, hence retires into Divine Science—Evolution. When we DO fully understand, and have more faith in the power of spirit, avenues will be opened through which man may wander in the ways of God, in greater and lesser intelligences, in the power of things, in nature and the soul, and fathom the possibilities of them and IN them.

To materialize an ACTIVE REALITY in any hoped-for thing or expression of life, is to QUIETLY affirm HIS POWER IN ALL THINGS. We thus admit the spirit of truth to dwell within us richly. This is none other than reaching the Divine source where God is our supply and the power to work through that supply. There are those who rebel against the light; they do not know the WAYS THEREOF. "For the way of the Lord is RIGHT and all His works are done IN TRUTH,"

We find in the law of electricity as directly connected with Divinity, another law—that of Vibrations. These have taken, and do take, a great part in our lives. Take for example, the DIAL OF AHAZ. Much that enables man to attract enough Divine substance to himself in spiritual truth, while passing through this expression of life, lies in the simple little fact VIBRATIONS, in which the great principle “I DO BELIEVE” resounds. These words coming from the soul FILLED WITH LIGHT open the door to healing, quickening forces in nature. The inharmonious discord that rules the world today is ONE of the results of intemperate temperament. It vanquishes the good, hence man cries for the veil to be lifted; yet we cannot speak of the SUPREMACY of knowledge, until we have first sought the SOURCE of supreme and practical understanding.

Again, let us note that electricity is directly connected with Divinity and its POSSIBILITIES LIMITLESS. Electricity is a means of communication that enables us to fathom the depths of understanding, getting close to the soul of things, the soul of man, the soul of the world. Electricity exhibits magnetic and thermal effects, is active, spirited, the DYNAMO BETWEEN MORTAL AND DIVINE, SOUL AND NATURE. It is a play between electric positive and magnetic negative. As science claims that matter exists in space, it is easy to recognize the power of spirit working in and

through substance; the co-mingling of material and Divine vibrations. Vibrations from the ALL MIGHTY could not only turn the dial of Ahaz backwards ten degrees, but worlds. And this answers one more of Ingersoll's positive denials. To what LENGTH vibrations may carry us in time can only be imagined at this time. Vibrations coming from the ALL MIGHTY could remove or create worlds. What then have we to fear by seeking the Kingdom first?

Vibrations, my friend, are the powerful magnetic force that compels SOUL WAVES to respond to the MIGHTINESS OF HIS WILL. Divine vibrations reach the earth and miraculously turn the tide in affairs. New forces are set to work, new deeds enacted, new motives, new ideals inspired, materialized, and thus the earth is replenished. "I will replenish the earth," saith the Lord. It is well, at this point, to turn our attention a moment to the Deluge. The question of its purpose comes first in thought. This is soon answered by the above quotation: "I will replenish the earth," saith the Lord. God, in His Infinite wisdom, sought the relief of coming generations from the RESULTS of sin, sickness and diseases that were at that time so prevalent. "And God saw that the wickedness of man WAS great in the earth AND THAT EVERY IMAGINATION OR THOUGHT OF HIS HEART was only EVIL CONTINUALLY." EVIL thoughts, like Aaron's rod, a serpent turneth into. God said: "I will destroy MAN

from the face of the earth," but He did not say SOUL. He sought also to cleanse nature, purify the contaminating conditions existing in the world.

"Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations, AND NOAH walked with God."

Next we will deal with Ingersoll's works and queries as to the question of space.

"Rooms thou shalt make in the ark, and pitch it within and without with pitch." As the ark was 550 feet long, 91 feet, 8 inches wide, and 55 feet high—the ark being divided into three decks or stories—the question of space is greatly lessened; there would be many stowaways in such construction.

INGERSOLL: "At the top, one window 22 inches square; ventilation must have been one of Jehovah's chief hobbies."

LOTUS: This fact would proclaim the animals to be very young; the damp and chill of the flood would seriously affect young animals. It was rather a matter of protection than ventilation.

INGERSOLL: "What had these animals to eat on their journey? What did they drink? Of course, when the rains came the rivers ran to seas and the seas rose and finally covered the world with water. The waters of the seas mingled with those of the flood would make salt water. To find out how salt the water of the flood would be, take eight quarts of fresh water and add one quart from the sea."

LOTUS: I will let a little child answer this: "Dere is oder ways of dittin' water when it yains than dippin' it up; it tood be tot in yittle buckets from de yittle window at de top, toodn't it? Or somtin' hunged outside. Or it tood have a spout wid a stopper on de inside." The wisdom of children often gives us surprising little movie pictures that please.

Again, the very young could maintain life many more days than Noah was in the ark, on milk alone. The unclean are not usually classed as milk-giving animals, but it may have some weight in this case.

INGERSOLL: "Noah had to take food for all; how long was he in the ark? Three hundred and seventy-seven days. Think of the food necessary for those monsters of the anti-deluged world."

LOTUS: The stowaways in and about the ark could hold enough food, but the FACT is, that GOD HAD THE POWER TO APPEASE THEIR APPETITES.

INGERSOLL: "How did they keep the ark clean?"

LOTUS: There was probably some outlet drainage, as the little one says, "WITH STOPPERS TO 'EM." However, we will leave that to the imagination; fact is, these details were better attended to than our theories could ever picture.

These queries bring before us the little fact that man looks more to argument than he does to the BOW OF HIS PROMISE, whose reflection

shines through all things, great and small. We can never get to the soul of things through argument. SOUL IS THE INCORPOREAL NATURE OF MAN; in it is not debate, but TRUTH real and active. Ingersoll again turns us in the paths of little insects by asking, "Is it possible that an Infinite being would resort to such expenditures as to drive the Canaanites out of the country with hornets?" God sees the END thereof. The little hornets, vibrating with the WILL OF GOD, enacted it. Hornets are little things, yet they vibrate with the powers that be, ready to enact even for those who believe in them and do not fear. There is a certain little throbbing sense, whether it be hearing or feeling, that dominates these little insects we cannot fully comprehend, though we see the working. The little throb takes place in what Professor Hines would call "the truth center in man," where the umbilical cord is attached. The throbbing is plainly discerned with the naked eye; under microscopical test it is likened to a living nerve, only fuller, and a more tender mass of soft substance, which when throbbing causes various expressions of action—fear, revenge, or calm serenity—according to the conduct or attitude in mind of the investigator; proving them to be susceptible to suggestion, sensitive to will. When these little hornets are trained through kindness, they like it and will perform unasked, untutored, time and again. The female hornet seems to have a more docile temperament than the male, rather flirtatious,

but manageable, after their confidence is won. Both male and female have a certain devoted delight in each other that speaks loudly of insect wooing. The unbounded love that seeks its mate in all expressions of life. Hence, the Divine purpose of God working in and through "THE LEAST OF THESE."

In my own little laboratory of thought and investigation, I have found expressed love between male and female plants, trees and vegetation generally. There is in these a commingling of SUBSTANCE in which the power of love generates, and brings great perfection in the various expressions of plant life. I should not like to plant a flower garden without its loves any more than I would like to keep a bird that could never find its mate because of closed bars, and swings to elate their quiet hours with a little bit of joy. NAY, I want all that is MINE to abound in the FULLNESS OF NATURE AND SOUL; I want no tethered loves, no hopeless dwelling to be the portion of MINE; I want them to LIVE in the FULLNESS thereof.

Ingersoll says: "It would have been just as well for God to have spoken the Canaanites out of the country as to have spoken the hornets in." It is through suffering, through trials, ideal, that we are made to see that "WE, OF OURSELVES, CAN DO NOTHING." That is the greatest truth in personal efficiency; it is the LAW of life brought HOME. Attunement to conditions, place or thing, may be made perfect through the spirit of contentment, and will finally obliterate

the NEED of suffering, the truth made clear simplifies understanding. The Bible would be better understood and appreciated were we to study the nature OF THINGS GOD TEACHES THROUGH. In the course of time and events truth always performs its duty. Injustice will triumph as long as it is fed by greed.

THE EFFICIENCY OF GOD'S WORKS

When nature beams, there the omnipotent finger points to the purpose. "And thou shalt make a plate of gold and engrave upon it like the engraving of a signet 'HOLINESS TO THE LORD.' And thou shalt put on BLUE lace that it may be upon the face of the mitre; upon the front of the mitre shall it be." .

Colors have greater import than we sometimes think. Color is the REFLECTED MAGNETISM of nature. Again, natural things and spiritual things are inseparable. Colors have a peculiar FORCE radiating in and through substance. They absorb and reflect heat, cold, light; soothe, heal and compel, much as does spirit. It is well to remember that every cell in the human body is a well-spring of spiritual activity that makes more and more evident the fact, that colors HAVE varied and peculiar influences on the body, mind—and I might say—SOUL, of mankind. For soul IS COLOR; is light, essence.

Have you noticed the vapor rising above a field like unto a little cloud or heavy mist, when other near-by fields seemed clear and free? Did you liken the little rising vaporous cloud to

thought pictures ascending to God for judgment, or did you liken it to active intelligence, spirit that takes on the spiritual body with ease and enacts the **DIVINE EVERLASTING LIFE** in which is the **FULNESS** of nature and the soul?

We have the X-ray, the violet ray that will eventually teach man the **UNITY** of soul and nature.

We are greatly endangered when we "score one" on a new invention when we do not accept the **DIVINE WORKING POWER OF** spirit that has made these things possible. They will become a menace and not a blessing if we persistently ignore this fact.

God is in all things.

"I, of myself, can do nothing."

"All good things come from above." All good things, all great things, are **DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH DIVINITY**. To **REFUSE** the **DIVINE IN THEM** is to refuse their substance.

Colors have, and hold, a great part in things Holy, in things man has made, and things God has made; limitations in these, are past comprehension. If friction appears in color schemes, it is due to the inharmonious construction with which man places colors, or the inharmonious condition existing between man and his associates, in which the reflected coloring of things desired are unwholesome, untrustworthy or disloyal. The various phases of development shed their rays around us to quicken, heal, and enliven. It matters not what we do, the reflection

is **THERE** in the ether around us, felt by mortal, seen by spirit. Much as the shadow lies upon the rock, to warm, relieve, or chill; to quicken or kill any life upon the rock; as we **ARE** so shall it be.

Many have made light of the building of temples, the patterns for coats, the sewing on of buttons, patterns for the utensils used in the temples, the color of robes, etc., the countless little details the Bible goes into. It is the little details that **COUNT**, my friend; in them is not ridicule, but truth. The patterns given exemplify one of the greatest laws in nature—that of order and efficiency, harmony of purpose and attuned Godliness. These have been recommended to our use, sanctified by the word of God, and praise, hence made **HOLY**; the symbolic meaning of spiritual triumph. Unity with God; the expressive principle brought to bear by praise, works and faith, by letting life live in the **FULNESS OF LAW AND ORDER**; letting our purpose blend with the Divine color scheme in the realms of attunement. Just trusting the Master to keep our secrets. Keeping our color scheme within the bounds of the artistic and soul expressed truth, is unconsciously blending soul with nature, with the substance in nature, wherein man draws sustenance. It is not alone the man whose soul is filled with fear or tribulation that compels him to turn to his Creator; it is rather the natural response of spirit **IN** man answering the call from the Godhead.

Color oft sends a sweet perfume o'er our

senses. It is symbolic of youth and beauty; it harmonizes with some sense within our being which leaves the imprint of exalted joy; reaching some cell of spiritual activity, it flames forth in attunement with nature and soul. Colors we do not "take to" sicken, repel, leaving a gloomy feeling in their wake. These are out of harmony with our aura, as it were, our reflected shadow. Some perfumes create within us a great desire to DO something, much as the bugler sends a thrill of active desire to the youth who wants to JOIN THE ARMY, or something that will reflect in the world around him. As these run to art of soul for art's sake, they enliven with statutory effect, the color, life, existence, valor, honor, or integrity, the shadow on the rock; seen by spirit, felt by man, passed on in greater deeds; and, finally meeting its vibrate waves of truth, ascends, as incense upon the altar of reason; we become attuned to the BLENDING, and thus things are made HOLY. The beautiful symmetry of all things natural, fairly breathe the breath of perfume, light and color to those equally endowed with the same reflection; hence we understand more fully "AND HE BREATHED INTO THEM THE BREATH OF LIFE." Somehow when we think of the tabernacles of old, the mitre, the doors of Shittimwood, the engraving "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD," we expect to find the reflection in our today. Unconsciously we sniff the air for the sweet incense, of which "THOU SHALT NOT BURN ANY STRANGE INCENSE," only the

spirit of truth; fall upon our knees, and behold, the floor hath turned to gold, refined by the presence of the spirit that moved upon the face of the waters. We look and behold His image in coloring and art supreme, the rays of HIS SUN reflected through the substance of which the thing was created. We look again, and behold the door of Shittim-wood; a ray of red falls over the side—the reflection from Calvary; and behold! We see the color THAT REFLECTS upon the rock, the shadow of HOLY SACRIFICE; we bend and kiss the hem of His garment and REJOICE IN THE COMING OF THE LORD. Some well-spring within has burst asunder and we behold HIS LIKENESS AND IMAGE. The sweet perfume of HIS presence o'ershadows all.

Thus “DO WE ABIDE IN THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.” We plant in the heart the symbol sanctified to our use, as the men of old planted trees in the Desert of Sinai. It may take us, perchance, the four years to know their true worth. We cultivate every little expression of life, of use, of purpose, until we DO reap the reward of FOUR, which “is the most perfect of numbers—four corner or square”—the root of all things representing the power of producing and generating virtue.

If Adam had not fallen, and his shadow on the rock not reflected sin, it is well to question whether man would have been born in the carnal sense or not. But as Adam DID sin, and his reflection is still on the rock, and shame was

born, it stands to reason that, as man is born in the carnal sense, he must be redeemed in the spiritual sense. This would lead to another thought. Man is not endowed with the sins of Adam, but the INHERITANCE OF GOD. Though man has suffered from the FIRST CAUSE OF SIN, he is enabled, by Divine intelligence, to RISE ABOVE SIN.

So much has been said of the doves used for purification that I want to add my mite. It is not the dove or its feathers that purify, but WHAT THE DOVE STANDS FOR, which is PEACE. The blood of the dove is the life force; it is the substance of things, seen and unseen; it is the fount of life; hence we have the truth in it; LIFE AND PEACE, or LIVE IN PEACE. To live in peace is to sanctify not only the ONE, but the thousandth and one. It means SAVED, CLEANSED, it is the DIVINE PRINCIPLE FOR WHICH THESE THINGS STAND, the symbol of all that makes them HOLY, sanctified to one purpose.

Little emblems of the Real come to us like waves of inspiration. They bob up in our paths, and with their Divine purpose ringing in them, testify the power of nature and the soul. We never grow tired of looking at them; never grow weary of learning the simple but sweet lessons they teach. There is wisdom in whatever these little things teach us, whether they be animate or inanimate. However, animate things call forth an abundance of resources from which we may draw sustenance.

In expressions of the real we find an illuminating presence. Take for example the reflected color of soul, of being, of the physical. As we look we behold one of the most beautiful expressions of the real; it is the unbounded illuminating love of GOD blending His purpose for man, as the artist mixes his colors for some great masterpiece he HOPES will not be disappointing in effect. Little hopes, little fears, how many times you cause little tears from BIG HEARTS; little hopes from great souls; little smiles from lips of love; little emblems of the real, how many, many channels you pass through before you come to us!

Nature is a REDEEMING FORCE, reproduced by the SANCTIFIED PRESENCE OF GOD, in which HE PROVES THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE, and the marvelous REPRODUCTION OF SEEMINGLY INANIMATE THINGS. Nothing is inanimate WHEN GOD IS IN IT. God is life; God is light; God is love—the SUBSTANCE OF ALL.

Spirit is TRUTH; perfection is found in it. Nature, Oh, soul of Truth, what art thou but GOD!

NATURE'S PEACE

Oh, what peace, what comfort you bring,
When nature breaks forth, and begins to sing
ALL ABOUT; whispers of God's holy love,
Whispers His promise in the clouds above.
It falls as gently as the milkweed's fleece,
Whispering—PEACE—SWEET PEACE.

NATURE'S PASSION

Flowers are crushed, while the rain drops sob,
It is for a purpose, it comes from God.
Love never blights, that it doesn't bring
Something for which we afterwards sing.
The lightning stabs the heart of the earth,
The stars gleam forth at each new birth.
God's will in Nature ever rings true,
COULD it do less in the SOUL OF YOU?

Down in our field is an emblem of the real. It is strong, sturdy, and yet beautiful. It does not know what else to do, so it just LIVES on. We have the REAL with us always, but this PARTICULAR EXPRESSION OF THE REAL comes up every spring. One day a well-meaning but hungry horse stepped on it. "Oooooo, but it did HURT. It will hinder my growth," cried the emblem of the real—a little dandelion. "Please go away." The foot moved; little dandelion tried to raise her crushed leaves, but they were too weak, so she sensibly said: "Oh, well, it can't be helped. I will just bide my time and try again tomorrow." The sun was bright when dandelion awoke the next morning. She unconsciously stretched herself towards it. To her dismay, she found that some of her finest leaves had fallen off in the night, but as she was so sensible, she just said: "I will have more strength for the other leaves anyway." And so little dandelion kept on growing just as fast as she could. One day she was astonished to see a lot of little green buttons on her coat of green, when two ladies came along with a knife and a

bucket. Nearly all of the little dandelion neighbors were dug up and put in the pail; by and by it was dandelion's turn. The lady stooped, pulled her pail close to little dandelion, her knife glistened. "Oooooooooo," cried dandelion, shivering. "I will not dig this one, Grace. It is too strong; see, it has buttons on its coat; it would spoil the flavor of the more tender ones." So they left dandelion happily alone. "See," cried dandelion, "all my little neighbors have been taken to the cook's kitchen. It pays to have experiences, if they DO hurt sometimes. It was a near tragedy, I guess, but it was a good one." Time grew and grew into weeks. Dandelion looked at the buttons on her coat, behold they were GOLDEN. "The reward of patience, I guess," she murmured. And then one day the golden buttons disappeared, and in their place were great white pompons. "I am spirit now," cried little dandelion, "that's the way folks do. I am so lonely, I will just have to blow away by myself, I guess." Pretty soon another little spirit dandelion lit right in her midst. "Come with me," it said; "ours is an ideal trial." "Why, how is that?" said little dandelion. "Come on," cried the spirit dandelion, "let go THE OLD STALK and we can go on." So little dandelion blew away with the other little spirit dandelion. "Oh, isn't this LOVELY?" cried little dandelion; "I feel so light, and no old horse can step on me now, I can't be still long enough; I am going to light right on that old lady's hand." The old lady pulled

her glasses down over her eyes and exclaimed in pleasurable surprise: "The very finest specimen I have seen this year; I am going to take it home with me this instant!"

Little dandelion was destined to sit in the parlor under a big glass globe all the rest of her life and listen to Susan play the organ. "Oh what an ideal trial," cried little dandelion; "if the old horse hadn't stepped on me I would be—goodness knows where. I had far rather hear Susan play the old organ; her heart is in it, anyway."

By accepting the TRUTH in contentment, we rise above carnal sense. Art must have its dash of color to bring out the high lights and shadows. So with nature in man; it must respond ONLY to the harmonious that brings out the rich notes of soul in expression, and vibrating HYMNS in nature.

In nature there are no hard lines. Even the rock is softened by some sweet plant, leaf or shrub; the stones of the desert have the relief of butterfly wings, the blossoming cactus, the sparkling sands, reflect some note of color and magnify beauty of purpose. Not one note in nature is sung without its corresponding echo in things. There is always the little laughter beneath the still waters, the little thrill of happiness waiting for some expression to call it forth in song. The carnal attracts serpentine things—not the little ripple of happiness that man's heart longs for.

**A LITTLE CALL TO ART
IN THE BEAUTY OF THE OLD**

We look back through the dust of ages and see one of the great masters of old sitting just outside his door. His chair is tipped back against the lattice work upon which grow countless roses of a climbing variety. A pipe with a wonderful long stem rests in his hand; a merry twinkle gleams from his eye as he sees at the well near by HIS THEME. He bids it welcome; he dreams on and on; he LIVES A PICTURE the brush has not as yet touched. BY LIVING his theme he has WON one of the greatest of technical points—that of FEELING; the rest is easy. The little daubs of paint fairly spring to life; his heart, his soul is ON CANVAS, with no thought of the morrow, or where this living thing may find a price. His soul has LIVED and expressed itself in the fullness of beauty, of being created from the beautiful. MASTERS are those who DARE TO LIVE IN THE FULLNESS THEREOF. That is the secret.

It is not because it IS old that we value the old. It is the vibrating spiritual understanding that gives us light TO SEE the true VALUE in it; in other words, it is spirit meeting spirit. YESTERDAY will not return again. Let it go, and take with it the errors of ignorance, of self will. "LET THERE BE LIGHT." The power of the spoken word penetrates the NEW DAY with a new light by which we may "GET KNOWLEDGE, GET WISDOM, GET UNDERSTANDING."

Burn the atoms of regret upon the cinders of forgetfulness. When the fire burns low, they will have lost their power to consume our life forces by their habit of depriving us of our better judgment. LET THEM GO, AND LIVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW DAY. The pictures of the old masters are still upon the walls of memory; BUT IT IS THE LESSON THEY TEACH we take with us into the dawn of the new day. THIS IS THE ART OF LIVING; the call of the soul in nature. Every new day brings a new chance. Make the most of it.

INGERSOLL: "It seems to me that the first organized religious ceremonial was the worship of the sun. The sun was the first sky father, the all seeing, the source of life, the fireside of the world; the sun was regarded as one who fought darkness, the power of evil, the enemy of man. There have been many sun gods, and they seem to have been the chief deities in the ancient religions. They have been worshiped in many lands, by many nations, they have passed to death and dust. Apollo was a sun god, and he fought and conquered the serpent of night; Buldur was a sun god, and he was in love with the dawn; Hercules was a sun god, and so was Sampson, whose strength was in his hair. All of these gods had gods for fathers, and their mothers were virgins.

"The birth of nearly all was announced by stars, celebrated by celestial music, and voices declared that blessings had come to the poor world.

All of these gods were born in humble places; in caves, under trees, in common inns, and tyrants sought to kill them when they were babies. All of these sun gods were born in the winter solstice, on Christmas; nearly all were worshiped by wise men. All of them fasted forty days; all of them taught in parables; all of them wrought miracles; all of them met with a violent death, and all of them rose from the dead. The history of these gods is the exact history of our Christ. His is not a coincident, an accident. Christ was a sun god. Christ was a new name for an old biography—a survival—the last of the sun gods. Christ was not a man, but a myth; not a life, but a legend.

“I have found that we have not only borrowed our Christ, but that all of our sacraments, symbols and ceremonies, were legacies that we received from the buried past. There is nothing original in Christianity.”

LOTUS: We came into the Aeroplane, but we made kites first. There is always a beacon light burning from the Infinite that ILLUMINES THE REASON OF MAN. It is not strange, nor passingly strange, that man first sought Christ in the SUBSTANCE OF THINGS BRIGHT, LIGHT, PURE and POWERFUL. Man in the dungeon of carnal sense gropes towards the first ray of light penetrating the darkness. Christ opened the door of carnal prison when He came to ennoble and save mankind; hence the progression of man in spiritual truth.

Years before we had the automobile we had carts, wheelbarrows, engines, and then, acme of inspiration—then the REAL, and now we ride in THINGS we had never thought of possessing. It is the same with men of old. They sought Christ, yet they knew Him not. He made Himself felt ages before His coming.

Our greatest gifts of spirit do not come to us in bounds, but by the building of temples. The LAW must be made manifest; first the patterns given, and then BEHOLD, the SPOKEN WORD.

In applied reason, in applied science, the method of Christ was a scientific principle. He sought to relieve mankind of the burdens of ignorance; He sought to cast out devils of unreality, and apply reality—the most sublime theme ever materialized. The lifting of man from carnal prison, from FALSE worship, FALSE ideals, the placing before him the FREEDOM OF SPIRIT, was what Jesus worked for, died for. The scarlet memory left on Calvary exemplifies sacrifice.

So-called death is the quickening of spirit; the shedding of the old, the taking on of the new; it is a step into the sunshine of Afterwhile. Through sacrifice death is sanctified. Birth is the link that binds the material and the spiritual.

It is not strange that the birth of the Holy should come in the winter time, or that man and spirit should select winter as an emblem of birth. Frost and snow, falling as gently as the milkweed's fleece, penetrates EVERY ATOM OF CORRUPTION, and makes way for the spirit

of spring. Life is dormant to nature's growth in winter, but ALIVE to spiritual birth. Nature sleepeth for a while, while the angels make READY for the coming of the bride.

Christ compels obedience TO the law, whether in the body, or out of the body. Though the rosebush be stripped of its thorns the blossoms return again and again in profusion and fragrant beauty. The phenomena of growth without the thorns, therein lieth the mystery. Never-the-less God's PURPOSE is reflected in the power TO OVERCOME ERROR, though it may seem but a part of nature's growth. It IS THE LAW of eternal hope sanctified through the beauty of Spirit. Spirit and—nature are inseparable. What then more befitting than the birth of the Holy in winter time? Or that man FIRST sought Christ in the pure, the beautiful and divine.

These respond to the call of the soul seeking its own; this seems very simple when we realize that Spirit is above all; in all; surrounding all; regardless of time, place or thing. It is the nature of spirit to develop its subjects.

Learn to meet FACE TO FACE the LITTLE THINGS in the MELODY of UNITY; then—will nature ring the vespers of attunement IN THY SOUL.

It is in the hidden places, in caves, the old inns, that we most often find PRICELESS curios, rare flowers, hidden treasures, enshrouded in the spirit of truth, in which there is no mystery—but life. Oh, the wonderful, wonderful silence in which we gather the forces together,

preparing the way for new and greater things!

The blossoms of spiritual uplift fall so gently upon our heads, we do not know they are there, until their fragrance arouses our senses to greater harmony of purpose. The little fly that buzzes around our blossoms carries on its wings the expression of happiness; why look to its sting? Bothersome things are sometimes our greatest blessings; they distract us from the error of thought, or enliven the conscience to greater attainments.

THE OLD RAG DOLL ON THE HEARTH

Our little blessings in disguise sometimes wear their mask to more than one ball, that we may hear repeatedly the music that quickens to action. We wander to the little wayside inn to find the sweet spirit of truth. It is there we seek curios, rare and priceless. The old clock ticking away in yon corner has beheld the coming and going of countless years, numberless souls, and yet it ticks on as happily, as surely, as though it were just born into the world of things. We wander closer, look long upon its yellow wrinkled face. Smiling at us in the still brilliant pendulum are faces that have long gone to rest; the weighty pendulum swinging to and fro on its chain, recalls the sweet assurance that though gone, in a physical sense, they are still with us; and lo, someone is calling—someone is calling.

“Yes, grandmother; what is it?”

“Dear, what were you thinking of, staring at the old clock?”

“Grandmother, I was counting the pages in its diary.”

“Were you, dear? Then let me add a page or two. When I was only seventeen, your great-grandmother and grandfather died, leaving me alone in the old inn in which I had been born. At first I was very much worried as to how I should get on, and whether I should stop in the old inn, alone or not. I was not financially fitted to run the place without an occasional guest, and I was afraid somewhat to take in strangers. It worried me so, that I told the old clock about it one night when it was striking the weird hour of three. It seemed to say: ‘Go to the garret—go to the garret—go to the—garret.’ I could hear no other sound save the crowing of the cock in the back yard; it seemed, indeed, weird and lonely. But I lit the candle, placed it carefully in the stick, gathered my nightrobe tighter about my shivering form and wended my way upstairs to the garret. I looked about, but could see no reason for my coming, and was beginning to feel somewhat disheartened when I spied, in a far corner, my old rag doll. It had been SUCH a comfort when I was a child; and mother had treasured it because I loved it so. Tenderly I took it in my arms and, as when a child, sang to it the lullaby I had lisped when baby days grew long. Tears fell upon the little silk gown, now so faded, that mother had so carefully made. I examined every stitch. It seemed that

the love those dear fingers had wrought into it was still there in all its magnetic power.

“A light broke through the cobwebbed window and it was no longer night. I snuffed my candle, hugged my dolly tight and descended to the dining-room, placing my treasure on the old stone hearth. The clock chimed happily one—two—three—four—FIVE. It was time to do the milking. I told dolly to stay right there on the hearth until I returned. It was a comfort to have something to talk to.

“After the milking was accomplished, I returned to find a stranger on my hearth, a great strong man, with black hair and eyes that seemed to mock my loneliness. He eyed me sharply:

“‘How soon will breakfast be ready, lass? I am hungry, and must be off.’

“Not a little bewildered, I made breakfast—the servants having left at the death of father and mother—fearing to live, as most darkies do, in a house where someone had died. As I brought in the tray of breakfast, the stranger terrified me by asking were I alone. I looked quickly at the old rag doll on the hearth.

“‘No—n—o, sir, I AM NOT,’ burst from my lips.

“‘Good enough; hurry up breakfast, lass; where is the coffee?’

“A more silent breakfast was never partaken of in the little inn. My uninvited guest arose, walked to the hearth, gave the old rag doll a vigorous kick, then caught me as I passed and imprinted on my cheek a kiss. Horrified, I ran

screaming from the inn, to see the stranger mount his horse and away. I stood for a moment wondering how I could remove the inn sign that swung upon its rusty hinges, when something whispered in my ear, 'Do not take it down, dear; you might entertain an angel unawares.'

"Two weeks went by; my dolly was not again kicked from the hearth; she sat there in state, listening to all the weird tales I told her. Oft-times we would discuss the stranger and his queer ways. One day I had a different tale to tell dolly; I looked at her with tears in my eyes—'Dolly, if someone does not come to the inn real soon we will want for bread; we only have Bess, and she gives us milk, and the chickens they give us eggs; but we just CAN'T LIVE ON THEM, Dolly; someone MUST come and dine.' The old clock chimed nine. 'NINE,' I CRIED, 'rhymes with DINE'; the clock was telling us someone WOULD come to dine in the only language it knew. 'I wonder WHO is coming, Dolly?' She looked wise, but thought best not to answer.

"The knocker told of an approaching guest. I almost ran to the door, meeting an old lady with snow white curls peeping out from under a quaint little bonnet.

" 'It is cold, dear child; brew me a cup of tea,' she whispered as she drew close to the fire.

"Her trembling hands took, almost impatiently, the proffered cup of tea.

" 'You here alone, dear?'

"This time no horror filled my heart when I answered, 'Yes, only—for dolly there.'

" 'I see,' said the quaint old soul, 'only for dolly there; and pray tell, why dolly, at your age?'

"I told her the tale of the clock; she listened attentively. Finally I told her of the stranger and how he had frightened me. The light in the dear old eyes seemed to kindle as she murmured.

" 'Tell me, quick, what did he look like?'

"I told her. She said:

" 'I wonder, will he ever come to the inn again, or is it a passing fancy?'

"I hoped not, I told her; but she seemed not to hear. The clock chimed out—ONE.

" 'ONE,' cried the old soul; 'ONE, GOD' GRANT IT MAY BE JUST ONE.'

"She remained with me a month. At the end of that time the good neighbors brought from the post office a box neatly tied; in it was a NEW RAG DOLL. A little note: 'The old one may have lost her footing. Hope this one will do.' Gleeefully the dear old soul, who had become to me both friend and mother, searched the box for more missives, but found none.

" 'If you will allow me, my dear, I will stop with you the winter through; I need you, and evidently you need me. What do you say?'

"Oh, how happy I was! The long winter months ripened into greater happiness as we grew fonder and fonder of each other; sitting with the new and the old rag dolls the long winter evenings telling tales of wonder to them.

“ ‘I think your great-grandmother, dear, must have sat up in heaven in astonishment at my ingenuity in conjuring up fables.’

“Christmas Eve we were planning dinner for the following day.

“ ‘Oh, let us have an old-time New England dinner,’ said my dear old friend! ‘You may hitch up and go to town for some little luxuries, if you like.’

“One—Two—Three—Four, chimed the old clock.

“ ‘You should be home by seven, if you go now, dear.’

“I hitched up old Tom, who was glad enough for the exercise, and cantered away over the hills to the merry sound of bells, returning at thirty minutes past six; Tom unhitched, and the dainties placed upon the kitchen table. Happily we untied each little bundle; now and then a sage wag of the dear old head told me of approval. The clock again chimed One—Two—Three—Four.

“ ‘What in the world is the matter with that clock; that is twice it has struck Four,’ and she sat down, putting her feet in the oven of the kitchen stove, moodily wondering.

“Hastily we both sprang to our feet; the smell of burning cloth permeated the house. Hastily I rushed to the dining-room to find the old rag doll in flames. I took the tongs and placed her on the burning logs.

“ ‘My poor dear child,’ said the dear soul, tears in her eyes; ‘How you will miss her!’

"I looked at the new rag doll sitting upon the chair in all her splendor and—may God forgive me—I BLUSHED. We retired to our room early. We had long ago decided we could not be separated, even at night, so both occupied the big feathery four-poster. Sleep soon came—as it always does to contented happy minds. Sometime towards morning I was aroused by a resounding knock on the inn door. The clock chimed—ONE—Two—Three—Four.

" 'For land's sake, what ails that clock?' came from beneath a deep feather bolster. 'I will go down stairs with you, dearie; you ought not go alone.'

"But I assured her that it would be all right, and wended my way down the stairs with 'Wait a moment, stranger; I am coming.' The door swung back to admit MY STRANGER. The snow had almost covered his black hair; in his arms were loads of bundles. Without question, he imprinted a kiss upon my forehead, and commanded me to run back before I should catch cold. I flew up the stairs, pulled the pillow from the dear white head, and told her ALL. A little chuckle startled me.

" 'Oh, dearie, I hear him building a fire; isn't that just REAL NICE, it is so cold; and,—'em—I smell coffee.'

"A cheery call ascended the stairway—'Come, breakfast is on the table.'

"We went down together; the old clock struck One—Two—Three—Four. The little withered

form slipped into two great outstretched arms:
MOTHER—SON!

“‘How dear of you, mother, to treasure my little love.’

“‘And I—I was so afraid it was just passing fancy, Jack.’

“‘And I was afraid you would not stay here, mother, until I could come.’

“‘A merry trio sat down to breakfast of great doughnuts and coffee; an old set of blue china graced the table; hot-house plants flourished amidst branches of holly and mistletoe; as we three planned the joys for the day. That night came all too soon, while we danced to the music of an old Jew’s-harp; the clock chimed One—Two—Three—Four. ‘The HANDS HAVE CAUGHT.’ ‘WHEN?’ cried Jack, as he put his two arms around me, clasping his hands behind my back.

“‘In four weeks,’ I cried, and looked insinuatingly at the old clock.

“‘My dear child, THAT was YOUR grandfather, the best man that ever lived; but he would KICK.’

“‘I had found my answer in the old rag doll on the hearth. In my soul it had awakened an old truth; that is, the love that always bubbles like a well-spring of joy in the WINTER TIME, AT CHRISTMAS TIME; in the little things, humble things, in which the Christ came to save and ennoble mankind. The hour has not yet come to you or to me; when it does, the striking of the clock will sound the sweeter for the GIFT OF

LITTLE THINGS IN WHICH GOD WORK-ETH THE SALVATION OF THE MANY."

It is a wonderful thing to know that mankind through ignorance and sin has still held, through all, the PRINCIPLES that led to the Manger in which truth abideth. In it was born the Son of God; above it shone the Star of Hope; over all poured the SUN of HIS countenance.

In the simple ways of old folk is the breath, spirit, of the Christ child; in the way of youth is the expression of love, found through ages of ignorance to be that of the Christ child.

INGERSOLL: "I lack the necessary humility of spirit to satisfactorily harmonize Moses and Haeckel, or to think that I am carried away by pride, blinded by reason, given over to hardness of heart, that I might be damned; but I can never believe that the earth was covered with leaves and buds and flowers and fruits before the sun with its glittering sphere dawned, driving backward the hosts of night."

LOTUS: We take a film into the darkest recesses obtainable to develop the picture; we then bring it forth to the light in perfection. Is it strange that God should make a LIVING PICTURE in the soft lights and shadows? The law governing His work was the natural law of FINAL development. Why then should it be strange that He perfected His work before He brought it to the light of evolution? Progression found birth through the WORD OF GOD, developed through works was accepted, by the highest in man as kin to his being, is perfected

from generation to generation. Development begins in the soul of man; it is not reflected without until it is perfected within; it begins in darkness, it ends in light.

The spiritual man keeps open house, so to speak; his guests find repose of soul; the unseen teaches them companionship with the great. When man shuts himself IN, away from the THINGS of the world and the TRUTH IN THEM, he unconsciously turns from him the GREAT UNITY OF GOD WITH THE HUMAN SOUL, in which is imbedded intellectual action, moral character and Divine expression.

Heaven bless the man that KEEPS HIS OWN COUNSEL and woos sleep by the sweat of his brow. A quiet intent is bound to bring satisfying results when undertaken in UNITY with God and the higher forces, in assuredness and faith. When man is about to work out some ideal, inspiration, or scientific expression, great waves of INDIVIDUALITY and the agency of spirit dominate his being. The intellectual INFLOW would be greatly lessened—if not entirely eliminated—by the confusion of material minds; hence the value of Unity with God though the PURPOSE BE for man. “Go in thy closet and pray.”

Trust man less, my friend, and GOD MORE, and thou wilt find not alone repose of soul, but wealth of soul. To trust man less does not mean to have no faith in fellow man; on the contrary, it rather proclaims the FAITH IN HIS LIKENESS AND IMAGE. We thus ILLUMINE

THE PRESENCE of the Divine within, and unwittingly call forth FAITH IN MAN, until a constant inflow of trust—the prevailing influence of truth, the I AM—throbs into expressive principles and awakens within the fact that he has intelligence, invisible, incorporeal, created to MEET the Divine in all things. This is the TRUTH made manifest. Spirit is much as the electric light, sending forth in calm and penetrating brightness the POWER TO OVERCOME DARKNESS.

Man refused the light in the Garden of Eden, hence the necessity of schooling, that man may again find and behold the light; all he needs is acceptance. Man despaireth in his ignorance until he awakens to the truth that LIVES and lets live in the fullest sense of BEAUTY and POWER, here and hereafter, accepting NATURALLY, NOT IN PART. We must create a desire to make living a SCIENCE while upon this plane that we may meet it in its FULL EXPRESSION OF BEAUTY in the Afterwhile; hence it is necessary to learn to discriminate between vibrations that are DIVINE, natural, and those of chaotic discord, that we may properly adjust ourselves to the world of things in which we live. This is attunement of the higher order, of things.

The so-called crime waves that come over the world in spasmodic effect at times, compel wonderment in the minds of all as to why such things exist, coming as they do in seemingly convulsive and transitory periods. To me, and to many

others, it is not at all strange, but the natural result of CAUSE and EFFECT. We cannot send into the ether thoughts of a derogatory character and not EXPECT results; these ferment, you know. There is upon this material plane a gentle ebullition we will term sin. It brews and brews until it runs over the brim of conventionalities, reason and common sense. A certain UNITY OF SIN FORCES compel a wave of crime to drift over the world, finding expression in whomsoever it CAN demonstrate its EVIL POWER.

A little child went one day to call upon a friend, taking her dolly's wardrobe for repairs. The day was one of exceptional climatic perfection, so they picked up their chairs and wended their way to the porch. Cheerfully they compared the neatness of their stitches with the fineness of a wonderful cobweb, when the child threw up her hands as though to ward off some frightful object, finally falling prostrate and unconscious at the feet of the friend. Thinking to assist the child, the friend placed her arms about her, preparatory to lifting her upon the chair, when she suddenly and naturally extricated herself from the embrace and slipped back into the chair unaided. The friend wonderingly asked what she had seen to so terrify her. In answer the child shuddered and said: "I did not see anything, but I felt something so awful; it seemed to be in the air; I never want to feel it again." Upon questioning the parents we found this condition had existed for eight years (the child was

then ten years of age). They could give no cause for the condition, which they said returned every seven days as regularly as clock-work, in spite of the fact that they had spent almost a fortune on eminent physicians, who could not explain.

There are many children who are obsessed with the greatest of all miseries—FEAR—until it becomes an obsessing force, a spasmodic terror. "There must be some cause for such a condition existing in the child," says the world, and then go about their duties forgetting, blaming the parents, when in nine cases out of ten the parents do not know the cause of such conditions any better than they do; in fact, would give all they possess TO KNOW. It is an obsession that has brought about a physical weakness; unable to throw off the chaotic effect, the subject becomes a harboring negative that FEELS but cannot explain. This is one of the times that the invisible forces of evil obsess and claim the intelligence of the innocent, until conscience is temporarily lost. In many cases it is but a periodical mental impotent condition. Again, our asylums are filled with those who never have, never will regain their reason; nor will this condition lessen until OBSESSION is taken into greater consideration, its cause and its effect, and the antidote perfected and added to the ethics of practitioners.

NEVER GIVE UP. There is always a way to help those who suffer and those who suffer with them. If we are strong enough to STAND

FAST, we cannot fail to help them. When we are fitted to meet them, we are among those who live in pure conscience, those who are enabled to shed the spirit of truth, like the sunbeams, through the darkened recesses of soul contaminated with lust and fear, until the penetrating rays fill the soul with light and they are healed. When we seem weak let us remember that while God trieth the heart, He also makes strong those who TRUST IN HIM. If we take God into our plans, we will not be made weak by the inflow of chaotic conditions; we will not be contaminated in body or soul; but we will RISE SUPREME TO MEET SUPREME, therein are WE made WHOLE. To be a child of God is to mingle with the children of God.

“Your first duty is to self,” says a kind friend. Yea, verily it IS, but duty is a MORAL OBLIGATION. There is a little well-spring in the human breast that will bubble up every now and then in rebellion towards those who try to tell us our duty, though the INTENT be EVER SO KINDLY. “Duty is a moral obligation in DIRECT LINE TO TRUTH and righteousness. RIGHT is that which accords with the MORAL SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE. Righteousness is incarnated in ACTION,” thus we see we CANNOT shut ourselves in away from people and things, though our first duty be to ourselves. Our FIRST duty, however, is to see to it that we are MORALLY fitted to assume a duty; willing to be instructed in the requirements the duty or duties demand;

co-operate with the cause sufficiently to bring about intelligent and active results.

When we place others in God's hands we place ourselves there also, and our faith. When we use the word SELF, we must take into consideration that self is a part of the WHOLE; body, soul and mind. These are the reflection of His Divine will, through which we are enabled to EXPRESS the Divine within. Complete self-abnegation EXPRESSES the God within; it is through self-renunciation that we are taught the greatest lesson by Christ.

When we waver from a purpose, we have not learned to SANCTIFY THAT PURPOSE; when we do, the truth will be made clear to us without the exact operation of set opinions. We ALWAYS receive more than we EVER give from the hand that feeds the sparrows; that is the law of heaven's righteousness, the Divine law working through cause and effect. In expressing the I AM is joy untold, not weakness, but righteousness in which is strength, power and EXALTED FAITH. It is one of the least of these to hand the perishing a cup of water. Are we not fully repaid by the love light in the eye of one who has suffered? We may carry the cup e'en unto the cross, but are we not refreshed by the spirit of truth that dwelleth therein?

I cannot falter by the wayside though my strength be small. I cannot harbor thoughts that would retard my growth; no, not at all. Though I love you, love you, LOVE YOU, yet I cannot be less strong. You would love me less were I not

to illustrate my little song. It is the TILLING and the COUNTING that gathers in the grain.

The pure ether around our afflicted ones has been contaminated with the fermenting qualities that grow into THINGS THAT TERRORIZE. When we fear we usually commit some deed that will sear the purest motives. When we shirk a duty, we weaken our ability to rise supreme to meet supreme, and the following duty is still harder to perform. In performance of duty we learn to accept it NATURALLY. What would seem to some a great burden, to us is but the following in His footsteps. It is recognition of that at-one-ness, and pure joy commingling with the fruits of honest purpose. A Duty performed is the harvesting of soul power in which the natural flow of the Divine finds expression, not to weary, but bless; where nature and soul play the sweet relays of attunement.

It is not enough that we teach children the rudimentary principles of arithmetic, grammar, etc. We must live with children in the great open, where the beauties of nature are, in which the little soul may wander until some inspiration is brought to bear in which character is built, and talents quickened into active principles. Ferns will not grow in the highlands nor cactus in the vales; the child likewise must be placed and taught according to its needs, if the best results are expected or desired.

“SAFETY FIRST” should resound in the minds of those handing a book to a child; for in

it is danger or knowledge that will TELL in the life of the child some way, some day.

“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

Where the kingdom reigneth THERE is pure conscience, and it must find a HOME in the mother; then will it take root and blossom forth in the coming generation. Had I not been taught by my mother, in the experiences of everyday life, the beauties and wisdom in life, I would not have found the richness of just living. Sometimes I think I had the best mother that ever lived—Foster Mother though she be—so sweet, so gentle, so loving and thoughtful was she. Not once have I ever heard an angry word pass from those dear lips. Not once did her hand ever raise to strike, no, not once, in all her life. This quiet refined soul met nature in the harmony of attuned purpose, and though suffering and trials came, there was Nature and the Soul, of which I was a great partaker through her tireless efforts, her first and last thought.

Angels stand at the open door waiting to hear of thee and more; what thee wants, and what thee needs, asking not thy life or creed; ever willing to stoop and bless; ever ready to pray, caress, the troubled brow of then and now.

When I was a little tot, I was digging most earnestly in the earth with my little spoon, when mother asked me what I thought I was doing. I said I was digging down to China; think I'll get there pretty soon? In my mind

was a beautiful picture of China. Mother had been teaching me of China and the ways of China, showing me many beautiful pictures the meanwhile. After I grew tired of digging and no China appeared, I went into the house and laid my head on mother's shoulder saying: "But it is such hard work to get to China." Tenderly she took me upon her lap and said: "I know, dear; but then, did you not try too hard?" I said I guessed I had tried pretty hard, but how was I to get to China if I did not work hard? The answer was one never to be forgotten by me:

"Dear, we should do OUR HONEST BEST IN ALL THINGS worth while, but there are some things not worth while—and it would not have been worth while to strive so hard to see China. I have taught you, dear, the beauties of China, but I have kept from you the things that were NOT beautiful. Had you dug down to China with your little spoon, you would have seen the ugly side of China, and that might have made you very unhappy. When we strive TOO hard for things, it is pretty certain that something is going to give way, some hope, some ambition, something we have not counted on in the reckoning. It is better, my dear, to let things come to us naturally. When little girls—and big ones too—take a bigger piece of cake than is good for them, they are bound to suffer; but if they are satisfied with less, then the rest would come NATURALLY, as all things do when we are willing to WORK UP TO THEM.

“Remember this, little girl, that though our greatest desires are sometimes lost in the busy routine of life, there is always a little bird singing somewhere in the quietude of conscience that will make the way easy to forget things we cannot possess. By and by we grow to not wanting them; and that is the PEACE that comes of a meek and quiet spirit.”

My little soul was appeased; I had no longer any desire to upheave China with my little spoon. A little inspiration was born that has carried me through the years, over rocks and rills, to the quiet calm born of Spirit.

When we look through the veil of little things and penetrate their existence from days of yore up to the present time—such as matches, needles, pins and paper—and note how long they have been in coming to present perfection, and study the steady climb of things worked through nature and the soul, we can hardly marvel at the building of temples, the giving of patterns, of the miter, and the engraving “HOLINESS TO THE LORD.” All these little things began in primeval days; the inspiration came through nature’s gifts to the people who first found their need. Like the little Mexican lady who first found that the Spanish saber plant made good pins, so was papyrus first inspired; and on and on, until time and custom, man’s intelligence, and the power of spirit brought us paper, pins, needles and matches.

Man has ever sought nature as the FULLNESS OF ALL. When all others failed him he

turned to nature for his answer. It raises us to heights untold when we stop to consider these things and set about investigating the working power of spirit through them. "WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?" springs to our lips; we fall upon our knees in thanksgiving; the supply has been perfect, nothing wanting. And yet the infidel cries, "Does anyone know there is a God?" Oh, man of sorrows, hast thou not felt the working power of something beyond nature that surges in thy being? Hast thou not seen with thine own eyes works not made with man's hands? Hast thine own soul not cried out in anguish to the GOD OF LIGHT, LOVE AND TRUTH? And thou hast looked about and behold these were THERE, expressing before thee, around thee, about thee! And thou callest unto them and they HEARD and answered within thine own soul. And thou hast cried out in the night of ignorance and light broke, and it was day, and LIFE in all its perfect way was expressing, and didst thou say it was nature? Then thou didst proclaim thy God, for it was nature and the soul that answered thee.

I want to call your attention to the fact that every miracle God worked He was over or near water at the time.

Every one knows what a bolt can be shot into substance by the commingling of water and electricity.

If such a bolt were to be shot into the ether, what effect would it have, chemical development or PHYSICAL PHENOMENA?

Every one has a THOUGHT atmosphere; what effect has electricity upon thought atmosphere?

What is thought atmosphere?

Atoms, substance, peace, poise or power.

Then electricity WOULD cause a shock of greater or lesser character in the midst of these.

What effect has shock on substance?

It quickens or kills, according to the nature of the shock or the nature of the substance.

Supposing it were to QUICKEN substance, what would be the result?

LIFE!

Every man has a thought atmosphere that has a definite character to formulate matter, substance according to the ABILITY of the one who thinks. Thought atmosphere is SUBSTANTIAL—is felt keenly by man, interpreted by spirit. The power of spirit over matter is limitless; it abounds in the GLORY OF THE REAL. Hence we see that electricity IS directly connected with Divinity.

Is it hard then to Understand the Immaculate Conception; the creation of man; the creation of life, when vibrations coming from the fountain head the ALL MIGHTY SPIRIT THAT MOVED UPON THE FACE OF THE WATER, IS SO FAR REACHING in chemical, electrical, magnetic, effect?

Is it hard to understand the POWER of the spoken word, to CREATE substance, worlds?

Is it hard to have faith in the vibrating working power of SPIRIT when we KNOW how Spirit REACHES MANKIND and quickens within—life?

No, my friend, it is simply NATURE AND THE SOUL, Face to Face with their Creator.

The beauty of life in life is manifold when we learn to MEET IT IN TRUTH; wavering not; seeking the Kingdom FIRST; keeping sweet in the harmony that purifies, brings perfect understanding in ALL THINGS. Keep sweet, my friend, for "God is in it."

Keep sweet; for it is the SOUL OF HARMONY in which the LITTLE PEASANT GIRL conceived the GREAT, the PURE, the HOLY.

Keep sweet; it is SPIRITUAL TRIUMPH!

The concord of NATURE and the SOUL, Face to Face with the INTELLIGENCE OF MAN.

What is intelligence but GOD? The Divine working in and through all things; the FORCE that governs the universe and all therein.

THE END.







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Dec. 2004

Preservation Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 542 947 8